00025465

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 001.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

Presented to the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, by the Editor.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE

MACVEY NAPIER, Esq.

Printed for Private Circulation only].

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE

MACVEY NAPIER, ESQ.

25465
a

EDITED BY HIS SON,

MACVEY NAPIER.

LONDON:
HARRISON AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
Printers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1877.

LONDON:
HARRISON AND SONS, PRINTERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introductory	1

CORRESPONDENCE CHIEFLY RELATING TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

From	*Date*	
Thomas Campbell	May 22, 1814	12
Professor Playfair	June 23, „	13
Dr. Copleston	October 6, „	14
Francis Jeffrey	August 7, 1816	15
„	November 10, „	15
„	January 13, 1817	16
James Mill	July 2, 1816	16
„	October 23, „	17
Walter Scott	October 2, 1817	18
Dr. Thomas Brown	April 14, 1818	19
James Mill	April 30, „	19
„	August 5, „	21
William Hazlitt	August 26, „	22
John Barrow	March 23, 1819	23
Principal Lee	September 7, „	24
James Mill	September 10, „	26
„	May 11, 1820	27
Dugald Stewart	November 14, „	28
James Mill	January 3, 1821	29
„	July 10, „	29
John Allen	April 11, „	30
Rev. T. R. Malthus	September 27, „	32
J. R. M'Culloch	September 30, „	32
Rev. T. R. Malthus	October 8, „	34

From	*Date*	Page
John Barrow	January 5, 1822 ..	35
Sir J. Mackintosh	January 8, „ ..	36
„	November 7, „ .	38
„	November 13, „ ..	38
J. R. M'Culloch	May 2, 1824 ..	39
William Jacob	April 21, „ ..	41
„	May 30, „ ..	41
„	July 18, „ ..	43
J. R. M'Culloch	April 23, 1825 ..	45
Mrs. Stewart	May 21, „ ..	47
J. R. M'Culloch	May 25, „ ..	47
„	June 3, „ ..	48
M. Napier to John Murray	November 9, 1826 ..	50
Henry Brougham	March 18, 1827 ..	51
M. Napier to Henry Brougham ..	April 6, „ ..	53
M. Napier to the Proprietors of the Encyclopædia	September 14, „ ..	56

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Dr. Chalmers	July 25, 1829 ..	64
T. B. Macaulay	October 3, „ ..	64
„	October 23, „ ..	65
Sir Daniel Sandford	October 19, „ ..	65
„	October 23, „ ..	65
Francis Jeffrey	October 17, „ ..	66
„	October 28, „ ..	67
„	November 5, „ ..	67
„	November 23, „ ..	67
T. B. Macaulay	December 1, „ ..	69
George C. Lewis	December 1, „ ..	69
Henry Hallam	December 4, „ ..	71
J. R. M'Culloch	January 4, 1830 ..	71
T. B. Macaulay	January 25, „ ..	72
Thomas Carlyle	January 27, „ ..	73
Henry Brougham	March 27, „ ..	75
T. B. Macaulay	March 22, „ ..	75
„	April 29, „ ..	76
Henry Brougham	July 23, „ ..	77
John Allen	August 9, „ ..	77

From	*Date*	Page
T. B. Macaulay	August 19, 1830 ..	78
„	August 27, „ ..	80
E. L. Bulwer	September 8, „ ..	80
„	September 11, „ ..	83
Henry Brougham	September 8, „ ..	84
„	September 16, „ ..	85
T. B. Macaulay	September 16, „ ..	85
„	October 16, „ ..	88
Colonel Torrens	October 28, „ ..	91
Thomas Carlyle	November 23, „ ..	93
T. B. Macaulay	November 27, „ ..	95
„	December 17, „ ..	95
Lord Brougham	December 18, „ ..	96
T. B. Macaulay	December 25, „ ..	96
„	January 11, 1831 ..	97
„	February 12, „ ..	97
Thomas Carlyle	January 20, „ ..	99
E. L. Bulwer	February 6, „ ..	100
„	March 1, „ ..	102
„	April 9, „ ..	103
Edwin Atherstone	February 17, „ ..	104
William Godwin	March 7, „ ..	105
„	March 22, „ ..	106
T. B. Macaulay	March 8, „ ..	107
John Allen	March 10, „ ..	108
Lord Brougham	April 11, „ ..	109
T. B. Macaulay	June 11, „ ..	109
Thomas Carlyle	August 1, „ ..	110
Lord Brougham	September 14, „ ..	111
Thomas Moore	September 24, „ ..	112
Thomas Carlyle	October 8, „ ..	112
„	November 26, „ ..	114
„	December 17, „ ..	115
T. B. Macaulay	September 7, „ ..	116
„	October 29, „ ..	116
„	January 2, 1832 ..	117
„	January 9, „ ..	117
„	January 19, „ ..	118
„	February 1, „ ..	118
Thomas Carlyle	February 6, „ ..	119

From	*Date*		Page
Francis Jeffrey	February 7,	1832	.. 120
T. B. Macaulay	April 12,	„	.. 121
„	April 18,	„	.. 121
„	June 19,	„	.. 122
Francis Jeffrey	July 23,	„	.. 122
Thomas Carlyle	August 25,	„	.. 124
Francis Jeffrey	September 13,	„	.. 124
T. B. Macaulay	September 5,	„	.. 125
„	December 17,	„	.. 125
Lord Brougham	September 9,	„	.. 126
„	December 25,	„	.. 127
T. B. Macaulay	January 9,	1833	.. 127
„	January 26,	„	.. 127
J. R. M'Culloch	March 6,	„	.. 128
Thomas Moore	May 30,	„	.. 129
„	August 31,	„	.. 130
Lord Brougham	September 6,	„	.. 131
T. B. Macaulay	October 1,	„	.. 131
„	October 14,	„	.. 131
„	October 21,	„	.. 132
„	December 5,	„	.. 133
Francis Jeffrey	December 7,	„	.. 135
M. Napier to Macaulay	December 8,	„	.. 135
T. B. Macaulay	January 18,	1834	.. 137
„	February 13,	„	.. 138
Thomas Moore	February 18,	„	.. 140
„	February 24,	„	.. 140
E. L. Bulwer	June 19,	„	.. 141
„	July 10,	„	.. 141
Lord Brougham	July 11,	„	.. 142
T. H. Lister	July 23,	„	.. 142
Lord Durham	October 18,	„	.. 144
M. Napier to the Editor of the Caledonian Mercury	October 24,	„	.. 145
T. H. Lister..	November 23,	„	.. 147
T. B. Macaulay	December 10,	„	.. 148
Lord Brougham	March 4,	1835	.. 150
„	April 3,	„	.. 151
„	April 4,	„	.. 151
„	June 9,	„	.. 153

From	*Date*	Page
Lord Brougham	.. June 15, 1835	.. 155
„	.. July 19, „	.. 157
John Allen	.. July 29, „	.. 158
Lord Jeffrey	.. September 3, „	.. 159
„	.. October 1, „	.. 160
M. Napier to Lord Brougham	.. September 22, „	.. 160
Lord Brougham	.. September 26, „	.. 162
„	.. November 13, „	.. 167
T. B. Macaulay	.. January 1, 1836	.. 168
Lord Brougham . ..	.. January 4, „	.. 169
„	.. April 19, „	.. 171
„	.. June 12, „	.. 172
„	.. July 30, „	.. 173
T. B. Macaulay	.. August 30, „	.. 174
„	.. November 26, „	.. 175
„	.. November 28, „	.. 176
E. L. Bulwer	.. September 30, „	.. 177
„	.. December 19, „	.. 178
Thomas Campbell	.. December 4, „	.. 179
„	.. February 21, 1837	.. 180
Lord Brougham	.. January 1, „	.. 181
„	.. January 31, „	.. 181
„	.. February 21, „	.. 182
„	.. April 18, „	.. 183
E. L. Bulwer	.. March 3, „	.. 184
„	.. March 11, „	.. 185
Lord Jeffrey	.. May 2, „	.. 186
T. B. Macaulay	.. June 15, „	.. 187
Sir D. Brewster	.. July 27, „	.. 188
E. L. Bulwer	.. August 23, „	.. 189
Lord Brougham .. .	.. July 28, „	.. 191
„	.. August 18, „	.. 192
„	.. October 5, „	.. 195
„	.. October 19, „	.. 196
„	.. October 20, „	.. 198
M. Napier to Lord Brougham	.. October 24, „	.. 199
Lord Brougham	.. October 29, „	.. 202
M. Napier to Lord Brougham	.. November 6, „	.. 207
Lord Brougham	.. November 18, „	.. 209
Colonel W. Napier.. ..	.. November 4, „	.. 210

From	Date	Page
John Allen	November 30, 1837	.. 211
Lord Brougham	December 23, „	.. 211
Lord Jeffrey	December 27, „	.. 214
Lord Brougham	December 29, „	.. 219
Endorsement by M. Napier		221
Lord Brougham	January 1, 1838	.. 221
Endorsement by M. Napier		224
John Allen	January 10, „	.. 224
Lord Brougham	January 24, „	.. 225
„	February 21, „	.. 226
„	February 28, „	.. 227
„	March 7, „	.. 228
John Allen	March 12, „	.. 228
Lord Jeffrey	March 17, „	.. 229
James Stephen	March 7, „	.. 230
„	March 22, „	.. 231
Lord Brougham	April 26, „	.. 233
„	May 15, „	.. 235
John Allen	May 6, „	.. 236
Captain Basil Hall..	May 23, „	.. 237
Lord Brougham	June 8, „	.. 238
„	June 22, „	.. 240
James Stephen	May 9, „	.. 240
„	June 25, „	.. 242
T. B. Macaulay	June 14, „	.. 243
„	June 26, „	.. 244
Lord Brougham	July 4, „	.. 247
T. B. Macaulay	July 20, „	.. 249
John Allen	July 24, „	.. 253
Lord Brougham	July 28, „	.. 254
T. B. Macaulay	August 14, „	.. 256
„	September 1, „	.. 257
„	September 12, „	.. 258
Lord Brougham	August 22, „	.. 258
„	August 31, „	.. 259
„	September 13, „	.. 263
„	October 2, „	.. 264
T. B. Macaulay	October 8, „	.. 265
„	November 4, „	.. 266
John Allen	November 20, „	.. 267

From	*Date*	Page
Lord Brougham	December 13, 1838 ..	269
„	January 22, 1839 ..	269
T. B. Macaulay	February 10, „ ..	271
„	February 26, „ ..	271
„	March 19, „ ..	272
„	March 20, „ ..	272
William Empson	March 16, „ ..	273
T. B. Macaulay	July 4, „ ..	274
„	July 22, „ ..	274
„	August 10, „ ..	275
„	September 2, „ ..	276
„	September 20, „ ..	276
„	September 24, „ ..	277
James Stephen	August 10, „ ..	277
„	September 19, „ ..	279
Sir E. L. Bulwer	August 26, „ ..	280
„	September 14, „ ..	280
„	October 12, „ ..	281
Lord Brougham	September 9, „ ..	282
„	September 22, „ ..	282
„	September 28, „ ..	284
Lord Jeffrey	September 27, „ ..	285
„	October 20, „ ..	286
James Stephen	October 18, „ ..	288
Lord Brougham	October 27, „ ..	290
„	October 31, „ ..	294
„	November 19, „ ..	295
William Empson	November 4, „ ..	295
T. B. Macaulay	November 4, „ ..	296
„	November 14, „ ..	296
„	November 26, „ ..	297
„	November 28, „ ..	297
Lord Brougham	January 8, 1840 ..	298
„	January 12, „ ..	299
James Stephen	March 6, „ ..	301
Lord Jeffrey	April 7, „ ..	302
„	April 13, „ ..	803
T. B. Macaulay	April 13, „ ..	304
John Allen	April 18, „ ..	305
James Stephen	April 16, „ ..	306

From	*Date*		Page
J. S. Mill	April 22,	1840	308
„	April 27,	„	309
„	September 21,	„	310
T. B. Macaulay	June 12,	„	312
„	September 17,	„	312
„	October 14,	„	313
„	October 29,	„	314
„	November 13,	„	314
Lord Brougham	October 20,	„	315
„	October 31,	„	316
„	November 1,	„	318
T. B. Macaulay	December 4,	„	321
„	December 8,	„	322
„	December 28,	„	324
„	January 11,	1841	324
„	January 25,	„	326
James Stephen	February 9,	„	326
„	April 28,	„	327
„	May 24,	„	329
T. B. Macaulay	April 26,	„	329
„	April 30,	„	330
Lord Jeffrey	May 13,	„	331
John Allen	May 25,	„	331
„	July 12,	„	332
Lord Brougham	July 16,	„	333
T. B. Macaulay	July 27,	„	334
James Stephen	August 13,	„	335
Lord Brougham	August 7,	„	338
„	August 30,	„	338
„	September 13,	„	340
„	October 15,	„	342
Lord Jeffrey	October 29,	„	345
Professor Forbes	November 1,	„	345
„	November 3,	„	346
T. B. Macaulay	September 20,	„	347
„	October 30,	„	348
„	November 5,	„	351
„	November 10,	„	351
„	December 1,	„	352
Charles Buller	November 22,	„	353

From	*Date*	Page
Charles Buller	January 28, 1842 ..	354
Lord Jeffrey	January 21, „ ..	355
Lord Brougham	January 20, „ ..	357
„	January 21, „ ..	359
„	January 22, „ ..	359
T. B. Macaulay	January 24, „ ..	361
James Stephen	February 2, „ ..	362
Sir D. Brewster	February 23, „ ..	364
T. B. Macaulay	February 23, „ ..	365
„	April 1, „ ..	365
„	April 18, „ ..	366
„	April 25, „ ..	370
Lord Jeffrey	April 16, „ ..	371
„	April 28, „ ..	371
James Stephen	April 20, „ ..	374
„	May 21, „ ..	376
T. B. Macaulay	April, 29 „ ..	377
„	June 24, „ ..	378
„	July 14, „ ..	380
„	July 20, „ ..	382
„	July 25, „ ..	383
Henry Rich	July 23, „ ..	384
James Stephen	July 27, „ ..	387
Henry Rogers	August 16, „ ..	388
T. B. Macaulay	August 30, „ ..	389
Lord Palmerston	October 13, „ ..	390
Lord Brougham	August 3, „ ..	390
„	August 14, „ ..	391
„	August 19, „ ..	393
„	October 16, „ ..	393
John Allen	October 22, „ ..	395
T. B. Macaulay	October 19, „ ..	397
„	November 16, „ ..	398
„	December 3, „ ..	400
„	December 12, „ ..	401
James Stephen	December 26, „ ..	402
„	January 5, 1843 ..	404
Charles Dickens	January 21, „ ..	405
Lord Brougham	January 22, „ ..	406
Henry Rogers	January 30, „ ..	407

From	*Date*	Page
Professor Wilson	February 10, 1843 ..	409
Lord Brougham	February 11, „ ..	411
N. W. Senior	February 20, „ ..	412
John Allen	March 25, „ ..	413
T. B. Macaulay	January 18, „ ..	413
„	February 6, „ ..	414
„	February 27, „ ..	415
„	April 19, „ ..	416
„	June 15, „ ..	418
„	July 8, „ ..	418
„	July 8, „ ..	419
„	July 22, „ ..	419
Charles Dickens	September 16, „ ..	421
Lord Jeffrey	September 30, „ ..	422
„	October 4, „ ..	422
„	October 7, „ ..	425
„	October 21, „ ..	425
„	November 2, „ ..	429
„	November 4, „ ..	429
„	November 25, „ ..	430
J. S. Mill	October 14, „ ..	430
„	October 21, „ ..	432
William Empson	October 20, „ ..	433
T. B. Macaulay	October 20, „ ..	435
„	November 25, „ ..	436
„	December 13, „ ..	439
Lord John Russell..	December 1, „ ..	441
Lord Jeffrey	December 24, „ ..	442
„	December 27, „ ..	443
N. W. Senior	December 14, „ ..	444
„	January 7, 1844 ..	444
„	January 26, „ ..	445
James Stephen	February 5, „ ..	446
N. W. Senior	April 22, „ ..	448
William Empson	April 25, „ ..	448
Professor Baden Powell	May 5, „ ..	450
T. B. Macaulay	February 24, „ ..	451
„	April 10, „ ..	451
„	June 28, „ ..	451
„	July 3, „ ..	452

From	*Date*	Page
T. B. Macaulay	.. August 8, 1844	.. 453
„	.. August 14, „	.. 454
„	.. August 21, „	.. 454
„	.. August 27, „	.. 455
Henry Rogers	.. July 18, „	.. 455
B. W. Procter	.. July 13, „	.. 458
„	.. August 1, „	.. 458
Lord Cockburn	.. October 9, „	.. 459
Lord Jeffrey	.. October 17, „	.. 459
James Stephen	.. November 5, „	.. 461
T. B. Macaulay	.. December 6, „	.. 462
J. S. Mill	.. November 9, „	.. 463
„	.. November 20, „	.. 464
N. W. Senior	.. December 18, „	.. 465
Mrs. Austin..	.. January 2, 1845	.. 466
T. B. Macaulay	.. February 22, „	. 468
James Stephen	.. February 24, „	.. 469
Lord Jeffrey	.. January 1, „	.. 470
„	.. March 13, „	.. 471
„	.. March 23, „	.. 472
„	.. April 22, „	.. 473
Professor Sedgwick ..	.. April 10, „	.. 475
„ ..	.. April 17, „	.. 477
„ ..	.. June 11, „	.. 479
Sir G. C. Lewis	.. May 19, „	.. 480
James Stephen	.. May 14, „	.. 481
N. W. Senior	.. May 17, „	.. 482
Henry Rogers	.. July 26, „	.. 483
T. B. Macaulay	.. August 11, „	.. 484
Lord John Russell	.. October 9, „	.. 486
N. W. Senior	.. October 30, „	.. 486
Charles Dickens	.. July 28, „	.. 487
Lord Jeffrey	.. July 31, „	.. 489
Charles Dickens	.. November 10, „	.. 490
Lord Jeffrey	.. September 20, „	.. 490
„	.. October 8, „	.. 491
„	.. October 13, „	.. 494
„	.. November 1, „	.. 495
Lord Cockburn	.. October 22, „	.. 496
„	.. October 25, „	.. 496

From	*Date*	Page
Lord Cockburn	November 12, 1845 ..	497
Lord Denman	October 17, „ ..	498
„	January 14, 1846 ..	499
Lord Campbell	January 5, „ ..	499
T. B. Macaulay	January 4, „ ..	500
„	January 10, „ ..	502
„	January 19, „ ..	503
Lord Monteagle	January 19, „ ..	504
N. W. Senior	February 17, „ ..	507
Lord Jeffrey	March 31, „ ..	508
J. S. Mill	May 1, „ ..	509
Lord Jeffrey	May 17, „ ..	510
Mrs. Austin	July 1, „ ..	511
„	July 27, „ ..	513
Lord Lansdowne	July 3, „ ..	514
N. W. Senior	August 5, „ ..	515
„	August 14, „ ..	515
„	August 18, „ ..	516
Lord Jeffrey	August 27, „ ..	516
Lord John Russell.	September 8, „ ..	518
Lord Jeffrey	October 12, „ ..	519
T. B. Macaulay	November 5, „ ..	521
Lord Jeffrey	December 11, „ ..	522

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

As Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *Edinburgh Review*, my Father carried on an extensive correspondence with literary men, which he bequeathed to me thirty years ago, and of which this volume contains selections, or rather, selections from the letters addressed *to* himself, for, of his own letters, a few only have been recovered, and he rarely kept copies. With a view to the preservation of these letters in a durable and accessible form, I have printed a small impression of this volume, but not for publication. As various biographical notices have already appeared, it is only necessary to state briefly the principal events of his life.

He was born on the 11th of April, 1776, and educated at the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1799 he became a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet, and in 1805 he was appointed their Librarian. In this year he wrote his first article in the *Edinburgh Review*. The following notes from Jeffrey refer to that article, and contain some curious items:—

"*April* 20, 1805.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose our booksellers' allowance (£5) for your excellent account of Degerando, and shall be happy to receive any overtures for a successor to him.—Your obliged and obedient servant, F. JEFFREY."

[1806.]

"DEAR SIR,—Dr. Pinckard's book[1] is already in Mr. Brougham's hands. I would not give you the trouble of going over the Tableau des Révolutions, as we have a pretty full article upon this subject already on Gentz's last work. I have not read Gordon's Ireland, but if you think it will afford matter for an interesting article, it will be very obliging in you to undertake it. You are aware, I believe, that we are all decided in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and impressed with a strong conviction of the lamentable misgovernment of Ireland through the whole reign. Perhaps the book may not require you to express any opinion on these subjects, but if it should, I am afraid I cannot agree to print anything very hostile to the tenets we have hitherto maintained. I give full licence of speculation to all my contributors, provided they are tolerably ingenious; but I never will publish anything which I believe to be pernicious as well as unsound. If you think Scott's Ethics worth while, you might make a short article of it. I just looked at the book, and thought it conceited and absurd. Let him have fair play by all means, but if he deserves to be laughed at, he should get his deservings.—Very sincerely yours, F. JEFFREY."

[1806.]

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the pamphlet,[2] of which, however, I had got a hasty reading before. It is admirable, and, I think, must be Brougham's, though he denies it. I do not think, however, that he is quite sound either as to the neutral question, or the dangers of peace. It shall be returned to you before dinner.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY."

[1807.]

"DEAR SIR,—I now enclose you a line to Mr. Brougham, to whom, indeed, I have formerly spoken of you. Will you forgive me if I take the liberty of requesting that you

[1] "Notes on the West Indies."

[2] "Inquiry into the State of the Nation at the Commencement of the present Administration."

will not mention to him your occasional connection with the Edinburgh Review? He has all along had a strange jealousy of our admitting any new associates, and the experience I have had has satisfied me of the prudence of not making him acquainted with the names of any such contributors. You will find him, I am quite sure, extremely obliging and attentive. Wishing you a good journey, I remain very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY."

My Father continued to be an occasional contributor to the Edinburgh Review, and he wrote one article in the Quarterly[1]—a review of Stewart's Philosophical Essays. The following letters from Gifford and Mr. Stewart show how much they were pleased with this production:—

"*London, August* 25, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have now done, what I can scarcely venture to say I had done before—read your article with the strictest attention; and I should not do justice to my own feelings, if I forbore to express a strong sense of its merits. It is, indeed, a very elegant and a very eloquent composition,—acute, argumentative, and just. I beg you to accept my most cordial thanks for it; and I am persuaded the pleasure of our readers will not be less than my own. I have now to throw myself on your candour, or rather mercy; I speak not of withdrawing, in one or two places, an epithet from the mention of Mr. Stewart, nor of a little *supercheries* of which I have been guilty in filching a couple of lines from one of your quotations, when the expression seemed too strong; but of my taking the liberty to omit what is said of Copleston.[2] You know that our situation is sometimes awkward, and that we are compelled to make unpleasant sacrifices to uniformity. From the line which we took in the Oxford controversy, I suspected that we should be accused of inconsistency, and I confess that I grew timid. Add to this that our friend is pugnacious—and will insist, as indeed he does in his Appendix, that his language has been perverted, or that

[1] October, 1811. [2] The late Bishop of Llandaff.

the contest is merely of words, for that under the term Natural Philosophy he comprehends all, and more than Lord Peter comprehended under the term 'bread.'[1]

"After all, I must seriously repeat that I throw myself on your kindness. I am greatly pleased with your additions, and indeed with the whole of your revise. Except in the cases which I have mentioned, I have not presumed to change an iota of the article. I beg to assure you that no considerations of expense or trouble can ever influence me in the correspondence with you, and that I am prevented from sending back the sheets by necessity alone. I will, however, use every possible care in passing them through the press; and I trust you will find that no material error has escaped me. I am greatly flattered and gratified by your mention of Mr. Stewart's intended volume.[2] It could be so well in no hands as in yours, and I shall feel truly obliged to you if you would undertake it. The prospect of your powerful assistance is indeed cheering to me. I have been nearly a week returned from Ryde. I am an aquatic animal, and take to a boat whenever I can. The weather did not favour me much; but upon the whole, I find my health improved by the expedition. I must, however, guard against any mistake. Health with me is merely a relative term; for since the hour I was born I never enjoyed, as far as I can recollect, what you call health, for a single day. However, as I have not much pain, I do not find any great occasion to complain. I beg your pardon for this unimportant detail, to which I was led by your kind inquiries.—With the highest esteem, I remain your truly obliged and faithful servant,

WM. GIFFORD."

"*Oct.* 28, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—For some days past I have been incapable of writing, and I take the first interval of returning health to pay my debt of gratitude to you.

[1] See Tale of a Tub.

[2] The second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, which, however, was not published till 1813.

"With sentiments of the sincerest respect, I beg you to accept my warmest thanks for your judicious, elegant, and convincing article, which meets with the reception which I had anticipated, and which is so justly its due. I hope that you have found no mistake of importance in the correction of your proof, and that you have forgiven me for the omission which I mentioned, and which, not choice, but *res dura*, etc., compelled me to hazard. Should leisure and inclination lead you to think of me, I need not add that I should receive with the truest pleasure, and acknowledge with the utmost thankfulness, every future instance of your favour. I would readily leave the choice of subjects to yourself. One you have mentioned, which, if you retain your kind opinion of us, I shall be very happy to receive. I make no apology for presuming to press on your acceptance the enclosed trifle, because, I believe, you know that it is an *invariable* rule to make some return, not certainly as anything like an equal remuneration—for this cannot be,—but as a little testimony that we are not insensible of the kindness of our friends. My health will not permit me to add more, but that I am, with unfeigned regard, your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

WM. GIFFORD."

"*Kinneil House, December* 18, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If I had not expected to have had the pleasure of calling on you in Edinburgh before this time, I would have written long ago to thank you for the trouble which your kind partiality has led you to take in reviewing my book in the London Quarterly. Your praise of the author is so warm and so profuse, that you put it out of my power to return you any compliments. I shall, therefore, only say that I feel very sensibly this mark of your friendship, and that my confidence in some of my own opinions is not a little increased in consequence of the very ingenious and able arguments with which you have supported them. I should be truly happy to hear that your talents were directed to a higher object than that of

contributing anonymously to a Literary Journal, more especially as your mind seems to be so strongly and happily turned to a study, the value of which so very few are either able or willing duly to appreciate. If you have not already embarked in any undertaking of your own, I have a suggestion to offer you with respect to a Historical Essay which I had once some thoughts of attempting myself, and to which I am sure both your information and abilities would enable you to do ample justice. I shall not enter at present into particulars on the subject, as I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before the end of the Christmas vacation.—Yours ever most truly,

DUGALD STEWART."

It does not appear what was the subject of the essay suggested by Mr. Stewart, but my Father was then occupied with another literary project—an edition of the works of Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he had made considerable progress, but which he laid aside on becoming Editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. With the view of enlisting contributors, he visited London in 1814, carrying with him a letter of introduction from Dugald Stewart to Francis Horner:—

"*Kinneil House, April* 29, 1814.

"Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, and to recommend to your good offices, my friend Mr. Macvey Napier, who goes to town for a few weeks with the view of enlisting contributors for the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Constable has prevailed upon him, after much solicitation, to undertake the laborious task of being the Editor of this work; and I really know of no person more likely to execute it with judgment and ability. But on this head I need not enlarge to you, who cannot fail to have already heard much of his literary merits from some of our common friends in Edinburgh. The principal object of this letter is to request your advice about the individuals to whom he should apply. I have mentioned to him the names of Mr. Malthus, Mr. Hamil-

ton, Mr. Tennent, Drs. Marcet and Roget, and of a few others; but I have been so long a complete stranger to the literary society of London that my list must necessarily be very imperfect. I trust, however, you will have the goodness to supply my want of information; and that you will even take the trouble to give him a line of introduction to such of your friends as he may not have access to through any other channel. I have written on the same subject to Sir James Mackintosh, with whom I hope you will have some opportunity of consulting before Mr. Napier returns to Scotland. Do you think Smythe of Cambridge, or Copleston of Oxford would be of any use?"

Mr. Stewart's good opinion of my Father was still more unmistakably manifested when the Moral Philosophy Chair became vacant in 1820. "A majority of the Town Council," says Cockburn,[1] "offered Sir James Mackintosh the chair, but his London friends would not let him leave them, and he declined it. An effort was then made for Macvey Napier, who, in point of philosophy, was well qualified for the place, and had the honour of being warmly patronised by Dugald Stewart." Cockburn, no doubt, alludes to the letter (now printed for the first time), which Mr. Stewart addressed to the Lord Provost, recommending my Father as Brown's successor. But, though gratified in no ordinary degree by so very high a compliment, my Father declined to become a candidate, well knowing that he, a Whig, had not the slightest chance of success.

"*Kinneil House, April* 10, 1820.

"My Lord,—In consequence of the death of my friend and colleague Dr. Brown, I have the misfortune to find myself once more sole Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and although my advanced age and delicate state of health leave me but little prospect of being able again to resume the duties of that office, I cannot help still feeling so deep an interest in a

[1] "Memorials of his Time," p. 370.

situation to which many of the best years of my life were devoted, as will, I trust, sufficiently apologise for the liberty I now take in addressing your Lordship, without having the honour of being personally known to you.

"When I first retired from Edinburgh, some of the members of the present Magistracy will recollect my long and persevering exertions to introduce Dr. Brown as my successor; and I believe it will now be universally allowed that the high expectations which I was then fortunate enough to lead the Patrons of the University to form of his future eminence, have been more than fulfilled by the reputation which he has left behind him. My solicitude for the improvement of the rising generation is not diminished by the length of time which has since elapsed. On the contrary, as I draw nearer to the end of my own career, I feel, if possible, an increased anxiety to see my office in the possession of one who is likely to fill it with honour to himself and with advantage to the public.

"Upon this, as on former occasions, I am well assured that the Patrons of the University will pay due regard to the recommendations of those whom they may consider as the most competent judges; and it is upon this ground alone that I presume to point out to their notice a gentleman whose modesty has hitherto prevented his merits from being so well known to the world as they have long been to his intimate friends. The person I allude to is Mr. Macvey Napier, Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and Editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. As Mr. Napier was many years ago one of my own pupils, I have had the best opportunities of being acquainted with his favourite pursuits; and, among these, I can venture to assure your Lordship, that the study of Moral Philosophy, and of its kindred branches of Science, has always held the first place.

"I would not, however, upon the strength of my own judgment alone, have gone so far as I have now done, if I had not been able to appeal to some specimens which

Mr. Napier has already given, of his philosophical talents. One of these, published as long ago as 1805, in the fifth volume of the Edinburgh Review (the Article on Degerando, de la Génération des Connoissances Humaines), I mention, chiefly as a proof of the success with which he had prosecuted these abstract speculations at a very early period of his life. Another, which forms the first article in the sixth volume of the Quarterly Review, displays a still wider range of metaphysical knowledge, and (as I have been informed by the best authority) met with a highly favourable reception in England as well as in this country.

"The only philosophical publication to which Mr. Napier has yet prefixed his name is to be found in the eighth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It is entitled, "Remarks Illustrative of the Scope and Influence of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon;" and it contains the results not only of very extensive and various reading, but of deep and sound reflection. That there are other individuals among the men of letters in Scotland who may have prosecuted the same studies with equal assiduity, I hope and believe, but I certainly have heard of none who have yet afforded the public such satisfactory proof of their attainments.

"I will not deny that the perfect coincidence between Mr. Napier's views and my own upon the most important questions which have divided the opinions of modern philosophers may have induced me to peruse his writings with a somewhat partial eye; but this partiality will not be imputed to me as a fault by those who know how intimately I conceive these views to be connected with all the best interests of mankind.

"I have only to add that the acknowledged success of Mr. Napier's lectures in a difficult and important department of Law,[1] is sufficient to evince his industry in the performance of any duty with which he may be entrusted, and to afford a happy presage of what might be expected

[1] Conveyancing. In 1793, the Writers to the Signet instituted a Lectureship of Conveyancing. Their first Lecturer was Mr. Robert Bell, and, on his death in 1816, my Father was appointed his successor.

from his exertions, if they were concentrated in another direction, which, I have reason to believe, would not be less agreeable to his own taste.

"P.S.—It is with the greatest reluctance I send this letter to your Lordship so very soon after the melancholy event which has given occasion to it, but having learned that various candidates have already presented themselves for an office which they consider as at present completely vacant, I felt that, in justice to my own opinions and wishes, no time was to be lost in addressing myself to the patrons of the University."

The Lectureship of Conveyancing alluded to by Mr. Stewart, was in 1824 made a Professorship in the University. At a general meeting convened for the occasion, the Society of Writers to the Signet resolved to "present their sincere congratulations to Mr. Napier on his appointment to be the first Professor of Conveyancing; and to express their confident expectation and belief that he will, with unabated zeal and energy, exert his best abilities for the purpose of establishing the high character of the science which he is appointed to teach, and that he will accomplish this in such manner that the name of the first Professor of Conveyancing will be transmitted to posterity, with a celebrity which cannot fail to communicate its influence to his successors, and to the Society of which he is a member."

The completion of the Supplement, in 1824, terminated my Father's literary connection with Constable, who was not long after involved in ruin. In the wreck that followed, the edition of Raleigh was never finished. How this happened will appear clearly enough from a note written by my Father on the fly-leaf of one of the volumes.

"These six volumes form the bulk of an early and favourite, but unfinished undertaking. Having been proposed to the late Mr. Constable, and embraced with his characteristic spirit, it was well advanced when the con-

duct of another undertaking, to him of great and immediate importance—a Supplement to the later editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica—was pressed upon the same hand, and led to a total suspension of the other. Nor had it been resumed at the time when Mr. Constable's house was overtaken by bankruptcy; and the volumes that had been printed were, in consequence of that disastrous occurrence, consigned with other stock to the salesman's hammer. They were sometime thereafter disseminated by their purchaser with a title-page fabricated to make the design appear as completed, but though they contain the History of the World and the Voyages to Guiana,[1]—the latter for the first time printed in a connected state—all carefully edited, they seem never to have attracted the smallest notice, and speedily sunk into utter neglect. With the destruction of the original project, all thoughts of doing anything towards the completion of the Life, for which much information had been collected, had been long abandoned; but the publication, within the last ten years, of several Lives of Raleigh, suggested the idea of giving the chief results of the new information that had been obtained, and the views connected with them, by means of an article in the Edinburgh Review. That article was published in the number for April, 1840."

[1] Volume vi contains the "Discovery of Guiana," reprinted in 1848 by the Hakluyt Society, under the editorship of Sir Robert Schomburgk.

II.

CORRESPONDENCE CHIEFLY RELATING TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Sydenham, May 22, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Recollecting very well that I had the pleasure of knowing you at College,[1] I regret exceedingly that an uncommon press of business, occasioned by my being obliged to lecture at the Royal Institution on Wednesday, has prevented me equally from having the pleasure of waiting on you in town, or of requesting you to honour me with a visit to Sydenham. It was no common obstacle that could have prevented our having an interview in one or other of those ways. On the subject of the Encyclopædia, I do not give you a hasty answer. I thought deliberately how far, as connected with the other book, I could in honour attach myself to a new one which is likely to be its formidable rival. I perceive the names on your list are of the first rank in the literature of the country. I should be proud to be connected with them, but though Dr. Brewster, I know, would be too liberal to express a disagreeable feeling on the subject, yet he is my friend, and, little as I can do for his work,[2] I think myself bound in honour to abide by that work.—Yours truly,

T. CAMPBELL.

[1] Campbell and my Father were fellow students at the University of Glasgow.

[2] The Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

London, June 23, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—After receiving your letter, I took the first opportunity that presented itself of speaking to Dr. Wollaston on the subject of it. His answer left no room for further solicitation, being a direct negative, accompanied with the remark, that giving an account of the opinions or discoveries of others was a thing he had never been used to, and one that he would not undertake. As he is a man of a very firm and determined character, your proposal to him need not in my opinion, be any more thought of. This place has been in a state of feverish agitation for the last ten days, owing to the presence of the Foreign Princes. They are now gone, and the tranquillity of the town begins to be re-established. John Bull was very much delighted with the Emperor; he is a stout, good-natured-looking man, with a face more expressive of kindness than of talent; the King of Prussia is much more like a man of ability, but he is melancholy and reserved. They must both carry away a vast idea of the opulence and industry of this nation, and in the next subsidies we have to pay them, this element will not fail to be taken into account. The sentence on Lord Cochrane is universally condemned as cruel and savage in the extreme.[1] I cannot think of it without horror; in this country, where justice is thought to be so much more immaculate than in any other, how sad to think that political opinion is not excluded from the seat of judgment! The death of Lord Minto must have made a great impression with you, as it has done here. Just returning into the bosom of his family, after an absence of seven years, to be suddenly cut off, is an event that must be striking to the most unconcerned. To his friends and family how dreadful! The weather continues cold and disagreeable beyond all example. I expect to see you in Edinburgh in about three weeks hence. Humboldt was here in the

[1] He was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, to be imprisoned for twelve months, and to stand for an hour in the pillory.

suite of the King of Prussia, and only left us yesterday. He is a very interesting person—his conversation animated, instructive, and various in a degree rarely to be met with, and there is a good humour and openness in his manner that is quite delightful.—Yours, with esteem,

JOHN PLAYFAIR.

DR. COPLESTON.

Oriel College, October 6, 1814.

SIR,—You will already, I trust, have concluded that your letter did not come to my hands in time for me to send an earlier answer. I am just returned to England, having been absent ever since last July, and one of my first cares is to reply to a proposal, of the honour of which I am fully sensible. The recommendation of so distinguished a person as Mr. Dugald Stewart, and the prospect of uniting my labours with those of many illustrious men, are powerful motives; but there are others still more powerful, which compel me to decline the engagement. I need not trouble you with a detail of my academical business, or of the literary pursuits which occupy all my leisure. I will only specify one objection, which would alone be sufficient to determine me, even if my leisure were greater than it is, and my abilities equal to so responsible a task. The speculations to which I have devoted most of my time have led me to form opinions on many important subjects widely different from those which are now prevalent, and which have received the sanction of your greatest names. These opinions I can neither disguise nor relinquish. On the contrary, my hope and intention is to communicate them to the world at some future time, in a form that may invite a serious and calm attention. You will excuse me for entering thus into my own affairs, but I thought it best, and even more respectful, to explain thus far the reason which makes it impossible for me to accept so flattering a proposal.—Your very obedient and humble servant, E. COPLESTON.

August 7, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am afraid I am almost disqualified for the task you suggest to me, by having already explained my own notions on the subject of *Beauty*, nearly as fully as I think necessary, in my review of Alison's Book.[1] At all events, I could not make another treatise on the subject without manifestly borrowing almost all the principles of that article; and it probably would not suit your plan either to extract or abstract avowedly from such a work as the *Edinburgh Review*. Some further account I might give of other theories, and some further development of my own, but I could not conscientiously make the staple anything different. Besides all this, I am occasionally so impotent as to writing, and have so many little things to do during the time you would allow me, that I am afraid to engage, or to lead you to depend on so insecure an auxiliary. I assure you, however, that I am very much flattered by the proposal, and really very willing to comply with it. Few things would give me more pleasure than to *have written* a tolerable article for a work which will contain so many excellent ones; but that is the only tense of the verb I can look to with satisfaction.—Ever faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

November 10, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I at last send you this article of mine. I am afraid, among its other faults, that it is much too long. I would rather you should not try to read it till you see it in proof; and, indeed, I do not think it very likely that you will be tempted. I shall be glad to hear any suggestions you have to offer when it is in a readable shape, though I give you fair warning that I have no knack at making alterations, and I fear shall have no time for them. At all events, I commit it to your mercy.—Ever very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, May, 1811.

January 13, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have time only to say that I am ashamed of your profusion both of compliments and of money. My paper is really not worth half what you have sent of the latter, nor one-tenth part of what you have lavished of the former. However, as the compliments cost little, except to your conscience, and will not lessen your ability to reward better deservers, I accept of them with great pleasure, as proofs of your personal kindness and disposition to be pleased. But as to the money, I really have scruples about taking so much more than I can possibly persuade myself I have earned, and seriously beg you to consider whether you are not throwing away upon me what would otherwise be bestowed upon more valuable contributors. I am not so much pleased with my last performance as to engage lightly for another, and feel every day that I have no leisure but for my professional avocations. It is a comfort to me, however, to have done this; and as I undertook it very much to oblige you, and from a sincere wish for the success of the work, it is of itself more than a sufficient remuneration to know that it has not materially disappointed your expectations, and is not likely to be any discredit to the publication.—Believe me always your very faithful friend, F. JEFFREY.

JAMES MILL.

London, July 2, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—Upon turning the subject in my mind, which I had not time to do just at first, I think it will be impossible to separate the matter of an article on the word "Beggar" from the subject of Pauperism in general. If you contemplate nothing more than a description of the artifices of the professional beggar, this is, properly speaking, a branch of the art of imposture and swindling, and really belongs to that head, not to that of Pauperism at all. If the persons who solicit charity from passengers in the highways, and from door to door, are to be considered as a class, and with reference to the operations of the

legislator, you cannot separate the subject from that of pauperism in general. The first question is—What are you to do with beggars? If you suppress them, you must make a legal provision for those who fall into want, otherwise you inflict a capital punishment upon poverty, and in that case you enter upon all the difficult questions relating to a poor's rate. My own opinion therefore is, that the subject of mendicity should be treated under some title which would embrace the whole of the questions relating to pauperism.

Under the title "Beggar," without anticipating the general subject, you can do nothing but address yourself, without any public utility, to the idle curiosity of those who wish to hear strange stories, and write an article fit for a catchpenny magazine, but by no means for your noble Supplement. Nevertheless, if you are of a contrary opinion. I will write the article as you desire, and give you the stories in the House of Commons Report, with my own commentaries, which will detract not a little from the marvellous with which some of them are seasoned. From this and other sources an entertaining article might no doubt be made, if not a scientific one. I am looking forward to your calls on the article *Government*, and shall, I trust, be well prepared for you by the time, as I am now drawing to a close with a heavy load which I have long had upon my shoulders.—Most faithfully yours,

J. MILL.

Ford Abbey, Chard, October 23, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—On turning to your letter for the purpose of answering it, and observing the date, I see I have reason to be ashamed of myself. I am not, however, so faulty as at first sight I may naturally appear; for, seeing it would not be in my power to give you an article on Botany Bay, I endeavoured to find out a person who I thought would do it, and as well as anybody whom you had much chance of finding. The person I mean is Major Torrens, who has written several very good pamphlets on different

parts of Political Economy, and who I knew had been at pains to collect information respecting Botany Bay, having projects of being sent out to be its Governor. Torrens, I find, is just now wandering about in Ireland, and I conclude has not received my letter, for I have not heard from him at all, though I have no doubt he would have liked much to have contributed the article.

Of India I have undertaken to give no less than a complete history, in which I aim at comprising all the information in which we Europeans are very materially interested; and, thank God, after having had it nearly ten years upon the carpet, I am now revising it for the press, and hope to begin to print as soon as I return to London. It will make three 4to volumes, which, whatever else they may contain, will contain the fruits of a quantity of labour, of which nobody who shall not go over the same ground, and go over it without the assistance of my book, can form an adequate conception. Had I foreseen that it would be one half or one third of what it has been, never should I have been the author of a History of India.—Most truly yours, J. MILL.

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, October, 2, 1817.

DEAR SIR,—I send you about one-half of the article on "Chivalry," that you may set it up and see how its runs out. I find it almost impossible to get on here for want of books, without which I cannot make the pointed references to authorities which the article really requires. I brought a chest of volumes here on purpose, but so it is that the book I want is eternally amissing. In these circumstances I think you had better *skip*, and go on, leaving a blank for completing the article. Thus the press will not be stopped, and I will finish my task early in November, with credit to the work, and much more ease to myself. I have not even read over the sheets sent, but will correct them accurately in proof. I will add considerably to the illustrations, which will give a *richer* effect to the article, which looks at

present rather meagre. I take the opportunity of sending this by our arch-bibliopolist Constable.—Your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

Edinburgh, April 14, 1818.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Many thanks to you for your Dissertation,[1] which, after hearing it with great pleasure, I have read with great increase of pleasure. Do not call me an *unbeliever*, far less a *scoffer*, though I certainly rank at a much lower degree than you the influence of Bacon's writings. With respect to his own intellectual merits, I honour him a good way "on this side of idolatry," indeed, but with a veneration which unbelievers and scoffers would call idolatrous; and though I conceive that his notions of the ultimate objects of physical inquiry were *not* founded on just views of the powers of the Mind and of Nature in relation to those powers, I scarcely see how you can consistently differ from me on this point, who acknowledge it to have been "his general belief that the *essences* of all material substances were capable of being discovered by the inductive process." Is not such a general belief itself a proof that Bacon *was* ignorant "of the laws and limits of the human understanding" *in relation to nature*? for it is only in this respect, I presume, that his knowledge of the mind is worthy of being spoken of at all. I wish you could find time for the further elucidation of Bacon's views of which you speak. I am sure there is not one of the readers of your present paper who would not join in the wish.—Ever yours most truly, THOS. BROWN.

JAMES MILL.

London, April 30, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will lose no time in acknowledging your letter, more especially on account of what you men-

[1] On Bacon's philosophical writings; read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

tion as to any expressions of mine[1] in relation to your "revered friend" and ornament of our country, Mr. Playfair, whose talents I revere as much as it is possible for any man to revere them, who is so little capable of appreciating their exertions in the line in which they have displayed themselves, and whose character, so far as I am acquainted with it, I regard as even a model. I shall be extremely happy if you will carefully attend to the passage, and give me your honest opinion, for nothing will give me greater pain than to think that I have used any other language than that of esteem towards a man whose approbation I should be so proud to enjoy. If you should really think that my language is faulty (for as I had not only an opinion of his to controvert, but was also under the necessity of guarding my readers against what I knew was great—the weight of his authority—and as I am but too apt, in my eagerness to give the *matter* of my reasons, to think too little of the language in which they are clothed, I am not insensible to my peccability in this respect), I shall account it a particular act of friendship if you will stand my friend with him, and endeavour to explain the want of coincidence between my sentiments and expressions, if in this instance they are anything but expressions of respect. It will also be an act of kindness (as, like other authors, I live in hopes of a second edition at no wonderfully distant period), if you will suggest to me any alteration of the expressions, or of the entire passage (not inconsistent with the object), which will render it agreeable to yourself and the other friends of Mr. Playfair; for as to himself, it must be a matter of too little consequence to him to merit his regard.

I wish you had found time to read my heavy volumes, because it would have been a great gratification to me to hear your opinion of them. I have had but one opinion from Edinburgh about them, which, being from a very Tory quarter, was fully as favourable as I could

[1] History of India, i, 395-7, where he criticises Playfair's opinions on the subject of Hindu Astronomy.

expect. When you do write again, which I hope will be soon, it will be a favour if you will tell me a little of what you may have heard about them; for as I reckon the best judges to be with you, I am proportionately anxious to know what I am thought of among you. I am truly obliged to you, not only for sending me your paper on Bacon, but for writing it. His is a battle which I have often to fight—in conversation at least; for Englishly-educated people are all hostile to him, as they (at least the greater part of them) are hostile to everybody who seeks to advance the boundaries of human knowledge, which they have sworn to keep where they are. Your learned and valuable collections of facts will make me triumphant. —Most faithfully yours, J. MILL.

London, August 5, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—My delay in writing did not arise from what you misname your "scold about Playfair." I take all that you said for sound and proper remonstrance; and shall doubtless attend to it, in a manner, I hope, to give you satisfaction, when I come to a second edition, of which you will be glad to hear that there is a near prospect.

I was anxious to say, if I could, something useful on the subject of Conveyancing. I have looked into the subject with a good deal of care, and have often conversed upon it with Bentham. There is nothing in any book beyond the practice of the different systems of actual law. Principles on the subject nobody has thought of exhibiting. As far as it has been touched upon in any of Bentham's MSS., it is under the head of Evidence, where it falls into the chapter on what he calls "Preappointed Evidence," or those articles of Evidence, consisting chiefly of writings brought into existence at the present moment, for ascertaining at some future period a matter of fact which had its existence now, or at some antecedent period. I believe you will find this the general characteristic of all the branches of Conveyancing. The act of transferring is

the volition of the parties; the writings are the mode of providing evidence of that volition. To discuss the subject, you must work out this general idea by the force of your own philosophy. You will get no assistance from law-books or from lawyers. You do not know, perhaps, what is my presumption on the subject of Law. The next work which I meditate is a History of English Law, in which I mean to trace, as far as possible, the expedients of the several ages to the state of the human mind, and the circumstances of society in those ages, and to show their concord or discord with the standard of perfection; and I am not without hopes of making a book readable by all, and if so, a book capable of teaching law to all. And, after this, I will do what I can to exhibit in full a system of Jurisprudence to the world. This at any rate stands far forward among the several projects which float in my head.

I had a letter from Mr. Ricardo only two or three days ago, in which he expresses himself in terms of unbounded gratitude for your more than politeness. I beg you will accept my warmest acknowledgments. I know not a better man than him on whom you have laid your obligations, or who will be more desirous of returning them. I feel myself in such good humour with you just now, that I know not well how to refuse you anything. One thing comforts me in undertaking *Economists*, that I see not at present any reason for a long article. However, at your leisure, I shall be glad of as minute an explanation as you can afford, of your views with regard to both articles.—Most truly yours, J. MILL.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Winterslow Hut, near Salisbury,
August 26, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to be obliged, from want of health and a number of other engagements, which I am little able to perform, to decline the flattering offer you make me. I have got to write, between this and the end

of October, an octavo volume or a set of lectures on the Comic Drama of this country for the Surrey Institution, which I am anxious not to slur over, and it will be as much as I can do to get it ready in time. I am also afraid that I should not be able to do the article in question, or yourself, justice, for I am not only without books, but without knowledge of what books are necessary to be consulted on the subject. To get up an article in a Review on any subject of general literature, is quite as much as I can do without exposing myself. The object of an Encyclopædia is, I take it, to condense and combine all the facts relating to a subject, and all the theories of any consequence already known or advanced. Now, where the business of such a work ends, is just where I begin, that is, I might perhaps throw in an idle speculation or two of my own, not contained in former accounts of the subject, and which would have very little pretensions to rank as scientific. I know something about Congreve, but nothing at all of Aristophanes, and yet I conceive that the writer of an article on the *Drama* ought to be as well acquainted with the one as the other. If you should see Mr. Constable, will you tell him I am writing *nonsense* for him as fast as I can?—Your very respectful and obliged humble servant,

W. HAZLITT.

JOHN (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) BARROW.

Admiralty, March 20, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the trouble you have kindly taken in obtaining for me some account of the qualifications of Dr. Richardson,[1] which, I think, are such as will answer our purpose. It is a great point that he has turned his attention to the mosses, the fuci, and lichens, as these are likely to be the prevailing plants on the shores of the hyperborean sea; and I apprehend that, from his profession, he can cut up an animal, and make observations on its comparative anatomy; and with regard to mineralogy, a month's visit to a good collection would

[1] Afterwards Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer.

teach him to distinguish what was rare from what is common. The great object is to collect and preserve, the rest can be managed at home. We could get naturalists enough, but the object is to combine a knowledge of natural history with medicine and the practice of surgery; and as the commanding officer will be a naval man, we wish also to have a naval surgeon. I think, therefore, that Dr. Richardson will do, but before I say anything decisive, I will consult Sir Joseph Banks, whom in these matters it is advisable to take along with us. In the meantime, as Dr. R. is probably not much engaged, I think he would do well to pursue the study of practical mineralogy, and especially to make himself familiar with the copper ores, there being very little doubt that the Indians do get native copper to the northward. It is to be hoped that the combined sea and land expeditions will solve the long-sought-after problem of the north-eastern termination of America. The last two have been woefully unproductive, and I am much mistaken if in Edinburgh you do not pronounce Ross's three-and-a-half guinea book a mountain in labour. He has sadly disappointed us, but we shall do better next time. Parry will not return (barring accidents) till he has settled the question one way or another.—Very faithfully yours, JOHN BARROW.

PRINCIPAL LEE.

St. Andrews, September 7, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been persuading myself that you would have the goodness to let me off from my *quasi*-contract to write a short sketch of Dr. Ferguson's life. The truth is, that partly in consequence of family distress, to which for some years I have been seldom a stranger, and partly owing to some unexpected interruptions, I have not written a single line. But in three or four days I can contrive to prepare as long a memoir as you will be willing to insert, though it is not to be expected that it will either be worthy of the subject, or of the company with which you are inclined to associate it. I

had almost forgotten the pamphlet in the theatrical controversy. It was meant to serve as a grave argument, and it turned out a dull and pointless dissertation. Though I have collected most of the papers connected with that dispute, I cannot say I have read almost any of them with attention, but I do not think Dr. Ferguson chose the happiest mode of treating his subject. His object was to foil his fanatical antagonists by an *argumentum ad hominem*, attempting to show that great part of the Bible, particularly the history of Joseph and his brethren, may be considered as dramatic poems; and if so, why might not a minister of the gospel be the author or the auditor of such compositions? He would have come nearer his purpose if he had known that John Home was not the first Presbyterian minister in the Presbytery of Haddington who courted the tragic muse. John Davidson, minister of Prestonpans, one of the most zealous and inflexible members of the primitive Reformed Church, wrote a play, the representation of which was countenanced and approved by the presence of John Knox. And other instances might have been produced, which would have rather staggered the Witherspoons, Websters, Cummings, and Hyndmans of the Church, particularly if they had been reminded that the greatest man[1] who ever sat in the Moderator's chair, in the very purest and strictest period of Ecclesiastical discipline, had penned not a few tragedies, some of them founded upon incidents in Sacred History, and others fashioned after profane models. But these men were greater than John the Baptist, and juster than Jephthah, Judge of Israel, and of course far above the author of *Baptistes* and *Jephthes*. But the pamphlet in question was not the *first* of Ferguson's publications. I have a sermon printed by him in 1745, when he was twenty-two years of age. Perhaps you may not have heard that the reason why Ferguson was so severe on (Bumbo) President Dundas, in *Sister Peg*, was not so much on account of his political aberrations, as because he had,

[1] George Buchanan.

from some personal antipathy to John Home, and for some other private reasons, encouraged and stimulated the party of bigots who laboured hard to deprive Home and a few of his clerical friends of their livings, or at least to load them with the anathema of the Church Courts.—Yours faithfully, JOHN LEE.

JAMES MILL.

East India House, September 10, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote immediately to Ricardo, telling him you counted upon his half promise as a whole one. I received from him a parcel of excuses, but as there was none of them good for anything, I wrote to him that I should send you word of his having undertaken the task. It is unaffected diffidence which is the cause of his unwillingness, for he is as modest as he is able. He will put down his thoughts, he says, and send them to you, but that you will have to write the article [Funding System] for yourself. But of this there is no fear except his own. As for *Foundation*, I have no doubt you ought to make it an article, and a great many very absurd prejudices standing in the way of good might be removed by it. I should like to do it, but am afraid to overload my time. I am preparing the second edition of my History of India, and I have loads of East India despatches with their enclosures to read, of a size which would frighten you. When I have got up the arrears, which had accumulated in this department before my admission, I shall be more at my ease. You need be under no alarm about my article *Government*. I shall say nothing capable of alarming even a Whig, and he is more terrified at the principles of good government than the worst of Tories. I would undertake to make Mr. Canning a convert to the principles of good government sooner than your Lord Grey and your Sir James Mackintosh; and I have now an opportunity of speaking with some knowledge of Canning. You have at any rate seen what has been in the newspapers with regard to the health of Mr. Brougham,

which struck me with much alarm, the moment I saw it, and all I have since heard has only added to my fears.—Very truly yours, J. MILL.

East India House, May 11, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,—The article *Government* will make about three sheets, and that on *Jurisprudence* I will endeavour to confine within the same limits. I agree with you that nothing but a comprehensive outline should for such a work as yours be attempted. The difficulty, however, is to give as much of the reasons on which your framework is erected, as not to leave it wholly unsupported; for the giving of reasons requires words, and sometimes not a few. Both articles are already on paper, and need only some curtailing and filing to be ready for you. Both, however, will need transcription, which is a devil of a task. You grieve me by what you predict respecting the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. From what I had heard, I rejoiced to think that you would be the man. I reckon the appointment of a proper person a matter of first-rate importance, and the one[1] to whom you allude makes one sick to think of him. Instead of the delightful exhortations to mental enterprise, and to press forward unceasingly to new attainments, to which I listened with rapture from the lips of Mr. Stewart, the unfortunate youth will hear from the man in question nothing but exhortations to the implicit adoption of opinions already received, and to hate and persecute every man who shows a disposition to go beyond them. You flatter me highly by telling me you thought of me. If it were offered to me—notwithstanding the degree in which I think I am useful here, notwithstanding both the power and the income which may in time be connected with my situation, and notwithstanding London, the centre of intelligence, out of which I should not willingly take up my residence—I should be puzzled what to do. So it is better, perhaps, as it is. You have no chance for Mackin-

[1] John Wilson.

tosh, and I cannot imagine he was ever serious in thinking of it. He lives but for London display; *parler et faire parler de soi*, in certain circles, is his heaven.—Ever truly yours, J. MILL.

DUGALD STEWART.

Kinneil House, November 14, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have thanked you sooner for the remarks you favoured me with on the second part of the *Dissertation*.[1] With most of them I perfectly agree, and I have accordingly corrected what I had written, agreeably to your suggestions. In a few instances of less consequence, I have made no alteration, rather perhaps from indolence than from any other cause. I am more particularly puzzled with what you say about our late most excellent friend Dr. Brown; but, after revolving the subject long in my mind, I am nearly resolved (according to my *first* impressions) to pass over in silence any difference between our opinions concerning Dr. Reid, more especially as it is a subject on which I cannot help thinking that our friend has laid himself open to a most triumphant reply.[2] But on this point it would be most painful to me to enter so soon after Dr. Brown's death, and the late dispute about his successor. I am very anxious to have a sight of the work of La Romiguière,[3] so highly praised by Garat, and cannot think of sending my Dissertation to the press till I shall read it. There are some other books about which I shall still have to trouble you. In the meantime, you will oblige me greatly by writing a few lines to say how the Moral Philosophy Class promises to go on under the new Professor.—Ever yours most truly, DUGALD STEWART.

[1] Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy.

[2] A very severe reply will be found in the third volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, published in 1827. Note C, page 501.

[3] Leçons de Philosophie sur les principes de l'intelligence, ou sur les causes et sur les origines des Idées, of which an account is given by Garat in his Mémoires Historiques sur le XVIII Siècle, 2, 35–6.

East India House, January 3, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,—I believe I have now fulfilled all the obligations, in the way of articles, which I am under to you. There is one article more, however, which, if you have not otherwise provided for it, I shall be very glad to undertake. That is, Liberty of the Press, or Libel Law, whichever title you chose to range it under. I think on that subject I could throw a good deal of light. I have also a hankering for *Logic*, but they come too near each other; and I am afraid to undertake for too much.

By the by, there is a friend of mine who has written a very learned, and, what is more, a truly philosophical discourse on the subject of Magic, which he would be very happy to have printed in your work. From the specimen I have seen, it will prove, I think, not only instructive, but amusing. I am not at liberty to mention the name of the author.[1] He is a young City banker, and the son of a man who is an eminent banker, and is a very extraordinary person, in his circumstances, both for knowledge and clear vigorous thinking.

As to public matters, the question of a change of Ministers is still very doubtful. If the present people are not faint-hearted, they may remain in. I am told, however, and by people who have opportunities of knowing, that they are faint-hearted, in which case the Whigs may have another six months, which I think is as long a purchase as their Ministry will be worth. They will neither please the people nor the harpies. They cannot do good, even if they would, without reforming the Parliament, for the harpies (forming a majority of the House) must be satisfied, and reform the Parliament they will not. They are fools both in the public and selfish sense of the word. —Ever yours, J. MILL.

East India House, July 10, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been hard at work upon the

[1] The late George Grote. The discourse mentioned by Mr. Mill was not published in the *Supplement*.

article Liberty of the Press, and for that purpose suspended the printing of my book on Political Economy. I have refused to pay my annual visit to Ricardo, that I may work for you, so that you must not blame me if there is a little delay. I will see what I can do for "Law of Nations." I have no expectation of being able to satisfy myself; for it is a wide subject, to which little has been done, the study of which I had reserved for some period of leisure. But it is better I should say what I can say, than that the subject should be omitted. I must not omit to express the great satisfaction I received from your telling me that Professor Stewart expresses some curiosity respecting me. You say he wishes he could recollect my being at his class. I doubt not he would know me if he saw me. He must at least have been perfectly familiar with my face—for all the years I remained about Edinburgh, I used, as often as I possibly could, to steal into his class to hear a lecture, which always was a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Mr. Stewart. I never heard anything like so fine a speaker. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to Mr. Stewart.—Yours,

J. MILL.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, April 11, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent is most unreasonable in expecting an explanation of the whole of Mr. Fox's political conduct in a memoir of thirty pages. You will recollect that I was originally limited to what would make a sheet of the Edinburgh Review, and in consequence of that limitation, I left out more than two thirds of the extracts I had made from his correspondence. But, to say the truth, if I had thought myself at liberty to dilate at greater length on the public life, conduct, and opinions of Mr. Fox, I would have chosen some other topic than the

silly story of Mr. Adair's mission to St. Petersburgh. Mr. Fox kept very few letters or papers except those he received while he was in office, and therefore it is not surprising that there should not be a syllable among his papers having the slightest allusion to that story. His own letters are very numerous, but, with the exception of some few written while he was in office, and the draft of his intended letter to Barnave, there was not one, I think, found in his own possession; the rest having been preserved by his correspondents, and by them given to Lord Holland after his death. Since I received your letter I have made some inquiry about Mr. Adair's mission, which I had never before considered as a matter of the slightest importance; and the facts, as I understand, are these. Mr. Adair being at Brussels at the time of the Russian armament, wrote to Mr. Fox to say that he had a great inclination to go to St. Petersburgh in order to see what was the real state of affairs there. Mr. Fox commended his resolution, and desired him to write to him if he learned anything worth communicating. Mr. Adair, after he had been some time at St. Petersburgh, where he was exceedingly well received as a relation of Mr. Fox, who, when in office, had marked a strong predilection for that Court, as in the then circumstances of Europe, the natural ally of England against the House of Bourbon and the House of Austria, then closely united, thought he had collected information which might be of use to Mr. Fox; but knowing the faithlessness of Foreign Post Offices, and not wishing his remarks on individuals to be communicated to persons for whom they were not intended, he entrusted a letter to an Englishman at St. Petersburgh, who was returning to his own country, with a request that he would deliver it to Mr. Fox. This person, whose name Lord Holland has forgotten, carried the letter to Mr. Pitt, and by him it was laid before the Cabinet, where, according to the account afterwards given by Lord Thurlow, it was treated as a matter of no importance. Nothing was done about it, and the affair was almost forgotten, when Mr. Burke, in

an access of passion, revived the story in a confidential letter to Lord Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Portland, which was surreptitiously published in 1797. Mr. Fox disdained to make any reply, or take any notice of so absurd an imputation; and the subsequent conduct of Windham, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Grenville, showed that they considered it in the same light that he did. In a complete life of Mr. Fox, it would be proper to notice and refute this calumny; but in such a sketch as mine, where so many more important matters were necessarily omitted, it would have been preposterous to have introduced it.[1]—Yours faithfully, J. ALLEN.

T. R. MALTHUS.

East India College, September 27, 1821.

SIR,—An absence from College has prevented my answering your obliging communication sooner. I am very far from being disengaged at present, but I think that I could undertake an article on Population, though I cannot promise one on the Poor. I am not disposed to be offended at differences of opinion, particularly on such a subject as the Corn Laws, which, if justifiable, must be allowed to be an exception to the general rules of political economy; but I confess to you that I think that the general adoption of the new theories of my excellent friend Mr. Ricardo into an Encyclopædia, while the question was yet *sub judice*, was rather premature. The more I consider the subject, the more I feel convinced that the main part of his structure will not stand.—Your obedient servant,

T. R. MALTHUS.

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

Edinburgh, September 30, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not of late been paying much attention to the subject of the Poor Laws; but it appears to me that every article on that subject must be defective

[1] Sir Robert Adair has given an account of his visit to St. Petersburgh, in a letter addressed to Mr. Allen himself, printed in the Memorials of Fox, edited by Lord John Russell. Vol. ii, p. 383.

which does not, in the first place, endeavour to settle the important and fundamental question, whether the chances of degradation, in the event of any considerable portion of the poor being suddenly deprived of their accustomed command of the necessaries and comforts of life in a country without Poor Laws, is greater or less than the chances of degradation from their being taught to depend on extrinsic assistance in periods of diffioulty? In countries like France, and the other Continental States, there is almost no risk of any considerable fluctuations occurring in the demand for labour, and therefore the establishment of Poor Laws among them could be productive only of mischief. But this is not our case. A change in the ordinary channels of trade, a prohibition against admitting our manufactured products into the ports of the United States, or of any of our principal customers, would involve a very large proportion of our population in the severest distress, and would in the end reduce the general rate of wages. Now, suppose we have no Poor Laws, what are the people to do in such a case? It is plain that they must contract their expenditure and economise. But, if the depression continues for any considerable period, and with our factitious and unnatural system every depression must necessarily do so, there is plainly an extreme risk lest those habits, which necessity first forced on the poor, should ultimately become confirmed from habit, or, in other words, that their *standard* of what was necessary for their comfortable subsistence should become degraded. I have not room now to state my reasons, and I am sure none can be necessary to convince you that any such degradation in the condition of the mass of the people is an evil of the most serious description; and I am by no means clear, that in a highly manufacturing country like England, where periods of privation must necessarily be of frequent recurrence, and where they must necessarily affect a large proportion of the population, a provision calculated to meet these contingencies, and in some measure to preserve the taste of the people, and their relish for the comforts and enjoy-

ments of life, unimpaired, may not balance the evils which every such provision brings along with it. At all events, this is a subject which deserves a most ample discussion; nor is the subject of the Poor Laws by any means so much of a *res judicata* as is generally supposed.

I think the *Supplement* will gain credit by being among the first publications which has embodied and given circulation to the new, and, notwithstanding Mr. Malthus's opinion, I will add correct, theories of political economy. Your publication was not intended merely to give a view of the science as it stood forty-five years ago, but to improve it, and to extend its boundaries. It is, besides, a very odd error in Mr. Malthus to say that the new theories are all *sub judice*. He has himself given his complete and cordial assent to the theory of Rent, which is the most important of the whole; and the rest are assented to by Colonel Torrens, Mr. Mill, Mr. Tooke, and all the best economists in the country. It is, however, not a little surprising to hear Mr. Malthus censure the Supplement for admitting new theories, when he has himself written a book to prove that the improvements of our machinery, and the economy of the Government and of individuals, have been productive of almost all the misery we now suffer.—Yours ever most faithfully,

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

T. R. MALTHUS.

East India College, October 8, 1821.

DEAR SIR,—As I shall not be tolerably disengaged before April next, I shall certainly not have time for more than the article on "Population," and will therefore decide at once against undertaking the article on the Poor, that I may not delay your application in some other quarter. An article of the kind you speak of on Political Economy would, I think, be very desirable; but no one occurs to me at this moment with sufficient name and sufficient impartiality to do the subject justice. I am fully aware of the merits of Mr. M'Culloch and Mr. Mill, and have a great

respect for them both; but I certainly am of opinion, after much and repeated consideration, that they have adopted a theory which will not stand the test of experience. It takes a partial view of the subject, like the system of the French economists; and like that system, after having drawn into its vortex a great number of very clever men, it will be unable to support itself against the testimony of obvious facts, and the weight of those theories which, though less simple and captivating, are more just, on account of their embracing more of the causes which are in actual operation in all economical results. I am much flattered by Mr. Dugald Stewart's attention, and beg you will thank him very kindly for me. I have the highest respect for him, and am happy to hear, as I expected, a high character of his Dissertation.—Your faithful humble servant, T. R. MALTHUS.

JOHN BARROW.

Admiralty, January 5, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—Why should you take it for granted that I have been writing to decry Clerk?[1] However, I have no hesitation in avowing my opinion to coincide precisely with the statement in the Quarterly Review; and when you recollect the *means* we have here of ascertaining *facts*, and how many officers we have access to *who were actually* in *Rodney's action*,[2] ay, and in Rodney's ship, you may depend on it that I do not give this opinion on light grounds. Rodney had not the slightest idea of going through the enemy's line till the relative situation of the fleets absolutely compelled him: if he had not done it, the French ships would have fallen on board him. That Mr. Clerk may have had some communication with Rodney's Secretary on the subject, I do not doubt; nay, that Rodney himself may have been spoken to on the subject is possible; but that he acted in consequence thereof, I deny: he acted just as any other commander would have done,

[1] John Clerk of Eldin published his Essay on Naval Tactics in 1790.
[2] Rodney's victory was gained on April 12, 1782.

who never heard of Clerk, under the same circumstances. The Edinburgh Review, if I recollect rightly, was not satisfied with praises: it dealt largely in censures of the Government for not rewarding the *inventor*, when in truth there was no invention, the subject having been amply treated of a century before. You are all very good theorists in Edinburgh, and keen, shrewd, ingenious men; but we here are *practical*;—and with all due deference to Professor Playfair and Sir W. Scott, I would trust a plain old matter-of-fact Admiral on naval subjects sooner than either of them; and pray tell Sir Walter, when next you see him, that we don't admit *reformed pirates*[1] into our Navy.—Yours very faithfully, JOHN BARROW.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Mardocks, near Ware, January 8, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—In spite of the arduous task which, in the midst of distractions and of constantly uncertain health, now presses very painfully on my mind, I am gratified by your desire, and strongly tempted to comply with it. I shall give you a positive answer in a fortnight. Malthus at first hesitated about the article "Population," but I prevailed on him to undertake it. He has undisturbed leisure and uninterrupted health. When will the *Supplement* be completed?

There certainly is an appearance of contradiction between the language of the first article and that of the second about Bacon.[2] The word "discoveréd," if understood in its most strict sense, may be supposed to convey an assertion which I did not intend to make. It was no discovery of Bacon that knowledge is derived from experience. It is familiar to the most ignorant and barbarous of men. The Natural History of Aristotle, the medical works of Hippocrates, the vast collections of Pliny, are

[1] "The Pirate, by the author of Waverley," was published in 1822. The allusion is not only to Cleveland having been permitted to enter the "service," but to Scott being the author.

[2] Edinburgh Review, Art. 9, September, 1816, and Art. 10, October, 1821: "Stewart's Introduction to the Encyclopædia."

among the numerous proofs that the ancients derived their knowledge of Nature from observation. Their progress in astronomy, in mechanics, in the useful arts, are proofs of the same position. The Rhetoric and Poetics of Aristotle, with his Ethics and Politics, are examples of the manner in which he derived moral knowledge also from experience. If anything could be added to these proofs, it would be the passage of the *Novum Organum* which I have quoted, in which Bacon justly charges the ancient philosophers with having consulted experience, but to have consulted her either partially or superficially. I do not say that Bacon discovered the foundation of knowledge to be experience. But this principle is separated by a wide interval from "the rules by which knowledge is improved." The principle is as old as Reason. The rules were first laid down by Bacon, at least with precision and fulness, and I still think that his grand merit consists in the *spirit* which he excited. I adhere to the language of my former article, "that he reformed the State Maxims of the Republic of Science." This seems to me to be, in other words, "discovering the rules by which Science is improved." I was extremely disturbed by indisposition during the composition of the Review, and am rather surprised that it does not contain more incorrectness and apparent inconsistencies. I am sorry to find that I differ from poor Brown in some degree about Turgot, but in a much greater about Leibnitz. . . . I rejoice to hear that Mr. Stewart's health is so good. I was apprehensive that ill-health might have been the cause of my receiving no answer from him to a letter which I addressed to him at Kinneil some weeks ago. Who can or will add the History of Morals and Politics to his Dissertation?[1] I think the articles "Government" and "Education" in the *Supplement*, though very ably written, remarkable examples of one of the erroneous modes of philosophising from experience

[1] This was partially done by Sir James himself, in his Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, prefixed to the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia.

which are condemned by Bacon in the passage to which I have above adverted.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

J. MACKINTOSH.

Mardocks, Nov. 7, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed of having given you the trouble to write a second time, though my delay arose from the hope of being able to send you a satisfactory answer. This I cannot yet entirely do. Circumstances have very much engaged that part of my time which is not occupied by my historical labours. I am truly solicitous to show my sense of the confidence which you repose in me, and to contribute the little that depends on me to the success of a work which you conduct. On the other hand, I do not think that a short, precise, and clear dissertation on "Punishment" is easy. The brevity perhaps increases the difficulty. I will, however, make an experiment by applying my evenings to it for a week. At the end of that time, I will write to tell you the probable result, and you will then judge whether I am to be waited for. My mornings are now exclusively occupied by History, which I believe you would hardly wish to encroach on. I have but little life for so great an undertaking as mine.—Yours very truly, J. MACKINTOSH.

Mardocks, November 13, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—It would be difficult for me to convey to you an adequate conception of the magnitude of my historical arrears, and of the sad extent in which inevitable engagements, ill health, and domestic afflictions have of late encroached on the time which ought to have been employed in attempting to discharge them. My circumstances in that respect are at present such that nothing could have made me think of the experiment which I mentioned in my last, but a feeling that I ought sooner to have told you my difficulties. I should be very much obliged by your saying to Thomson that there is nothing of which I am at present so desirous as authentic information about Glencoe, and that I beg to know, from him,

whether the proceedings published in the thirteenth volume of Howell's State Trials be an accurate and complete account of what passed in the Scotch Parliament concerning that solitary but deep blot on the Revolution. —Very truly yours, J. MACKINTOSH.

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

London, May 2, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I had the pleasure to receive your letter accompanying the Preface to the *Supplement*. I congratulate you on the conclusion of your labours, and still more on the manner in which you have concluded them. The Preface seems to me to be excellent. The style is manly, vigorous, and clear; and though you have been very indulgent to many, and especially to myself, no one will presume to say that your estimate of the various articles you have characterised is not essentially just and discriminating.

I have very little, or rather, I should say, nothing to communicate respecting my proceedings here of which, I believe, you are not already aware. The evening class[1] does no good; and for this reason, that I am only attended by people in the higher ranks, who are all too much engrossed in the evening to have any time for discussions respecting the formation and distribution of wealth. My morning class has, however, been remarkably successful. I have a numerous and distinguished audience, who all *seem* to be very well pleased. I have not modified one sentence in my Lectures about the Bank, the East India Company, the Corn Laws, etc., for I perceive clearly that the public is to be my only patron here, and that you will best conciliate its favour by giving full force and effect to conclusions derived from principle. The young Earl of Clarendon and Mr. Baring's eldest son are among my private pupils. Sir James Mackintosh has been present at almost every lecture, and I believe you will soon see the names of Huskisson and Robinson among my visitors,

[1] Mr. M'Culloch was then delivering Lectures on Political Economy.

—a circumstance which will be chiefly important, as it will tend to remove any obstacle, on account of political opinions, to young Tories coming to my private prelections.

Politics seem to be quite on the wane. The Ministers are exceedingly popular, and the populace are seeking excitement in the formation of Mechanics' Institutions, and in the purchase of cheap periodical publications. The number of these in circulation here is quite incalculable. The Mechanics' Magazine sells about 16,000 copies a week, the Chemist 6,000, and so on. I was the other night at the Mechanics' Institution, and met there with Brougham. There were about 800 persons present, and I never saw a more orderly and attentive audience. There are about 1,500 workmen subscribers, at the rate of a guinea a year each. The applications for admittance are necessarily numerous; and it is estimated that in two or three years there will be six Institutions—four in London and two in the Borough,—all as large as the present one. I have seen Mill frequently, and find him extremely kind and friendly. It is a pity that he is so incorrigible a Radical. A new Number of the Westminster has been published, and it contains the sequel of the attack on the Edinburgh, and a more contemptible and pettifogging one never was published. I do not believe Mill wrote it. Have the goodness to tell Mr. Cockburn that the question of taxing professional incomes equally with those of the other classes, was discussed at a full meeting of the Political Economy Club, and that, though they agree in very little, they unanimously agreed that the arguments in the Review[1] on that subject were quite incontrovertible. Should an Income-tax ever be again imposed, you may depend upon it the principle will be fully acted upon.—
Most truly yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH.

[1] Art. 1, October, 1823: "Funding System—British Finances," by M'Culloch. His opinion on the subject was subsequently modified.

WILLIAM JACOB.[1]

London, April 21, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our friend Blanco White introduced to me, soon after his arrival here, Iturbide, the ex-Emperor of Mexico, who has taken refuge in this country against the intrigues which France was exercising among the petty potentates of Italy to his annoyance. I have found him a very interesting character, and am satisfied, with Captain Basil Hall, that his conduct has been humane, tolerably judicious, and too moderate to retain the undefined authority which was forced upon him. I fear his country will have cause to regret his departure, though I think him perfectly justified in withdrawing under all the circumstances. His deportment is gentlemanly, his knowledge extensive, and his proposed views temperate and correct. He possessed a vast property before the commencement of the intestine wars, living like one of our old European feudal Barons on his paternal lands. He assures me that he has relinquished all political views, and that twelve years of active life in a country torn by intestine factions, and bleeding from civil contests, has been sufficient to induce him to relish tranquillity and to wish for quiet. I am satisfied that he has a strong party in his native country, and that his appearance there would produce a powerful sensation. I hope, however, for his own sake, he will persist in the resolution, which he assures me he has deliberately adopted, of never returning, unless two events, not likely, should happen,—the security of independence, and the establishment of a government both free and strong.—Yours very faithfully, WILLIAM JACOB.

London, May 30, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—You ask me what is my present opinion as to Iturbide. I am almost afraid of giving my opinion, because I am conscious that, by his conduct and manners,

[1] Mr. Jacob for many years filled an important post in the Board of Trade. His last work was a "Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals."

he has inspired me with so strong a feeling of regard, as he has done every one with whom he had any intercourse here, that my opinion of his political or public conduct must be very much influenced by my private personal friendship. In his transactions with me, he has behaved both with delicacy and judgment. I had been the sole medium of communication through which the slight intercourse between him and Mr. Canning had passed on his first arrival. He had been on the most confidential terms with me till his final determination on the arrival of Captain Phillimore in the *Thetis*. After that, though he and his wife were frequently at my house, and I met him at his own, we had no other than that kind of conversation which might have taken place in any other circle. I could not but remark that he evidently avoided all topics connected with Mexico. This was explained by a communication delivered the day after he had sailed, in which he stated that he had painfully kept the secret from me that I might not be placed in the embarrassing situation of being the depository of a plan which, if I concealed, he thought might be injurious to me with my friends in power, and which, if I made known to them, might be deemed a violation of the friendship which he gave me credit for feeling towards him. He has directed a friend to show me the applications which induced him to take the decisive step of proceeding immediately to Mexico with his wife and two of his children, without a single musket, with no military man but his nephew and a Pole lately arrived, and with no weapon but a printing-press. Having seen the representations which induced him to depart, as well as what intelligence has arrived since he sailed, I do not think the enterprise rash, though his expectations may not be fulfilled. He certainly went with the belief that, in fifteen days from his reaching the place of his landing, he should enter the capital with no more opposition than Buonaparte met between Grenoble and Paris, and with a more cordial reception from the civilians and proprietors than even from the soldiery. Without

knowing the character of the individuals, and their weight and influence, it is impossible for any person but himself to judge what credence should be given to the representations on which the urgent claims for his interference have been grounded.

Such were the representations which have influenced my friend to the step he has taken—a step, I believe, not contemplated by him till the arrival of the *Thetis*. Just before that, he had concluded a treaty for a house near Bath, had sent for his wife and children from Italy, and had planned to remain a distant spectator of the civil convulsions to which he considered Mexico as destined by its Jacobinical leaders. Attempts were made to open with him some negotiations on behalf of the French Ambassador, yet so covertly that they could not be *proved* direct on Polignac; these he rejected without hesitation, and closed the possibility of any intercourse with France or with Spain.

Your own discretion will dictate to you that what I have said is not designed to be made public; and even from your intimate friends I must request you to refrain from noticing that there was any intercourse between Iturbide and Mr. Canning, or any efforts made by Polignac to draw him into negotiations with France or Spain.—Yours very faithfully, WILLIAM JACOB.

July 18, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having before written so unreservedly of Iturbide, I think you may be gratified to know something more. Several letters have been received since his departure from his friends, all addressed to him under the apprehension that he was not so prompt in his determination as he will be found to have been. These all represent the country as being thoroughly dissatisfied with the present system, and eagerly expecting his resolution to come to them and establish some more settled order of affairs. From several of the provinces which have renounced the authority of the Congress of Mexico, assurances have been

conveyed that the army, which is paid by each province, will instantly join him. General Bustamente, who commands the army of the province of Guadalaxara, consisting of 5,000 men, has given assurance that the moment he appears he shall march to join him. General Rincon, the most, if not the only scientific officer, has pledged himself to aid him with all his troops. As Iturbide must have reached the shores of Mexico by the first day of this month,[1] I have a full persuasion that before this time he is at the head of the Government, either under the title of Emperor, King, Protector, President, or some other, according to the fantasy of the people over whom he temporarily presides. Though I have the greatest confidence in his good intentions, I have very feeble hopes of the ultimate result. There is so little knowledge in the country, so much superstition, so little confidence in the decisions of the law, and so few decisions that are entitled to confidence; there is among the leaders so little moral feeling, or adherence to the laws of honour, and so much selfishness, debauchery, and oppression that I fear the mass of the inhabitants may become, after still greater sufferings than they have already experienced, more disposed to that habitual indolence which the old Government indulged them in, than to the animated exertions to which they can see no termination, and for which they can be made to expect no recompense. The influence of the priests is enormous, and it is *now* exercised by holding up a comparison between the condition of Cuba, which has adhered to Spain in all her changes, and that of the other dominions which have been desolated by their having forsaken her connection. I have indulged in the dream of Spanish-American independence for more than twenty years, and though I begin to do so, cannot without pain relinquish the hopes I had long cherished.—Very truly yours, WILLIAM JACOB.

[1] He landed about the middle of July, and was shot a few days after.

London, April 23, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps Mr. Jeffrey informed you of the contents of a letter I addressed to him about ten days since, and if so you know all that I know on the subject of the Professorship.[1] Wallace said that if Government consented to establish the Professorship at all, he did not suppose the endowing of it would be reckoned any obstacle; though from what he stated to me, it is evident that the Scots authorities will throw every obstruction in the way that malevolence can suggest. Lord Dudley and Ward has spoken on the subject to Canning, but I do not as yet know the result. Mr. Frankland Lewis has sounded Robinson and Huskisson, and they are both favourable. The only real obstacle is [Lord] Melville; but I believe that that will be found to be insurmountable, and that consequently the project will for the present fall to the ground.

I believe a new University will certainly be founded in London, and I think I may, if I choose, get a high situation in it. But as this would compel me to leave Edinburgh, which I should never cease to regret, I will not, you may depend upon it, commit myself rashly on the subject. My classes have far exceeded my expectations. I have now as large a class at the west end of the City as I had last year; and the quality of the auditors is, if anything, increased. At present the rage is for Political Economy; and if not a lion, I am at all events a lion's whelp. A Political Economy Club has been founded in the City, exclusive of the West End Club, to which I am a perpetual visitor. It consists of about thirty merchants of the first water, and it is astonishing what a zeal they have for information, and how acute many of them are. Some of the merchants who attend my City lecture, which is at nine in the morning, come eight or ten miles, and they are never a minute too late.

[1] A proposal had been submitted to Government that a separate Chair of Political Economy should be instituted in the University of Edinburgh, with a view to M'Culloch's appointment as Professor. The scheme failed: but, in 1828, he was appointed Professor of Political Economy in the London University.

You would be well pleased with the result of the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons; but it is, I understand, quite sure to be lost in the Lords. Lord Grey and some other Opposition leaders have chosen to take great offence at the proposal for raising the elective franchise; and I am told that he has gone so far as to say that he would rather the Catholics should never be emancipated than that it should be linked to such conditions. This is mere drivelling. The raising of the franchise will be a great good to Ireland, though emancipation were for ever withheld. I suppose you were at Brougham's dinner,[1] and if so were disgusted, like all sensible people, at the tirade he made on that occasion. I understand he is to vote against the raising of the franchise. It is really astonishing that a person of such gigantic talents should make such wretched blunders. The question of the Corn Laws is to be discussed on Thursday. I am afraid they will not be changed this session. Government are at present in a panic about an unfavourable set in the foreign exchanges, and a consequent drain of bullion. I believe this to be a device of the Bank to get rid of a portion of the bullion they had accumulated in their coffers. The Mint is at present furnishing the Bank with £200,000 a week of coin: but it is quite clear that if the Bank were to narrow their issues a little, their paper would bear a small premium, and no gold would be demanded. I stated this in a lecture last week, when six Bank Directors were present; and though they would not say that I was right, they did not say that I was wrong. Huskisson, however, and the Ministers, are greatly alarmed on the subject, and those landlords who know anything of the subject are busily plying them with memorials, in which they say that if the ports are opened, the drain of bullion will be greatly augmented, and that the contraction of the currency at the Bank will be productive of bankruptcy, and a general revulsion. It will require more firmness than

[1] On the 5th of April, 1825, a public dinner was given to Brougham on his first return to Edinburgh.

the Government possesses to resist these representations. —Most truly yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH.

MRS. DUGALD STEWART.

Kinneil, May 21, 1825.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—You are always kind and considerate. A thousand thanks for your notice. Mr. Stewart dictates what follows. He says he must be cautious in any direct interference in favour of Mr. M'Culloch, lest it should be said, as it most undoubtedly would, that he was influenced by personal hostility to Mr. Wilson. He scarce thinks it possible that his course of lectures on Political Economy can be quoted as an objection to the new Professorship, as no advantage has been taken of his example by either of his successors. If such an objection should be brought forward, it will be time enough to meet it by an appeal to him from the persons interested in the appointment. This, he thinks, is all that is necessary at present, and as he hopes to have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon, everything can be talked over when you meet.

Acting only as clerk just now, I shall only add, do come soon.—Ever yours most truly, H. D. STEWART.

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

London, May 25, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I agree with you in thinking that if the thing could have been done without a Memorial, it would have been so much the better; but as Huskisson thought it was essential for him to have it as a foundation on which to act, there was no alternative. After getting your and Mr. Jeffrey's letters, I wrote to Huskisson, apprising him of the opposition that was expected to be made, and of its grounds. He has great influence with Lord Liverpool, and will, I am convinced, exert it in defence of the project. But, as we are sure of Melville's bitterest hostility, the result cannot be otherwise than doubtful. I explained the whole subject fully to Robinson's cousin, Mr. George Villiers, who has, with two of his brothers, been my private pupils this as well as last year. He entered with great

zeal into the thing, and promised that he would enforce strongly on Robinson the propriety of carrying it into effect the moment the Memorial comes up. But I doubt whether this can be expected. These two courses of lectures given by Dugald Stewart will afford some pretence for saying that Wilson has the exclusive right to teach the science, and as Melville will press this point—for this is the only point in their case—I do not see how they can avoid taking the opinion of the authorities in Scotland on the subject, and if so, the whole thing will be at an end; and in these circumstances, I am inclined to think that the best way would be to desire Huskisson to withdraw the Memorial. Though I do not like to appear in the light of an unsuccessful suitor, I should not have minded it so much had our opponents been anything but the basest pack on the face of the earth. I shall remember Melville's services on this occasion, and endeavour to requite them when a convenient opportunity offers. Had they not been encumbered with the Edinburgh pack, Robinson and Huskisson would have endowed the Professorship for a tenth part of the influence that has been used on this occasion. But it is the curse of Scotland that the ruling faction there are as base as possible, and that their master here is as bad as they are. You were wrong in thinking that my patrician class had fallen off. On the contrary, it is considerably augmented. I have *five* Lords, regular pupils, and about fifteen plain M.P.'s Altogether, at my two classes I have about 335 pupils. At all events, therefore, I shall make some money by the trip, and could I have succeeded in the other object, would have returned home in triumph.—Most truly and entirely yours,

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

London, June 3, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—The letter I sent to Mr. Jeffrey yesterday would apprise you that the Memorial was to be referred to the Senatus Academicus. I believe the personal objections that were urged against me were not much listened

to. But it was represented that it would be behaving ill to the University, to take such a step without consulting them, and this has been assented to. Do you consider there is any good to be expected from your Colleagues; or do you consider them as hopeless? If you are of the latter opinion, I shall make the Memorial be withdrawn. The example of Oxford, which has consented to the foundation of an Economical Chair, is a precedent that ought to have considerable weight. But you have those amongst you on, whom arguments will make no impression; and I am afraid they are the more numerous party. However, having gone so far as I have done, I should not like to give up the thing as long as there was any chance of success; but it would be folly to expose one's self to the risk of certain defeat. Perhaps you will think that I have not done as much here as I might; but really I could do nothing more. And now that the failure of the thing is next to certain, I am happy to be able to think that, though I was very anxious to carry it, I have never attempted to do so by resorting to any of those expedients that are so customary. I have not shrunk from avowing all my political sins, even to the attacks on the Church in the Edinburgh Review, which were brought into the field against me. I have not compromised or committed myself in any way. I have preserved my independence in its utmost integrity, and will make use of it to make some of those who have so vehemently opposed me feel that I can be as stinging as ever. I believe that in a pecuniary point of view I shall not lose much; but I am, on many grounds, vexed for the failure of the project. However, though success has not crowned our efforts, I do not feel the less deeply the extraordinary kindness that you and Mr. Jeffrey, and my other Edinburgh friends, have shown me on this occasion, and for which I shall ever feel deeply indebted.—Most cordially yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH.[1]

[1] Five days later Mr. Huskisson, in a letter to Professor Wilson, says:—"Should the Senatus Academicus not recommend a compliance with the

To JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

Edinburgh, November 9, 1826.

DEAR SIR,—It is so long since I had the pleasure of any sort of intercourse with you, that I scarcely should have thought myself entitled to trouble you on the score of acquaintance; but, as I address you at the request of Mr. Dugald Stewart, the mention of his respected name will, I am hopeful, recommend this letter to your notice.

Notwithstanding the infirm and uncertain state of his health, Mr. Stewart has been able to bring to a close, the *third* and concluding volume of his Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. It has been printed in *quarto*, to range with the corresponding editions of the two preceding volumes; and it will very soon be ready for publication. The edition is limited to 500 copies. Some time before the bankruptcy of Messrs. Constable and Company, who were proprietors, jointly with Messrs. Cadell and Davies, of the *second* volume, published in 1814, an agreement had been made with the former, for the copyright of the *third;* but that agreement having been frustrated by the disastrous event just mentioned, it has become necessary, now that the volume is so nearly ready to appear, that something should be done with a view to its disposal and publication. Mr. Stewart's friends, particularly Mr. Thomas Thomson and myself, have been for some time accustomed to relieve him of the trouble and correspondence attending such arrangements; but as it is his wish that you should be applied to in preference to any one else in London, I am only at present complying with his request; though my own desire to do what I conceive to be best for his work would have induced me to take the same course, independently of that injunction.

By the agreement with Messrs. Constable and Company,

prayer of the Memorial, I have every reason to believe that it will not receive the sanction of Government; and I have conveyed that impression to the person who had put the Memorial into my hands." The prayer was not complied with, and it was not until the year 1871 that a Chair of Commercial Law and Political Economy was founded in the University of Edinburgh by the Merchant Company, the first appointment being W. B. Hodgson, LL.D.

Mr. Stewart was to receive £735 for the copyright of this volume; and though the altered state of the times may perhaps operate somewhat to diminish its pecuniary value, yet as it will present itself as the concluding part of a very celebrated work, I hope that you will still view it as likely to enable you to offer a considerable return for the labour employed upon it by its venerable author. I may mention, that the subjects discussed in it are of a much more popular and attractive cast than those of the immediately preceeding volume; but on this head, I would beg leave to refer you to Lord Lauderdale, who has, I understand, examined it throughout, and will be ready to give you a full account of it, if you should feel disposed to converse with him on the subject.

It may be proper to add that the *first* volume has ceased to be property, but that Mr. Stewart has annexed to the present volume certain additions to both of its predecessors, which will found a new right of property in both respectively on their republication with these additions. The present property in the *second* must previously, however, run its period. The right to these additions and their consequences must of course be taken into view and settled in any agreement now to be made.

I shall be obliged by an early communication[1] of your ideas on the subject of this letter, and am, with much esteem, yours faithfully, MACVEY NAPIER.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

Lancaster, March 18, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust our friend L. Horner has apprised you of the substance of our conference here respecting those most important treatises announced in the List—the accounts of the *Novum Organum* and the *De Dignitate et Augmentis*. We both ended by being of opinion that

[1] The result of this negotiation was an offer by Mr. Murray of 200 guineas for the copyright of the first edition, which was accepted by Mr. Stewart. In 1828, my father obtained the same terms from Mr. Adam Black for the copyright of the first edition of Mr. Stewart's last work, the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man.*

they can be confided to no hands so sure of doing them justice as yours. May the Committee, therefore, hope that you will turn your attention betimes toward the preparation of those treatises? Two or three months may be taken, but one of them should be ready before the end of June. Whether you think each should be made the subject of its separate treatise, or that the Baconian Philosophy being comprised in both, the two treatises may be upon the two works jointly—is for yourself to consider. Possibly the best method would be (but this I only throw out, and submit to your own judgment) to take the *De Dignitate* first, as a fitter introduction to the whole—and in itself by much the more wonderful work—and treating as much of the Inductive method as is there unfolded; besides the extraordinary depth and enlargement of the general views. Then to give the nature of the Novum Organum in a separate treatise, and bringing its somewhat cramp technology down to common apprehension; and, above all, to show how Newton applied its principles and rules to practice, and by means of them made Nature reveal her secrets. The thing to avoid in both works, is dissertation on the subjects wide of the two books. What is wanted is an accurate and profound, but plain account of the two books, and their scope and contents. To make these well understood is sufficient originality, for hitherto they have been named and praised by at least ten thousand for one that has read them. Nor is it any reason against performing this useful and difficult task that it will infallibly lower one of the works, the Novum Organum, while it raises the other, and that it will lessen the repute of Bacon as a man practically versed in the application of his own principles—nay, will lessen the value usually affixed to those principles as being the immediate causes of Newton's discoveries. The truth must be told, and after all abatements are made, Bacon's services will remain second only to Newton's in the Inductive Logic, and his fame second to none in going before his age, and enlarging the minds of men.

I trust you will excuse me for intruding so many remarks on your attention, when they cannot have escaped yourself. With great respect and esteem, yours faithfully and truly, H. BROUGHAM.

To HENRY BROUGHAM.

Edinburgh, April 6, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—My wish to comply with any request of yours, and to assist in promoting so praiseworthy an undertaking as the Library of Useful Knowledge, has made me more slow than, under the consciousness of existing engagements, I perhaps ought to have been, to dismiss all thoughts of contributing a treatise on the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon. Whichsoever of your plans might be adopted, the execution would require much reading and reflection. Into none of Bacon's writings, except his Essays, have I once looked for ten years; and no such treatise as you propose could be written without a careful reperusal of all his philosophical works. In short, I feel that I ought to have decided, immediately on receipt of your letter, that I could not undertake such a task. In now declining it, I beg to say, that if I should hereafter be able to contribute some other article, I shall not be backward to make the proposal; and in the meanwhile you may rest assured of my hearty co-operation in any other way in which you may think my services likely to be of use.

Now, perhaps, I ought to stop; but your letter has suggested a few remarks which I shall take leave to submit to your consideration in the view of your making a fresh application upon the subject of it to some other person.[1]

Allow me then to say, that I rather incline to dissent from your opinion, that the De Augmentis Scientiarum is a more wonderful book than the Novum Organum. The design of the latter was more vast, its execution more difficult. It displays more invention, more abstractive power,

[1] The late Professor Hoppus wrote an account of the *Novum Organum* for the Useful Knowledge Society.

more unaided wisdom. The former is unquestionably the more various, interesting, and imposing work. Its classifications, surveys, and suggestions exhibit a mind of surprising grasp and reach of view. But can it be truly said that it contributed as many new and fruitful truths to the stock of philosophical knowledge as the Novum Organum? In both, the author is a philosopher and a prophet. In the latter, he superadds the character of a legislator, delivering a new code of laws of universal use—a code sound and irrefragable in all its regulating maxims, and erring only in holding out the prospect, that by following its precepts, mankind might reach a higher eminence in science than they seem destined ever to attain.

After all, it may not be easy to decide which of the two is the more wonderful work. Nor is this point of any consequence, except as it might determine the choice of the one or the other as the subject of a treatise. For such a publication as the Library of Useful Knowledge, a view of the Baconian Philosophy would form, if not a necessary, certainly a very becoming contribution; and that view could be nothing else but a summary of the Method of Induction, as delineated in the Novum Organum. I doubt whether any account of the De Augmentis could be considered as coming fairly within the scope of the publication in question. Bacon's name is associated with the history of science, only as the great leader of reform in Experimental Philosophy; and though his method is mentioned in the De Augmentis, it is not there laid down in such detail as to furnish the basis of a full and proper view of it.

It must, I fear, be admitted that the Novum Organum is liable to the charge of representing the discovery of physical essences as forming the ultimate object and reward of experimental inquiry. It seems to me, however, that Dr. Thomas Brown has laid too much stress on this circumstance, as affecting the general merits and character of Bacon's philosophy. His observations occur in an elaborate Note to the last edition of his Essay on

Causation, and they ought not to be overlooked in any new treatise. The error in question may somewhat abate our commendations of the justness of Bacon's estimate of the proper limits of scientific inquiry; but it takes nothing from the truth or the value of his logical instructions.' In order to be satisfied how truly important and opportune was the boon which he conferred upon philosophy by the publication of his Novum Organum, all that seems necessary is, to contrast the principles of its method with those of the method recommended by Des Cartes, and to consider what philosophy must have become had the spirit of the age allowed the latter to predominate.

The task of explaining the terms and doctrines of the Novum Organum has been greatly facilitated by the valuable commentary of Professor Playfair, contained in one of his discourses prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is only in this piece that one finds any satisfactory view of that extensive and remarkable portion of the Novum Organum which is devoted to the classification of facts and experiments with reference to their value as means of discovery. Mr. Stewart has made some important observations on the distinctive principles and objects of Bacon's Logic, in the second volume of the Philosophy of the Human Mind; but the inquiry is not exhausted, and ought to be resumed, for there are yet some who, like Dr. Gillies, can find the Induction of Bacon in the Induction of Aristotle; and others who, like Hume and Fabroni, can find its counterpart in the writings of Galileo.

There have been some mistakes, I may add, even among the greatest admirers of Bacon's writings, as to their actual effects, particularly as to the period when their influence commenced. About ten years ago, I drew up a paper on this subject, which was published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions. It was hastily written, on a particular occasion, but it establishes, as I humbly think, that Bacon's writings were immediately and powerfully effective in exciting a taste for genuine Physics, and in accelerating

the formation of that Experimental School to which the world is indebted for the discoveries of Newton. As this paper is not at all likely to be known, I have ventured to egotise so far as to mention it, especially as Mr. Stewart and Mr. Playfair, who had both concurred in representing Bacon's writings as having been long disregarded, were by it satisfied of their mistake.—Believe me, with the highest esteem, yours very truly, MACVEY NAPIER.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

Castle Street, September 14, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I find that you and the other proprietors are still inclined to hold that the new edition ought to be limited to twenty volumes, it has occurred to me that it might be useful to state in writing the chief grounds of the very decided opinion to the contrary which I entertain. I have accordingly done so, as plainly and briefly as I could, in the accompanying paper.—Yours faithfully, MACVEY NAPIER.

1. It is now nearly thirty years since it was found necessary or advisable, with a view to the success of this Encyclopædia, which at first appeared only in *three*, afterwards in *ten* quarto volumes, to extend the number to *twenty;* and, if that number was then thought necessary, it is obvious that the lapse of time, the course of events, and the progress of discovery, must have furnished matter for large additions to the subjects formerly discussed, and generated a number of new topics, which could not be overlooked in any Encyclopædia pretending to exhibit a complete view of human knowledge. It seems pretty clear, therefore, that the Encyclopædia Britannica would take a lower station than it held then were it limited, in its renovated form, to the same number of volumes that was so long ago judged necessary to its completeness.

2. In order to maintain a successful rivalry with other works of the kind, it must be renewed upon a scale admitting of an equal, or nearly equal, share of various informa-

tion. The new edition of *Rees*[1] will consist of at least thirty-five, the *Metropolitana* of at least twenty-five volumes. These are the works with which the Encyclopædia Britannica will constantly be compared: and, considering that Encyclopædias are very generally purchased as themselves constituting a library, as professing to furnish a complete repertory, not only of scientific, but of every species of knowledge, it seems evident that this Encyclopædia would lose ground on that score, if the new edition should be restricted to the proposed number of volumes.

3. Encyclopædias have risen into consequence with an important and influential class, for whose use they were not originally designed. As they have been found to furnish the best means yet devised for diffusing knowledge in a systematic form, and have been largely used for that purpose, both in this and in other countries, they are now regularly perused or consulted by men of science, and the whole body of the learned. To limit the Encyclopædia Britannica in such a way as to render it necessary, either to diminish the quantity of miscellaneous matter more particularly adapted to the wants and taste of ordinary readers, or to treat important subjects in a way too curt and superficial to satisfy those of a higher class, would lower its popularity and reputation, and enable its rivals to gain an ascendancy at its expense.

4. In all that has been urged in favour of the limitation to twenty volumes, it seems to have been forgotten that the real question at issue is, not whether a new Encyclopædia might not be constructed upon that scale, but whether it is possible to give a new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, including all that is valuable in that work and in its Supplement, joined with such necessary additional articles as are not to be found in either, within the space proposed? Such is the true state of the question, and therefore, in as far as the opinion that twenty

[1] The new edition of *Rees* consists of 45, the *Metropolitana* of 35 volumes.

volumes would suffice, is not founded on an examination of the contents of these multifarious works, it is a mere hypothesis, or preconceived notion, not a conclusion formed upon an accurate survey of facts. It is not enough to say that a *prospectus* holding out the promise of a new edition in twenty volumes, would be viewed with more favour than if the number was twenty-four. In saying this, the distinction just referred to is entirely overlooked. The statement would be more in point if it could be added that these twenty volumes would contain all that is valuable, with all the additional articles necessary to the completion of their design. But, if this could not be said, it must be evident that the undertaking would be stripped of its most distinctive recommendations. Its limitation to twenty volumes would not surely furnish any such. There would be other Encyclopædias—Brewster's for example—in twenty volumes. To stick to that number, therefore, whether compatible or not with other important ends, would be unwise. The public in the end would be better pleased with twenty-three or four than with twenty volumes, if it should appear that, without that number, the work would not have been made suitable to its declared objects and pretensions.

5. Were it resolved that the twenty-six volumes, of which the Encyclopædia and Supplement consist, with all necessary additions, should be comprised in *twenty*, the necessary processes of elision and compression would require a complete remodelling of the work. Every article of any length would require to be measured and rearranged with reference to the new scale; in a word, to be mostly written anew. This remodelling could not be accomplished creditably by mere cutting and piecing. Some journeymen might proceed in that way, but, by following it, the undertaking would sink into contempt. This would be the certain issue of any attempt to compress twenty-six into twenty volumes. By such a process, no doubt, the proposed reduction might be effected; but, besides other consequences, there would be two very

important ones: in the first place, the entire remodelling thus required would add greatly to the sum to be paid for the assistance of literary labourers; and, in the second place, the publication of the work would be rendered more irregular, and no definite period for its completion could, with any tolerable degree of certainty, be assigned.

6. Taking the two works together, there can be no doubt that there will be considerable room for cutting out and abridging; but when it is considered how much matter is contained in a volume of 800 closely printed pages, it will be evident that the cutting out judiciously of a quantity equal to two such volumes would be no easy task; and when it is further considered that, although there is much that may be taken out, there is also much that ought to be put in,—that under every letter of the alphabet there are a number of articles, not included either in the Encyclopædia or Supplement, which the public would be entitled to look for in a new edition, there is a strong presumption that it would be more reasonable to fix upon twenty-four than upon twenty, as the proper number for that edition.[1]

[1] The seventh edition was completed in 21 volumes, the first of which consisted of the Dissertations by Stewart, Mackintosh, Playfair, and Leslie.

III.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

AFTER a long and memorable reign, Jeffrey resigned the editorship of the Edinburgh Review in 1829, and on his recommendation my father was appointed his successor. The circumstances under which this took place will best appear from his own letter to Jeffrey:—

"*Castle Street, May* 31, 1829.

"MY DEAR JEFFREY,—When you, about ten days ago, first mentioned to me your intention to recommend me as your successor in the editorship of the Review, provided I would undertake the task, and it should be determined to continue the work in this place, I expressed with frankness and sincerity all that I then felt. I told you that I considered it as a very high honour; that the occupation was in itself one which I should greatly relish, and for which, however otherwise unqualified, my experience and the connections I had formed as an Editor might certainly be viewed as affording some recommendations and facilities; but that, looking to the duties of my Professorship, and of the editorship of the Encyclopædia, I did not think I could venture to add to them those attending the conduct of the Review, and that I was, in a word, resolved to dismiss the thought, however flattering and agreeable to my ambition and habits.

But the thought has, notwithstanding, repeatedly recurred, and, indeed, it was beyond my power entirely to

prevent it; for since the above conversation, the subject has frequently been mentioned to me by some of our common friends, and by others; and the exhortations and reasonings that have been addressed to me, joined to the wish to be instrumental in keeping the Review in its native place—a condition of its existence by many thought essential to the preservation of its character and influence, and of all the associations connected with its name—have, I confess, operated a change in my resolves, which induces me now to say, that if it is your wish to see the Review still published here, and if you think my becoming its editor likely to assist any arrangement having that view, I shall give the undertaking a fair trial, and shall devote to it all the zeal, time, and resources which other occupations will allow.

In making this communication, I must, however, beg to be understood as doing so in compliance with what I think due to *you*, in return for the mention of your very flattering intentions in my behalf, and not by any means as making an offer, or proposal, to be laid, as such, before those concerned in the disposal of the Review; for, as a candidate for its editorship, I would not, though less engaged in editorial duties than I already am, present myself. I need hardly add, that situated as I am, nothing could induce me to undertake that editorship without the concurrence of those whose co-operation you might think necessary to maintain the character of the Review."

The 98th Number, which came out in June, 1829, was the last Jeffrey edited. He went to England before it was finished, leaving it to his successor to complete. Before starting, he wrote to my father:—

"I have a note from Brougham, which I enclose. You see he is to do Locke, and yet to leave the Philosophy to you and Mackintosh. We are shamefully late already, and I must not wait even for Brougham, unless he is very peremptory. I am busy, and wearied with arrears of opinions and references. I have told the printer that he

is to send his devils to you for the tail of the Number. Pray excuse all this trouble, and pity the last agonies of an expiring editor."

Shortly afterwards he wrote from Oldfield:—

"I have just come in, and find your letter. Alas for our sins and miseries! You may depend upon Empson, for he has my orders as well as yours, and dares not fail now in the very heat of the battle. I do not understand what has come over Brougham. I have heard nothing of him, and my last act on leaving Scotland was to urge him to despatch. In this extremity I am sorry you did not apply to our ancient friend Colonel Browne,[1] who, I rather think, has an article about finished, on the Affinities of Greek and Sanscrit. It irks me to give you so much trouble, but it will be a stormy entry on a smooth voyage, *et olim meminisse.* You must give out everywhere that my health absolutely required my retreat from the severe duties of the editorship—nay, that I was bent upon dying at my post, and would infallibly have perished at midnight over a proof-sheet, had not my friends forcibly pushed me into a post-chaise, and sent me off screaming violently for the printer, one of the most generous taking the whole responsibility of this perilous desertion on himself. This at least must be the outline of your fable, but I trust for the details, and even colouring, to yourself.—With great gratitude and commiseration."

The next letter, from Oswestry, refers to the same topics:—

"I am stopped here for want of horses, which minds me of enclosing you this fragment of Brougham's,[2] which is his last rescript on the subject of your editorship, and will let you see better than any mere report of mine what his present coy humour is. I cannot say that I perfectly

[1] The *sobriquet* by which Dr. James Browne was known among his friends.

[2] "As to Mr. Napier, I have the most implicit confidence in him, both for discretion and everything else; but I doubt if I could suddenly transfer myself to my own brother. It is rather a little *feeling* than any reason, and it will wear away speedily, I doubt not."

understand it; but I believe we must let it alone a while. He will no doubt contribute, and I am confident will very soon be as unreserved with you as he has been with me; but he is not to be urged when his humour or caprice leads him to hold back. I shall probably meet him before I come home, and shall then get to the bottom of his mystery. I hope you have by this time got to the end of your severe trials, and must confess that I am not without anxiety to hear of that consummation. I sometimes feel that I ought not to have run away before the end of the battle, like a schoolboy on the eve of vacation, or Lord Hermand the last day of a session, though I am sure I do not know what good I could have done by staying."

So ended Jeffrey's editorship. In the preface to his collected reviews, he says: "I wrote the first article in the first Number of the Review in October 1802, and sent my last contribution in October 1840. I was sole Editor from 1803 till late in 1829. In that last year, I received the great honour of being elected, by my brethren of the Bar, to the office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, when it immediately occurred to me that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great Law Corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as a Party Journal, and I consequently at once and altogether withdrew from the management, which has ever since been in such hands, as can have left those who take an interest in its success, no cause to regret my retirement."

The history of the Review during the editorship of his successor, of whom he makes such flattering mention, remains to be illustrated, and for this purpose, the letters of its contributors furnish the most interesting materials. These letters will speak for themselves, and require no elucidation beyond an occasional note. On one or two points, however, a word of explanation may be necessary. First, as to Lord Brougham. On some occasions, when unpleasant discussions occurred, my father kept copies of

his letters to Lord Brougham; at other times, from want of leisure, he was obliged to content himself with endorsing a few lines on his Lordship's letters to indicate the purport of his own replies. These endorsements are inserted in their proper places. Next, as to Lord Macaulay. Many years ago, I gave Sir Charles Trevelyan permission to make copies of the valuable collection of Macaulay's letters to my father, of which Mr. Trevelyan has so largely availed himself in his Life of Lord Macaulay; and it is only necessary to add that, in order to have a complete and continuous series of these letters, I have included not only those that have already appeared in that work, but many others which will not be found in it.

DR. CHALMERS.

July 25, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me very sincere regret that I cannot comply with a proposal, the honour and kindness of which I am all alive to. I feel the utmost pain in turning from one kind of severe mental labour to another, and this infirmity, I fear, has been growing upon me of late. At present, I am wholly engrossed with my preparations for the Chair,[1] and do most honestly assure you that I have no remaining time or strength for anything else. I can truly say that there is no individual connected with the periodical literature of our land whom I would have more readily obliged, had it been at all possible. You now occupy the highest station in this literature, and may you be the instrument of extensive and abiding usefulness. —I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 3, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—The Westminster Review has put forth another attack on us, and both Empson and I think that, as the controversy has certainly attracted much notice in

[1] Of Theology, of which he was Professor.

London, and as this new article of the Benthamites s more absurd than anything that they have yet published, one more paper ought to appear on our side. I hope and trust that this will be the last blow.—Ever yours very truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 23, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—By the mail of to-morrow I shall despatch the proofs. I have re-written the two first paragraphs, which were, I must own, indecorously violent. I have softened some other passages. If you think any further mitigation desirable, I hope that you will not scruple to exercise your prerogative. You will not find me a refractory subject. I have not time even to allude to any of the subjects treated of in your very kind and interesting letter.—Ever yours very faithfully,

T. B. MACAULAY.

SIR DANIEL SANDFORD.

College of Glasgow, October 19, 1829.

SIR,—I send an article on the curious subject of Homoöpathie, which has caused considerable discussion among the scientific men in Germany for the last twenty years. I heard and saw so much of this medical system in Austria and Saxony, during the course of last summer, that I became interested in it, and am led to think it may excite some attention in this country likewise. I shall be glad to hear that you find my paper likely to suit the Edinburgh Review, and that it is in time for the next Number. To send you occasional contributions on more congenial topics would give me much pleasure, should it accord with your views to apply to me. With best wishes for the continued celebrity and success of the Review, I have the honour to be, your obedient servant, D. K. SANDFORD.

College of Glasgow, October 23, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—Though the Homoöpathic system has done me, personally, so much good, that I could not find it in my heart to laugh it down, as I might otherwise have been

inclined to do, yet I am, I assure you, no implicit believer, and shall be very willing to modify any expressions you will take the trouble to mark as too strong, when the proof-sheets of the article are sent to me. What you say about *facts* in support of false systems is undoubtedly true, but facts do make a stronger impression upon one's own senses than when arrayed in the liveliest description, and I have, certainly, seen and *felt* strange things in this matter of Homoöpathie.[1]—Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient, D. K. SANDFORD.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 17, 1829.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I now send you a very slight account of the Lady Fanshawe, and along with it two reviews by Brougham. He says he is to send another, on some of his Diffusion of Knowledge subjects, which I dare say you would readily dispense with, but which I take it you cannot refuse. He is exceedingly anxious to have his name concealed as an author, and entreats me to obtest you to secrecy by every form of conjuration. At this rate you will scarcely need Felicia (Hemans),[2] but I shall probably do her since my hand is in, and as you are anxious about short articles, you may perhaps find her of use to stop a gap. Now, I foresee you will begin to suffer from the *embarras des richesses*, though you have hitherto chiefly apprehended the contrary. But you will find it, as I always did, by far the worst *embarras* of the two, when your space is limited, and the difficulty of putting off those

[1] Article 10, No. 100, January, 1830: "New System of Cure—Hahnemann's Homoöpathie."

Sir Daniel subsequently contributed:—"Sotheby's Specimens of a New Version of Homer," Art. 7, No. 102, July, 1830. "Williams on the Geography of Ancient Asia," Art. 2, No. 106, June, 1831. "Greek Philosophy of Taste," Art. 2, No. 107, September, 1831. "Greek Authoresses," Art. 8, No. 109, April, 1832. "Greek Banquets," Art. 4, No. 112, January, 1833. "Cary's Poetical Translation of Pindar," Art. 6, No. 119, April, 1834. "Mitchell's Acharnenses," Art. 2, No. 124, July, 1835. "Greek Idyls," Art. 2, No. 128, July, 1836. "Bulwer's Rise and Fall of Athens," Art. 5, No. 132, July, 1837.

[2] "Felicia Hemans" and "Lady Fanshawe"—Jeffrey's contribution to my father's first No., October, 1829.

you have solicited is constantly increasing. God help you well through this and all other *embarras*.—Ever very truly yours, F. JEFFREY.

October 28, 1829.

MY DEAR N.,—This [Felicia Hemans] I believe will do. You may look over a revise, if you wish it. Your thanks are very flattering, but they rather surprise me. You know how sincerely I am interested in the prosperity of the Review, and I hope never have doubted my disposition to serve or to gratify you. Whether I do any real service to the former by these hasty contributions, I must be permitted to consider as more doubtful than you would represent it. But it is, at all events, a satisfaction that I have not failed entirely in the second object.—Ever very faithfully yours, F. J.

November 5, 1829.

MY DEAR N.,—I think you have determined wisely as to Brougham, and I assure you you have done no more than I should have done in the same circumstances. I do not think it at all likely that a similar *embarras* will occur again. I do not pretend to understand Brougham's whole game. But the very worst I surmise is, that he is keeping aloof till he sees what sort of a Number you bring out, and how it is received and supported, and I anticipate that he will either fly off, or come cordially round before the next. At all events, let me beg that you would not turn your thoughts to giving up the Review, if otherwise prosperous, on this account. If a necessity should arise for resisting Brougham, and this leads to a rupture, it will be much easier and better for the cause to throw off him than the Review. But we should not familiarise ourselves with these extremities.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

November 23, 1829.

MY DEAR N.,—I have run hastily over the No. [October 1829], and say privately to you, that I think it does you great credit, and is clearly above the average of late

Numbers. Macaulay[1] I think admirable. The beginning is too merely controversial, and as it were personal, but after he enters on the matter, he is excellent. It is out of sight the cleverest and most striking thing in the Number. Your American reviewer[2] is not a first-rate man—a clever writer enough, but not deep or judicious, or even very fair. I have no notion who he is. If he is young, he may come to good, but he should be trained to a more modest opinion of himself, and to take a little more pains, and go more patiently and thoroughly into his subject. Cousin[3] I pronounce, beyond all doubt, the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in the Review.[4] The only chance is, that gentle readers may take it to be very profound, and conclude that the fault is in their want of understanding. But I am not disposed to agree with them. It is ten times more *mystical* than anything my friend Carlyle ever wrote, and not half so agreeably written. It is nothing to the purpose that he does not agree with the worst part of the mysticism, for he affects to understand it, and to explain it, and to think it very ingenious and respectable, and it is mere gibberish. He may possibly be a clever man. There are even some indications of that in his paper, but he is not a *very* clever man, nor of much power; and beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects. If you ever admit such a disquisition again, order your operator to instance and illustrate all his propositions by cases or examples, and to reason and explain with reference to these. This is a sure test of sheer nonsense, and moreover an infinite resource for the explication of obscure truth, if there be any such thing. The Chemistry[5] is more shallow than I expected, and

[1] "Utilitarian Theory of Government."
[2] Hazlitt (article on Dr. Channing).
[3] By Sir William Hamilton.
[4] "I think the review of Cousin has no fault but that of not being in the least degree adapted to English or British understandings, for whom it should have been meant. But the writer is a very clever man, with whom I should like to have a morning's *tête-à-tête*."—*Sir James Mackintosh*.
[5] "History and Present State of Chemical Science," by the late Dr. Thomas Thomson of Glasgow.

omits in a great measure the great topics of Heat and Galvanism. But it is clear, direct, and, for its compass, very concise. I like Brougham's.[1] They are not brilliant, but they are strong, straightforward, and, to my taste, not tiresome, even the Useful Knowledge.—Now, there is my word on the whole thing, and I have only to add, *Imprimatur* and *macte virtute.*—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, December 1, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought before this time to have answered more at length the kind letter which I had from you some weeks back. I have been busy with a long and complicated Parliamentary case, of which I have at last got rid, and I hope that I shall be able to do something for the next Number. I will try my hand again on Southey's book. What is your latest day? I should like to have the last place, if possible, I have not spoken to anybody about Niebuhr, or rather, I have not made any agreement on the subject. I mentioned it to a man of great knowledge and abilities, who declined it, because he was not sufficiently intimate with the original German. He will, however, write an article on Lord Redesdale's new edition of Mitford's History; and I really expect from him an elegant, learned, and popular essay on Greek history and literature. I am glad that the new No. is well spoken of at Edinburgh. It is not yet out here. I cannot say that I am quite satisfied with it; for, though very respectable in general, it seems to me rather deficient in energy and animation.—Ever yours very truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

G. C. [afterwards SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL] LEWIS.

3, *Lincoln's Inn Fields, December* 1, 1829.

SIR,—Though not having the honour of being personally known to you, I take the liberty of troubling you with this communication, not only in your public character of

[1] "Lord King's Life of Locke." "Society of Useful Knowledge." "Auldjo's Ascent of Mont Blanc." "New French Ministry."

editor of the Edinburgh Review, but also under the authority of the letter which Mr. M'Culloch has been kind enough to write for me. It is my object to prepare an article on the subject of Education at Eton. I had the good or bad fortune to pass several years of my life at that school, and having conceived a strong opinion against the system of the English Public Schools generally, but being only acquainted with the system of Eton in particular, I have thought that public opinion is sufficiently advanced to bear an exposure of its system. I should wish not to enter into a discussion as to the best mode of education absolutely, and then try Eton by that test—a mode of argument necessarily tedious, and often unsatisfactory,—but to state within what very narrow bounds the Eton education is confined, and then examine whether even that end—a knowledge of Latin and Greek—is attained to any considerable extent. For that purpose I should state the general arrangement and practice of the school, the books read, and particularly examine the Eton school-books, such as the Eton Greek Grammar, which are past belief wretched; and might also touch upon King's College, Cambridge, which is, as it were, an offshoot of Eton. My practical acquaintance with Eton will enable me to be generally accurate in my assertions, and I shall be careful to make such inquiries as will bring me *au courant du jour* as to any late changes. Although, therefore, I shall not have any pretension to rival the ability with which the united efforts of Playfair, Sydney Smith, and Payne Knight attacked Oxford,[1] I may save the Edinburgh Review from the discredit of advancing any of the untenable charges into which their ignorance of that University led them.[2]—Your very obedient servant,

GEO. C. LEWIS.

[1] See Art. 7, of No. for April, 1810—a rejoinder to Copleston's "Reply to the Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review against Oxford."

[2] The article was published in No. 101, April, 1830, "Public Schools of England—Eton;" and in the No. for March, 1831, he wrote Art. 3, "Public Schools of England—Westminster and Eton."

Wimpole Street, December 4, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not exactly recollect what I said to you, when I had the pleasure of meeting you at Edinburgh, on the subject of reviewing; but certainly I should be very glad to contribute my assistance, whatever may be its value, to the Edinburgh Review, could I always depend on commanding the requisite time, consistently with some other avocations of different kinds. In the present instance, I should probably be not unwilling to undertake Calamy's Life, though I have not yet seen the book, as it might furnish a discussion on some points of English history, were it not for a circumstance which your letter obliges me in a manner to mention. I have been for some weeks engaged on a work which must certainly occupy the remainder of the winter. This I must request you not to mention, as I have not as yet divulged it even to intimate friends, and as it is not my intention at present to put my name in the title-page, though I shall not conceal it if suspicion should arise, as will probably be the case. I do not like to pledge myself to any undertaking at the distance of some months, especially as I have not been quite well for most of the year, and feel that I am the worse for too prolonged exertion of mind, so that I generally give, or ought to give, the entire summer to recreation.—Very truly yours, HENRY HALLAM.[1]

J. R. M'CULLOCH.

London, January, 4, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—You do me injustice in supposing for an instant that I ever doubted your wish to befriend me to the utmost of your power. Be assured that such an idea never entered, and will not easily enter, my imagination. But I have an interest in this matter, with which neither you nor any one else can, I apprehend, sympathise. Almost all my reputation has been built upon my con-

[1] Mr. Hallam wrote two articles: "Lingard's History of England," March, 1831; "Palgrave's English Commonwealth," July, 1832.

tributions to the Review, and the understanding that I had the undivided task of furnishing such articles, gave me an influence and consideration which I of course valued highly. I admit at once, that were I in your place, I would most probably have acted as you have done. Still, however, that does not make me like the thing any better. The same reasons which made you insert an article from Rice,[1]—a respectable man, I admit, but without the slightest knowledge of the science—may make you do the same from some one else, or from him, in the next Number, so that all the *prestige* that formerly attached to my situation is at an end. Whether Rice writes sense or nonsense, is not the point. He comes within my beat, and therefore I dislike him. In this respect, I confess I am a rigid, uncompromising monopolist, and rather than endure the sight of brothers near the throne, I will vacate it entirely. You see I conceal nothing from you, and I make you acquainted with my inmost feelings. That you may get those who will supply you with better economical articles, I willingly allow. But you will never have a contributor who will be more anxious than I have been to make his articles as good as he possibly could, or who had so many powerful motives to exert himself to make them good. Had Jeffrey been in your situation, I would have written to him in precisely the same strain that I now write to you. He once inserted an article by Dr. Whately[2] on Senior's Lectures, and I cannot tell you how much this vexed me.—Most faithfully yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 25, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send off by the mail of to-day an article on Southey ["Colloquies on Society"]—too long, I fear, to meet your wishes, but as short as I could make

[1] Article 2, No. 100, January, 1830—"Mr. Sadler's School—Italian Economists." Of this Article, which was written by Mr. Spring Rice, it is said by the Rev. F. Arnold, in his "Public Life of Lord Macaulay," that "there can be little or no doubt Macaulay was the author. The vein of rhetoric and anecdote is peculiarly his."

[2] Art. 7, September, 1828.

it. There were, by the bye, in my last article, "Utilitarian Theory," a few omissions made, of no great consequence in themselves—the longest, I think, a paragraph of twelve or fourteen lines. I should scarcely have thought this worth mentioning, as it certainly by no means exceeds the limits of that editorial prerogative which I most willingly recognise, but that the omissions seem to me, and to one or two persons who had seen the article in its original state, to be made on a principle which, however sound in itself, does not, I think, apply to compositions of this description. The passages omitted were the most pointed and ornamental sentences in the review. Now for high and grave works—a History for example, or a system of political or moral philosophy—Doctor Johnson's rule, that every sentence which the writer thinks fine ought to be struck out, is excellent. But periodical works like ours, which, unless they strike at the first reading, are not likely to strike at all, whose whole life is a month or two, may, I think, be allowed to be sometimes even viciously florid. Probably in estimating the real value of any tinsel which I may put upon my articles, you and I should not materially differ. But it is not by his own taste, but by the taste of the fish, that the angler is determined in his choice of bait. Perhaps, after all, I am ascribing to system what is mere accident. Be assured, at all events, that what I have said is said in perfect good humour, and indicates no mutinous disposition.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
January 27, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I now return you the three books, with many thanks for the pleasure they have given me. Old Ascham is one of the freshest, truest spirits I have met with; a scholar and writer, yet a genuine man. Farmer and Douce belong to a much more thick-blooded, hide-bound species; yet they too seem sufficient persons in their way.

I have quitted that project of English literature, and taken into a new track, the history of German literature, where far less will be needed, or at all events expected of me. Herein I am afraid your fine collection,[1] so liberally opened to me, will be of little service; unless indeed you could send me some documents about Luther and the Reformation (Seckendorf, for instance), and any rational History of Germany, such as may perhaps exist in French or Latin, but is not, I believe, to be found in English. Schmidt's or Mascou's work in German I fear you are not likely to have. Perhaps even Hone's Mysteries might be of some service to me, or any work that touches on the general literature of the Middle Ages; for my first volume should have something of an antiquarian character. Barclay's Ship of Fools, the original Owlglass, Law's Jacob Böhm, and all old translations from the German, would be highly useful.

Doubtless it is to your kindness that I am indebted for the last two Numbers of the Review, which have been punctually sent me. Mr. Jeffrey tells me the new Number is to be out in a week or two. I liked the last very well; the review of Channing seemed to me especially good. Sir W. Hamilton's paper gave proof of much metaphysical reading and meditation; but I daresay your readers would complain of unintelligibility and so forth; indeed it is full of subtle schoolman logic, and on a subject difficult above all others to discuss for English minds. Sir William, if I mistake not, has studied the "State of Education in Germany." I should like much to see an essay from him on that subject, with proper practical proofs and expositions of a subject of great importance and public interest at this time; for it must be owned the Germans are immeasurably ahead of us in that matter; and if we are "the worst-educated nation in Europe," they are much more unquestionably the best.—Believe me always most truly yours, T. CARLYLE.

[1] The Library of the Writers to the Signet.

Lancaster, March 27, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter a day or two ago, and delayed answering it until I could do so, as I hoped, more satisfactorily. I fear I can only give you a conjecture or approximation; but I hope to be able to send one or two papers before the time you mention. I wish to say something upon the Portuguese question—the occasion being Lady Canning's very remarkable pamphlet[1] (it is not known to be hers publicly)—and something also on the late proceedings of our Society. A friend of mine has sent me something which shall be forwarded to you, to do with as you like. I have not read it, but the person who communicated it is highly respectable. Who the author is, I know not. You will receive in the course of a few days a paper upon the great question of Registration, in which I take an especial interest, as do all our profession. The paper comes from an able and learned conveyancer, and one upon whom you may entirely rely. I desired it to be sent to me, wishing to add somewhat to it. Possibly it may therefore come through me. But if not, or if I should not have time to accomplish my purpose, you will know whence you receive it.—Believe me truly yours, H. BROUGHAM.

T. B. MACAULAY.

York, March 22, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just found your letter here. It has, I infer from the date, been awaiting my arrival for some days. I ought to have written to you before, in answer to your kind letter of congratulation; but I was in some doubt as to what I should be able to do for No. 101, and I deferred writing till I could make up my mind. If my friend Ellis's article on Greek history, of which I have formed high expectations, could have been ready, I should

[1] Mr. Greville ("Memoirs," 3, 40) mentions having heard Sydney Smith ascribe the pamphlet to Stapleton, which he was able to contradict from having been privy to its composition, and revised the MS. at Lady Canning's request.

have taken a holiday. But as there is no chance of that for the next Number, I ought, I think, to consider myself as his bail, and to surrender myself to your disposal in his stead.

I have been thinking of a subject, light and trifling enough, but perhaps not the worse for our purpose, on that account. We seldom want a sufficient quantity of heavy matter. There is a wretched poetaster of the name of Robert Montgomery, who has written some volumes of detestable verses on religious subjects, which, by mere puffing in magazines and newspapers, have had an immense sale, and some of which are now in their tenth or twelfth editions. I have for some time past thought that the trick of puffing, as it is now practised both by authors and publishers, is likely to degrade the literary character, and to deprave the public taste in a frightful degree. I really think we ought to try what effect satire will have upon this nuisance, and I doubt whether we can ever find a better opportunity.—Ever yours very faithfully,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, April 29, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send back the proofs [of article on Montgomery.] I quite approve of all your alterations, but I doubt as to the first paragraph. I think that to dash into the fable at once would have rather too flippant a look, and I would rather err on the other side. There are two subjects on which I think of writing for the next Number. The Romantic Poetry of the Italians is one of them. A book on the subject has just been published by my friend Panizzi, Professor in the London University, which will afford a good opportunity. I have long had this project in my head. If, as I rather fear, we should be beaten in Parliament this year about the Jews, a short pungent article on that question might be useful and taking. It ought to come within the compass of a single sheet.—Ever yours truly, T. B. M.

London, July 23, 1830.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I had meant to-day to send you my Colonial Slavery speech, but was kept so long at the levée that the post was gone. You shall have it by to-morrow's post, and T. Macaulay is to prepare a leading article on it and the subject for next Number, which, I hope, will be first, as the question has, since I declared against the right of holding men in slavery, assumed a new aspect. But it is thought by all our friends here, that a few lines as an *affiche* or notice to readers at the end are essentially necessary in this Number, merely to announce the speech and subject in the face of the General Election. I have never exerted myself more, it is certain, than in that speech, and it has made a deep and general impression on this important question. But we wish it to be known in the country, to comfort our friends at their elections.[1]—Yours ever sincerely, H. B.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, August 9, 1830.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on the late brilliant events in France, and above all on the moderation of the Republican party, who have wisely given up the shadow to secure the substance, and consented to have a republic in fact, under the Duke of Orleans as King, rather than by fighting for a republic in name, incur the danger of a civil, and possibly of a foreign war to boot. The Ministry here cannot conceal their chagrin at this triumph of the popular cause. The whole of their policy since 1815 subverted in three days. Nothing left of the battle of Waterloo but the subversion of the military power of Napoleon. No hopes of preventing the establishment of representative governments in every part of the Continent capable of

[1] A notice of the speech appeared, accordingly, in the Number for July, 1830, to which Brougham contributed Articles 8, 10, and 12, on "Law Reform—District Courts," "Library of Useful Knowledge," "The Ministry and the State of Parties."

receiving them. The military men are astounded and annoyed at the discomfiture of the King's guards by the rabble, and unable to comprehend how so strong a position as the Tuileries was carried by an assault of workmen headed by boys. The Duke says he would not have dared to attempt it with ten thousand of the best troops he ever saw. Sir H. Hardinge re-echoes the same wonder. His Grace, with his wonted generosity of character, is lavish of his abuse on the folly of the vanquished; and some of his colleagues comfort themselves by stigmatizing the future King of the French as no better than an usurper. No one, however, as yet ventures to talk of interference. The amount of our National Debt is for the first time become a national blessing. It is fortunate that George Fourth was no more when these events took place. The present King is a good man, and though he may be misled by bad Ministers, he will neither instigate them to mischief, nor secretly intrigue against them if they are disposed to act well.—Yours faithfully, J. ALLEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, August 19, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—The new Number [July, 1830] appeared this morning in the shop-windows. It is certainly respectable, but I do not think that it is eminently good. The article on Niebuhr contains much that is very sensible; but it is not such an article as so noble a subject required. I am not, like Ellis, Niebuhr-mad, and I agree with many of the remarks which the reviewer has made, both on this work and on the school of German critics and historians. But surely the reviewer ought to have given an account of the system of exposition which Niebuhr has adopted, and of the theory which he advances respecting the institutions of Rome. Some of the notions of the German are, I think, extremely just, some false and extravagant. But, true or false, they all indicate a vigorous and cultivated mind, and will all find favourable acceptance with a large party in the literary world. The appearance of the book is

really an era in the intellectual history of Europe; and I think that the Edinburgh Review ought at least to have given a luminous abstract of it. The very circumstance that Niebuhr's own arrangement and style are obscure, and that his translators have need of translators to make them intelligible to the multitude, rendered it more desirable that a clear and neat statement of the points in controversy should be laid before the public. But it is useless to talk of what cannot be mended. The best editors cannot always have good writers, and the best writers cannot always write their best.

Brougham must be out of his wits. I heard that his triumph in Yorkshire[1] had turned his brains, or something very near it. I have no notion on what ground he imagines that I am going to review his speech. He never said a word to me on the subject. Nor did I ever say, either to him or to any one else, a single syllable to that effect. I do remember, indeed, what till to-day I had quite forgotten, that a friend of mine begged me, some time ago, to write an article on Slavery. I said that I thought it impossible that Parliament could do anything on the subject before Christmas, and that the beginning of next year would be a fitter time than the Autumn of this. At all events, I shall not make Brougham's speech my text. We have had quite enough of puffing and flattering each other in the Edinburgh Review. It is in vile taste for men united in one literary undertaking to exchange these favours.

I have a plan of which I wish to know your opinion. In ten days or thereabouts I set off for France, where I hope to pass six weeks. I shall be in the best society, that of the Duc de Broglie, Guizot, and so on. I think of writing an article on the politics of France since the Restoration, with characters of the principal public men, and a parallel between the present state of France and

[1] "Of all the portentous signs of the times for the present Ministry, the most appalling is the nearly unanimous choice of Mr. Brougham to be Member for Yorkshire. This is assuredly the most extraordinary event in the history of party politics."—Article on "The Ministry and the State of Parties."

that of England. I think that this might be made an article of extraordinary interest. I do not say that I could make it so. It must, you will perceive, be a long paper, however concise I may try to be. But as the subject is important, and I am not generally diffuse, you must not stint me. If you like this scheme, let me know as soon as possible.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Rothley Temple, Leicestershire,
August 27, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—The paper on the State of Parties—Brougham's of course—has made considerable noise. The general opinion is, that the craving for place appears in it too undisguisedly; and I think that, considering how strongly the Whigs have always censured the attacks on female character in the *John Bull*, the allusion to the women of fashion who support the Duke might have been spared with advantage. The reviewer says that, if he could, he should have no more scruple in exposing these ladies to ridicule than in attacking Peel or Goulburn. Now surely the ladies who visited the Queen must, if this be a proper way of looking at the subject, have been fair objects of satire.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

E. LYTTON BULWER.

36 *Hertford Street,*
September 8, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not having had the good fortune to escape the contagion of that great epidemic, one of whose periodical visits has lately made itself felt throughout the country, but having been laid up with a severe attack of "election," from which I am only now slowly recovering, you will readily understand how incapable such a disorder rendered me of attending to those agreeable labours in which you were graciously pleased to solicit my assistance. I begin now to flatter myself that I am capable of returning to the management of my own affairs, which affairs, I

am sorry to say, are very much confined to the conduct of my library, and the cultivation of that blank paper which Mr. Courtenay so felicitously compared to the aspect of his own mind. I am looking about me for some subject for the Edinburgh, and not being able to find one that entirely pleases me, I should be glad to know if any suggests itself to you, which you may be willing to confide to my hands. I fancy that inquiries into characters rashly judged or imperfectly analysed hitherto, or considerations upon historical events or peculiar aspects of society, would suit me better than any other line of composition.

They tell me, by the way, in more places than one, that the Edinburgh Review is not friendly to me, and point out sundry hints and allusions in the article[1] on "The Manners of the Day," which they will have it, are meant for me. These allusions, they also contend, are more bitter and effectual enemies to me than open abuse; for, coupled with that marked silence as to my name and works which exists in the article, they affect to consider that they indicate that, unworthy the honour of abuse, I am yet deserving the execution of a sneer. The *singleness* with which, as a novelist, I have contended against all prejudice and all hypocrisy, has of course gained me many enemies, too happy to support the wrath of the Ultras by any seeming contempt from the Liberals, and all envy and all scorn are vented more successfully on works like mine than those of a graver nature. It is so easy to say of a novel—"read to be forgotten," "thrown aside to-morrow," "trash of the circulating libraries," "provender for young ladies,"—it is so easy to say all this, and the saying bears so plausible a seeming, that a very paltry set of men can fix a character on a novel, that it may be more than difficult to revoke. And its enemies having once hunted it to death, those who think it worthy of a longer date, and proffer it a late support, are not animating the living but eulogising the defunct. If you had not announced to me an intention

[1] Art. 6, No. 102, July, 1830, written by the late Thomas Henry Lister.

to review my Novels,[1] I should not have said this much, and this much only I do say, not soliciting publicity, not deprecating censure, not expecting praise, but—will you allow me to say it?—asking what appears to me justice. I think I have no pretensions to be praised by the Edinburgh, but I think I have some to be reviewed. My Novels have had a certain sale in this country. They have been translated, God knows how, into most European languages; they have been reviewed in most European Reviews. In America they have been collected, and sell in sets to an extent which I hesitate to believe. So that if they now stand at the door of the Edinburgh Review, it is not cap in hand as a humble mendicant, but rather like a bluff creditor, who answers your accusations of his impertinence by begging you to settle his bill at the first convenient opportunity.

I don't know, my dear sir, whether all this won't remind you of the note in Helvetius,[2] which instances the case of the writer who prefaces his work somewhat thus:—"I have ever thought to enlighten, to instruct mankind, the most sacred duty and the most enduring pleasure. In spite of all the distractions of pleasure, braving all the aspersions of envy, and the fatigue of intense research, I have therefore toiled at this work, and at the close of twenty years, I give to the world my treatise on The Nightingale. . . ."

There does not seem, I think, much worthy of interest in the literary way (as the Trade express it) just at present. One would gather a very bad moral, that is to say, a very false notion, from the fine story of the Ancient pursuing his studies in a siege, and asking if the General made war against the Fine Arts. Unhappily every political excitement, whether a war, a revolution, or an election, does, for the time being, play the deuce with the Arts. And that eternal peace Mr. Owen is so sure of effecting will be a capital thing for the booksellers! Nathless, a

[1] See Art. 9 of No. 109, April, 1832.
[2] De L'Esprit, Discours ii, chap. 8.

Mr. Reade[1] has just published a long sacred poem. I fear the world are not likely to take a hint from the gentleman's name! What is the meaning of this Bible mania among the poetlings? It might make a man doubt the divinity of the Scriptures, seeing that, while the poets steal them every day, they never steal anything the least like inspiration. Perhaps, however, that article is like Burgundy, and does not bear a journey.

I send this to my brother to frank. As to my right divine to Post-Office immunities, I have to lament that my electioneering adventures have subsided into a petition, of the success of which, by the way, I am more desirous than sanguine.[2]—Adieu, dear sir. Believe me truly yours,

E. LYTTON BULWER.

September 11, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our letters will have crossed each other. How very droll, as Liston would say. Now I see the whole matter. The long and the short of it is, I must be attacked. God forbid I should say a word against that, and as long as your writers allow I am an honest man, their attacks will neither interfere with my kind remembrances of you, nor prevent my contributing, whenever you wish it, to the literary part of the Review, in which on all literary matters it is an honour to write. Now, do you understand me? Do you understand that in my letter —in my life—I never provendered, never would provender, for praise, never should deprecate blame? All I meant was this: people told me I was to be sneered and silenced down in the Edinburgh (one of these people I suspect to be one of your contributors). Against this, and this only, I protested. Your present letter has convinced me that I was wrongly informed. I am greatly indebted to you for your kindness—quite willing to wait any time for a review not inimical (since it does not arise from contempt)—quite willing to incur, on the other hand, any attack, any wrath,

[1] J. E. Reade. "The Deluge: a Drama."
[2] Mr. Bulwer represented St. Ives in the Parliament of 1831.

any abuse, since the opinion of your contributors will not influence nor testify their Editor's. And now, my dear sir, "come wind, come wrack," we know each other, and I do not regret having written my last letter, since it only shows a misconception on my part, and proves, or attempts to prove, that nothing that may ever be said in the Edinburgh against me (so long as my integrity of purpose as a writer remains unquestioned) will influence me one jot against yourself, or deter me from my wish to struggle in common with labourers so zealous and so distinguished, for the support of those generally free opinions, which I have adopted since I could think, and will support while I can toil.

I have been at Southwark all the morning, for which place I have been requested to stand. I am very anxious, but doubtful. Let me once get these Elections out of my head, and you may depend on my zeal and industry, but till then I am too prepared for the canvass to be fit for the scroll. As poor Prior, when in the Excise, could think of no other rhymes than "Docket" and "Cocket," so at this moment I can think of none but Votes and (Ah, the *quid amari!*) *Notes*.

Adieu, my dear sir. God bless you; and mind your contributors are at full liberty to ridicule, abuse, and (allow the author of Paul Clifford to employ a slang word) *victimize* me, so long as you say, with a gentle shake of the head, "Ah! he is not such a bad fellow after all!"—Ever and truly yours, E. L. BULWER.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 8, 1830.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have no objection to do J. Allen, and send it you on Monday, if my brother brings it with him from Edinburgh. But I must beg, and indeed, make a point of giving you my thoughts on the Revolution, and, therefore, pray send off your countermand to Macaulay. The reason is this: all our movements next session turn on that pivot, and I can trust no one but myself with it,

either in or out of Parliament. Jeffrey always used to arrange it so upon delicate questions, and the reason is obvious. Were it possible (which it plainly is not) to disconnect me and the party from the E. R., I should care little how such questions might be treated there; but as it is, I and the party I lead are really committed. I have already begun my article,[1] and it is of great importance that it should stand at the head. I have direct and constant communication with the leaders of the Revolution, having been their first ally in England in and out of Parliament, where I predicted the event 30th June last in plain terms.—Yours ever, H. B.

Knowsley, September 16, 1830.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have come to Liverpool only to see a tragedy. Poor Huskisson[2] is either dead, or must die before to-morrow. He has been killed by a steam carriage. The folly of 700 people going 15 miles an hour, in six carriages on a narrow road, exceeds belief. But they have paid a dear price. I return to-day to Brougham, but having unhappily nothing to do at Liverpool by this event, I have nearly finished, and now send my article.[3] A few pages more will follow to-morrow.—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Paris, September 16, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter, and I cannot deny that I am much vexed at what has happened. It is not very agreeable to me to find that I have thrown away the labour—the not unsuccessful labour, as I thought—of a month, particularly as I have not many months of perfect leisure. This would not have happened if Brougham

[1] Art. 1, No. 103, October, 1830, "The late Revolution in France." He also wrote Art. 8, "Allen on the Royal Prerogative in England;" Art. 11, "Galt's Life of Lord Byron;" Art. 13, "The General Election and the Ministry."

[2] Mr. Huskisson was killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

[3] "The late Revolution in France."

had notified his intentions to you earlier, as he ought in courtesy to you, and to everybody connected with the Review, to have done. He must have known that this French question was one on which many people would be desirous to write. What I have written will be utterly useless for your December Number. It is true that at first I thought of giving a view of French affairs since the Restoration. But you may remember that you yourself desired me to separate the article into two, and in the earlier of the two to confine myself to the late transactions. I have done my best to meet your wishes in this respect.

I ought to tell you that I had scarcely reached Paris when I received a letter containing a very urgent application from a very respectable quarter. I was desired to write a sketch, in one volume, of the late Revolution here. Now, I really hesitated whether I should not make my excuses to you, and accept this proposal; not on account of the pecuniary terms—for about these I have never much troubled myself—but because I should have had ampler space for this noble subject than the Edinburgh Review would have afforded. I thought, however, that this would not be a fair or friendly course towards you. I accordingly told the applicants that I had promised you an article, and that I could not well write twice in one month on the same subject without repeating myself. I therefore declined, and recommended a person whom I thought quite capable of producing an attractive book on these events. To that person my correspondent has probably applied. At all events, I cannot revive the negotiation. I cannot hawk my rejected articles up and down Paternoster Row.

I am therefore a good deal vexed at this affair. But I am not in the least surprised at it. I see all the difficulties of your situation. Indeed, I have long foreseen them. I always knew that, in every association, literary or political, Brougham would wish to domineer. I knew, also, that no Editor of the Edinburgh Review could, without risking the ruin of the publication, resolutely oppose the demands

of a man so able and powerful. It was because I was certain that he would exact submissions which I am not disposed to make, that I wished, last year, to give up writing for the Review. I had long been meditating a retreat. I thought Jeffrey's abdication a favourable time for effecting it; not, as I hope you are well assured, from any unkind feeling towards you; but because I knew that, under any editor, mishaps such as that which has now occurred would be constantly taking place. I remember that I predicted to Jeffrey what has now come to pass, almost to the letter.

My expectations have been exactly realized. The present constitution of the Edinburgh Review is this, that at whatever time Brougham may be pleased to notify his intention of writing on any subject, all previous engagements are to be considered as annulled by that notification. His language, translated into plain English, is this:—"I must write about this French Revolution, and I will write about it. If you have told Macaulay to do it, you may tell him to let it alone. If he has written an article, he may throw it behind the grate. He would not himself have the assurance to compare his own claims with mine. I am a man who act a prominent part in the world; he is nobody. If he must be reviewing, there is my speech about the West Indies. Set him to write a puff on that. What have people like him to do, except to eulogise people like me?" No man likes to be reminded of his inferiority in such a way; and there are some particular circumstances in this case which render the admonition more unpleasant than it would otherwise be. I know that Brougham dislikes me; and I have not the slightest doubt that he feels great pleasure at having taken this subject out of my hands, and at having made me understand—as I do most clearly understand—how far my services are rated below his.

I do not blame you in the least. I do not see how you could have acted otherwise. But, on the other hand, I do not see why I should make any efforts or sacrifices for a

Review which lies under an intolerable dictation. Whatever my writings may be worth, it is not for want of strong solicitations and tempting offers from other quarters that I have continued to send them to the Edinburgh Review. I adhered to the connection solely because I took pride and pleasure in it. It has now become a source of humiliation and mortification.

I again repeat, my dear sir, that I do not blame you in the least. This however only makes matters worse. If you had used me ill, I might complain, and might hope to be better treated another time. Unhappily you are in a situation in which it is proper for you to do what it would be improper in me to endure. What has happened now may happen next quarter, and must happen before long, unless I altogether refrain from writing for the Review. I hope you will forgive me if I say that I feel what has now passed too strongly to be inclined to expose myself to a recurrence of the same vexations.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 16, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry to find that my letter gave you pain. The precise expressions which I used I cannot remember. I certainly wrote in haste and warmth. Yet I must have expressed myself very ill, if I led you to think that, even in the first moment of irritation, I felt any personal resentment towards you, or that I considered my secession from the Review as a punishment —to use your own phrase. I considered it as a measure, not of punishment, but of precaution. If the whole question had been between you and me, the expressions of kindness and regret which you employed would have much more than satisfied me. But there was another person concerned—the person of all persons on earth to whose dictation I feel least inclined to stoop. Your intentions towards me, I know, are perfectly kind and fair. I have no such confidence with respect to his. I would sacrifice much to your convenience. But I cannot tell you how my

whole heart and soul rise up against the thought of sacrificing anything to his love of domination.

My reason for thinking that, in the present case, Brougham was exercising an unjustifiable dictation, was a very simple one. The transaction was, as you say, and as I could not but feel, one which required very special circumstances to justify it. Now, I could see no special circumstance except Brougham's will and pleasure. Nor do I yet see any. I have been a very anxious observer of French politics. I have talked with very intelligent men on both sides of the Channel; and I solemnly declare to you that I am utterly unable to imagine how it can be a matter of necessity, or of pressing expediency, that a Whig manifesto about the late Revolution should appear before the meeting of Parliament. Of course it is desirable that just views of so important an event should be entertained throughout the country; but nobody, I believe, expects that any propositions directly relating to the changes in France will be brought forward during the next Session by any party. Brougham chose, however, to persist in his demand. That circumstance, I think, and always thought, fully justified you. His talents are not, I think, displayed to most advantage in the Edinburgh Review. But his withdrawing, and his direct hostility, which would assuredly follow his withdrawing, might do immense injury. Without disputing whether his articles are better than mine, I am sure that his secession would do you more harm than mine. These considerations seemed to me to exculpate you completely. What it might be advisable for me to do was, as I think you must allow, a very different question. I never doubted that your intentions towards me were perfectly friendly, but I thought that you would find it impossible to carry them into effect. The difficulties of your situation justified, as I could not deny, your proceedings with regard to me. But they also, I thought, justified my secession. I have no right to expect that you or any editor will risk the ruin of a Review in order to spare me a little mortification.

But I have a perfect right to keep as much as I can out of all connection with a Review which can be saved from ruin only by measures mortifying to me.

Perhaps I have said more about the past than is proper in a letter of reconciliation. But reconciliation is scarcely the word. For there has been no interruption of personal kindness and esteem; and I really wished to explain clearly the principle on which I have acted. As for the future, I require no pledge. When any such case as that which has now occurred shall present itself, act as you think best for the Review. If you decide against me, I shall not, I assure you, think myself ill-used, at least by you. I shall attribute whatever may happen to the extreme difficulty of your situation. On the other hand, you must not think hardly of me if I should then put into execution the purpose which I at present relinquish,—if I should, without the least anger towards you, and with real regret for any inconvenience which you may sustain, withdraw from a connection which, I sincerely assure you, has never, as far as you are personally concerned, given me anything but pleasure.

And now, my dear sir, let us finally dismiss this unpleasant topic. Yet I should wish for a few lines from you to say that the conduct which, without the least unkind or suspicious feeling towards you, and purely, as I intended, in self-defence, I have adopted on this occasion, has not diminished that personal regard which I flattered myself that you felt for me, and which will, I hope, be proof against any of the occurrences which may disturb our literary connection.

A day or two after I had written to you from Paris, I heard again from Dr. Lardner, who mentioned his application to you. The rest need no longer be a secret. I have agreed to write an account of the political changes of France since the Restoration, and of this late Revolution, for his Cabinet Cyclopædia. I hoped to have finished this task by Christmas. My article on the Italian Poets must be postponed till the Spring. But I can easily find

time for a short paper in the Winter Number. The Jews have been urging me to say something about their claims; and I really think that the question might be discussed, both on general and on particular grounds, in a very attractive manner. What do you think of this plan? Believe me ever, yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

COLONEL TORRENS.

London, October 28, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent Number of the Edinburgh Review which has just appeared. To me and, I hope, to many others, the most interesting article is that on the Philosophy of Perception.[1] I think I perceive symptoms of a reviving taste for the science of Mind in this country; and it is to be hoped that the example of France, and an occasional article in the Edinburgh, will stimulate the national intellect to engage in profound inquiries, and render metaphysical studies again prevalent among our educated classes.

May I request the favour of a line saying whether the article on Crombie's Theology, of which I spoke when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, is likely soon to appear in the Review.[2] I have just read the article on Dr. Morehead's Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion;[3] and, judging from that article, I should conceive that the work of Dr. Crombie is much more original and profound. So far from evincing, like Dr. Morehead, considerable partiality for the *a priori* argument, Crombie totally demolishes it. He who affirms the possibility of proving the existence of Deity by an *a priori* argument, asserts, as it appears to me, his own entire ignorance of the philosophy of logic. The *a priori* argument, when applied to theological questions, must make atheists, as, when applied to political ones, it makes revolutionists and anarchists. In all moral, as in all physical inquiries, there are no safe paths except those of experience and induction.

[1] Art. 9, October, 1830, by Sir William Hamilton.
[2] It was published in the Number for September, 1831.
[3] Art. 6, October, 1830, by Dr. James Browne.

Dr. Crombie, in exposing and rendering palpable the errors in the logical process adopted by Clarke, and others of the *a priori* school, has rendered a distinguished service to theology, and to the moral sciences generally; and were public attention directed to this service, it would go far to explode the arrogant yet ignorant pretensions to demonstration, which are constantly insulting the understanding of the country in the Radical reviews and newspapers.

Dr. Crombie's work possesses another important merit. Paley, in his Naturâl Theology, commences the *a posteriori* argument with a *petitio principii*, and assumes that which it was his business to prove. Judging from the article in the Review, Morehead does the same. Both say that the order of the universe shows intelligence and design; and this proves an intelligent cause-designing mind. But the atheist denies that the order of the universe shows intelligence and design; and it is absurd to obviate his objection by assuming the very fact the existence of which he denies. The writings of Paley and Morehead may be exceedingly useful in fixing the attention, and warming the feelings of those who already admit the existence of intelligence and design; but they can have no other effect upon the atheist than that of confirming his disbelief. Now the distinguishing merit of Dr. Crombie is, that he does not beg the question; that he does not commence the argument for the existence of Deity by assuming the existence of intelligence and design—which is no better than saying, God is, because he is; but that he proves the existence of intelligence and design by an induction from facts which the atheist cannot deny without contradicting his own consciousness. In my humble opinion, his work is, without any exception, the most conclusive and philosophical treatise on the existence of Deity in the language. I might not have ventured to express my individual opinion on a subject so profound and important, were it not that I have the sanction of very competent and high authority for the judgment I have formed. A note from the Bishop

of Salisbury is now before me, in which he says that Dr. Crombie's work on Natural Theology is the best treatise on the subject; and Sir James Mackintosh, who has so accurately surveyed the whole field of metaphysical disquisition, speaks in approving terms, not merely of its value but of its originality.—Very faithfully yours,

R. TORRENS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
November 23, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your favourable reception of the proposition touching my brother, and no less so by your wish that I should write something for you in the Edinburgh Review. I have already written in that Review, and should be very happy to write in it again; as indeed there can be no more respectable vehicle for any British man's speculations than it is and has always been. My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of Author and Editor, for though not, as I hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind.

In what degree the like difficulties might occur between you and me I cannot pretend to guess; however, if you are willing, then I also am willing, to try. Occasionally of late I have been meditating an essay on Byron, which, on appearance of Mr. Moore's second volume, now soon expected, I should have no objection to attempt for you. Of Mr. Moore himself I should say little, or rather, perhaps, as he may be a favourite of yours, nothing; neither would my opinion of Byron prove very heterodox; my chief aim would be to *see* him and show him, not, as is too often the

way (if I could help it), to write merely about him and about him. For the rest, though no Whig in the strict sense, I have no disposition to run *amuck* against any set of men or of opinions; but only to put forth certain truths that I feel in me, with all sincerity, for some of which this Byron, if you liked it, were a fit enough channel. Dilettantism and mere toying with truth is, on the whole, a thing which I cannot practise; nevertheless real love, real belief, is not inconsistent with tolerance of its opposite; nay, is the only thing consistent therewith—for your elegant *indifferente* is at heart only *idle*, selfish, and quite *in*tolerant. At all events, one can and should ever *speak quietly;* loud hysterical vehemence, foaming, and hissing, least of all beseems him that is convinced, and not only *supposes*, but *knows*.

So much to cast some faint light for you on my plan of procedure, and what you have to look for in employing me. Let me only further request that if you, for whatever reason, do not like this proposal, you will without shadow of scruple tell me so. Frankness is best met by frankness; the practice presupposes the approval.

I have been thinking sometimes, likewise, of a paper on Napoleon, a man whom, though handled to the extreme of triteness, it will be long years before we understand. Hitherto in the English tongue, there is next to nothing that betokens insight into him, or even sincere belief of such, on the part of the writer. I should like to study the man with what heartiness I could, and form to myself some intelligible picture of him, both as a biographical and as a historical figure, in both of which senses he is our chief contemporary wonder, and in some sort the epitome of his age. This, however, were a task of far more difficulty than Byron, and perhaps not so promising at present.

Have the goodness to let me know by your first convenience, what you think of this; not hesitating to say *Fiat* or *Ne fiat;* and believe me always faithfully yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

London, November 27, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have only a minute to write. I will send you an article on the Jews next week, Sadler as soon as he comes out. He does not know what a reason is, and all his boasts and anticipations of victory only prove that he does not. I do most earnestly hope that Jeffrey will take office. I am best as I am.[1] You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that the Calne petition was decided in my favour yesterday. You will see that I gave Croker a dressing the other night in Brougham's defence. I was in no good humour with B. But the insufferable impertinence and poltroonery of Croker exasperated me beyond all patience. I am thought to have had the best of the battle by our critics here.[2] As to the *ballot*, I have not yet absolutely made up my own mind. Much nonsense is talked for it, and much against it. I am sorry that you have nothing this month from Jeffrey. Our Lord Chancellor will do little more for us, I suspect.—Ever yours,

T. B. M.

London, December 17, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you an article on the Jews. Sadler's book[3] is out, but I have not seen it yet. When I have read it, I will let you know whether I think it worth an answer. If I do, I suppose there will be time to prepare it for this Number. I am very busy, or I should have sent you this Jew article before. It is short, and carelessly written, perhaps, as to style, but certainly as to penmanship. I am in hourly expectation of hearing what

[1] The Grey Administration was formed in November, 1830: Jeffrey was made Lord Advocate, but Macaulay received no appointment from the Whigs till 1832.

[2] The following is an extract from Macaulay's reply to Croker on the occasion referred to. "I owe no allegiance to the Noble Lord [Brougham] who has been transferred to another place; but I cannot banish from my memory the extraordinary eloquence of that Noble person—an eloquence which has left nothing equal to it behind: and when I behold the departure of that great man from amongst us, and when I see the place in which he sat, and from which he has so often astonished us by the mighty powers of his mind, occupied by the honourable member [Croker] who commenced this debate, I cannot express the feelings and the emotions to which such circumstances give rise."

[3] "Refutation of an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. 102."

arrangement is made for bringing Jeffrey into Parliament. I am most impatient to hear him there. My French History, the House of Commons, and the Bankrupts, have almost killed me between them. I have not the Chancellor's encyclopædic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half knows* everything from the cedar to the hyssop. You see that he is coming out with a treatise on Natural Theology, to be prefixed to Paley's book on that subject. I am in good humour with him. He has given my brother a living of £300 a year in Warwickshire without the least solicitation, direct or indirect. It was the first living that he had to give, and nothing could be done more handsomely. He speaks civilly of me, but I have not met him since his elevation.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Court of Chancery,
December 18, 1830.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—Don't be on any ceremony, but remit me the money in your own way. And now as to Review matters, which must be extremely secret between us henceforth. I shall have my evenings to myself now. I find my work not half what it was at the Bar. Therefore, as long as I can work to help the principles I profess and hold, I shall work by pen as well as tongue, and all the more that I no longer can speak to the people, through either H. of Commons or public meetings. I attend our Society's meetings regularly, and take a larger share than formerly in its labours. I only require all I write to be copied by trusty clerks before printing.—Yours ever,

H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, December 25, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you an answer to Sadler.[1] I think I have completely settled the question by my cal-

[1] "Sadler's Refutation, Refuted."

culations on his own tables. If you do not think it a satisfactory answer, do not print it. I will be absolutely governed in this matter by you, as it has taken something of a personal shape, from the tone of Sadler's pamphlet; and I have no wish to bring the Review into a scrape on my account. If you have seen his pamphlet, you will not wonder at the occasional sharpness of expression which I have employed.—Let me have the proof-sheets. It is absolutely necessary that I should look again over the numbers.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY,

London, January 11, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I send back the proofs [of article on Sadler]. Your story[1] is excellent, and excellently told. I have a little altered the structure of the first paragraph, in order that the patch may not be discernible. I hope that my corrections will not confuse the printer's devil. I have, as you will see, substituted a new table for one which I sent you. The case is a stronger one. I have written my addition in a most clerk-like hand. I have cut out the last sentence as you desired. If anything in the way of personality offends you, blot it out without scruple. I had much rather that, in a case of private provocation, you should judge for me, than that I should judge for myself. If you could, I should very much wish that you would revise a second proof before the article goes finally to press. Much depends on the accuracy of the printing. If you will guarantee that, I guarantee the arithmetic. I am worked to death with writing and reading, and have not had a day of rest at Christmas.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, February 12, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—People here think that I have answered Sadler completely—at least those who have spoken to me on the subject think so: and if no fault in the arithmetic can be discovered, I do not see how any doubt can

[1] My father gave Macaulay the anecdote of Heron, with which he commences the article on Sadler.

exist on the matter. Empson tells me that Malthus is well pleased, which is a good sign. As to Blackwood's trash, I could not get through it. It bore the same relation to Sadler's pamphlet that a bad hash bears to a bad joint. It is too much, after being nauseated with such an odious dish, to have it served up again in such a *rifacciamento*. As far as I looked at it, I saw nothing original,—nothing that was not in Sadler's pamphlet. Is it possible that such stuff can be Wilson's?

I shall not, I fear, be able to do much for the next Number. But I will try to do something. I do not like to review Moore—in the first place, because I am no great admirer of his hero; and in the next place, because the topic is a little hackneyed. I cannot imagine from what quarter you can have heard that I thought of reviewing Lardner's Cyclopædia. I do not remember that anybody ever mentioned it to me. Lardner, I recollect, spoke to me warmly of Herschel's treatise on Natural Philosophy, and expressed a wish that it were well reviewed. But I never dreamed that he could mean to propose it to me, who knows nothing about Natural Philosophy. It is, as far as I can judge, a very able performance; but I am a mere child in such matters. Suppose that I were to write an article on Reform, after the Ministers have developed their plan. Jeffrey, I understand, has drawn the Scotch Bill. But he is, as in duty bound, as close as Lord Burleigh himself. I think he must succeed. I do not see how he can fail. Yet he is nervous; and I am, I own, a little nervous for him. I see that the *Age* charges me with the article on England and France. I do not wish to pry into secrets; but I think that it is Bulwer's from internal evidence. Goldsmidt told me that the Jews want to print my article as a separate pamphlet. I told him that, if the publishers had no objection, I had none. But I declined interfering in the matter. I think his solicitude quite superfluous. The Jews cannot, I imagine, be kept out of Parliament longer.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

January 20, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—This paper on poor Taylor[1] being finished, I may as well send it off. I have studied to conform to your directions in one important point at least—in length; though having been sore afflicted all the way with bad pens, I have written in irregular style, and know not quite accurately how much there is.

And now I will pray that the next subject you give me may be an English one—at least no German one. On that last business I have said enough for a year or two; and innumerable men, women, and children have taken it up; who must see the surface clearly, and know that there *is* a depth, before you can help to show them *what* it is. I greatly approved of your friend Empson's[2] acknowledgment that Faust was a wonderful poem, and Lord Leveson Gower a windbag: only he led him far too gently over the coals; he should have roasted him there, and made him not Leveson, but a cinder. It is positively the nearest approach we can make to sacrilege in these days, for a vain young man, not knowing his right hand from his left, to take an inspired work, like this of Goethe's, and mangle it into such an unspeakable hash. Let it either be overlooked, or punished by *Auto-da-fe*.

I once proposed to Mr. Jeffrey to make a sort of sally on *Fashionable Novels*, but he misunderstood me—thought I meant to *criticise* them; and so the matter dropt for the time. The Pelham-and-Devereux manufacture is a sort of thing which ought to be extinguished in British literature; at least, some one in the half-century, a British reviewer, ought to rise up and declare it extinguishable, and prophesy its extinction. But I fear my zeal has somewhat cooled; and perhaps the better method of attack were not to batter but to undermine. The English aristocracy have as much need of instruction as Swing himself.

[1] "Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry."

[2] "Lord Leveson Gower's Poems and Translations," Art. 12 of Number for October, 1830.

A far finer essay were a faithful, loving, and yet critical, and in part condemnatory, delineation of Jeremy Bentham, and his place and working in this section of the world's history. Bentham will not be put down by logic, and should not be put down, for we need him greatly as a backwoodsman: neither can reconciliation be effected till the one party understands and is just to the other. Bentham is a denyer: he denies with a loud and universally convincing voice: his fault is that he can *affirm* nothing, except that money is pleasant in the purse, and food in the stomach, and that by this simplest of all beliefs he can reorganise Society. He can shatter it in pieces—no thanks to him, for its old fastenings are quite rotten—but he cannot reorganise it; this is work for quite others than he. Such an essay on Bentham, however, were a great task for any one; for me a very great one, and perhaps rather out of my road.

My brother speaks of preparing some little paper or other to submit to you. Should this take effect, I dare promise that you *will look* at the performance, and even report that it will not do, or that it will; but shall farther beg you to understand, with all distinctness, that you need stand on *no* ceremony; that I should never see the paper, except in print, and above all, in matters of that kind, can have no friend and no enemy. However, John's resolutions are no decrees of fate: perhaps such a contingency may never arrive.

Hoping to hear from you by and bye, I remain, faithfully yours, THOMAS CARLYLE.

E. L. BULWER.

Cheltenham, February 6, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you in the first place for the trouble you have been kind enough to take with my paper on 'Society,'[1] and for the address with which you have smoothed it into shape.

[1] "Spirit of Society in England and France," Art. 5, No. 104, January, 1831.

I do not know whether a work on Public Opinion by Mr. Mackinnon has ever been reviewed in the Edinburgh, and I have not here the facility of inspecting former Numbers. But I think, taking that work as a mere text (to the best of my recollection the book itself is scarcely worth analysis), an effective essay on 'Public Opinion' might be written. The subject would be popular, and not, perhaps, ill adapted to the day. . . . I mention some other subjects that have occurred to me—

1. Taxes on Knowledge.
2. Character of William III (laudatory).
3. Character of Lord Bacon (in vindication).

On any of these subjects I should be very happy to treat, to the best of my ability, should you feel disposed to employ me. For my own part, that on Public Opinion seems the most eligible.

May I ask you a favour—as an acquaintance—not reviewer? Should you happen to see my volume of verse,[1] will you run over it, and give me *your* opinion? Let me ask two additional favours. In so doing, will you bear in mind that I have wished to avoid in the longer poem that floridity and glitter of style which characterizes the present school, and the homeliness, the familiarity, and perhaps the commonplace of the language, arises therefore from design—if I may dare so to say—rather than from poverty. The second favour I would ask is, not to judge of the volume by the longest poem only, but also by the Milton, and the minor poems. A third favour, greater than either, is a *candid, rude, unmodified* opinion, which I assure you I will receive in gratitude—not anger. I believe the satire is the worst part of the long poem.—
Yours truly, ED. LYTTON BULWER.

25465

[1] "The Siamese Twins. A Satirical Tale of the Times."

Hertford Street, March 1, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am gratified and obliged by the kind tone of your last letter, which convinces me that I had misconceived the spirit of your former one.

I think, on the whole, the subject of 'Public Opinion' may be somewhat too vague. The only literary article I can at present think of may perhaps be of a nature little consonant to these stirring times, and though much that is new may be said, the subject itself is a little old. I mean an article on the writers of Queen Anne's time. I should very much like to write you an essay on Hobbes, the character of his writings, moral and political. But I am unconscious how far you would allow me to express my admiration of that very extraordinary and not very fashionable thinker. Nothing else at this moment occurs to me. Few new books seem to me worth reviewing three months after date, and of those few scarcely any of a nature which I feel myself competent to analyse. As to foreign literature, I am but a poor proficient in modern languages. If anything, however, occurs to me, I will communicate with you thereon, and I shall be always happy to receive any suggestions from yourself as to subjects. By the way, whenever you have leisure, perhaps you will be kind enough to point out in my article on Society the faults of style to which you allude. A fault once seen is easily altered. All the difficulty of amendment lies in discovering it one's-self. I am almost sorry now that I ventured to ask you to look at the Siamese Twins. So bitterly has it been abused, and so coolly commended by friends whom I know to be both kind and discerning, that I have lost all good opinion of it, and feel sore when its very name is mentioned. The fact is, at all events, that the satire is weak and poor, and this fault throws odium on all the rest.

To-day is the Great Reform Day. You are most probably in the secret, but I join with the rest of the world in a fever of expectation.—Adieu, my dear Sir. Believe me very truly yours, E. L. BULWER.

36, *Hertford Street, April* 9, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me the intended article[1] on the Siamese Twins. You speak of it frankly; I will imitate your example. As a review of the Siamese Twins, it is, as you say, honest—it may be lenient—nay, complimentary. As the first and only notice of me and my works, I view it in a different light. Nor do I hesitate to observe, that I scarcely consider it "fair" to any author, for a Journal to pass over in silence all the works he had put forth which had proved successful, and to seize the only opportunity of noticing him, in the only work which, in its own judgment, was a failure;—a failure, too, which from no more indulgent estimate of the merits of the book than its decriers had formed, the said Journal was about to emblazon and insist upon.

Nor can it be said in my case that the successful works uncriticised were less adapted to the nature of the Reviewing Journal than the unsuccessful work selected for public condemnation. Scarce a single recent novel of the smallest pretensions—not to excellence, but to common circulation—but has been reviewed by the Edinburgh. Mine only have been passed over. To success was opposed the contempt of silence; failure only has been honoured by remark. For favour or hostility I care little—of those I do not speak—but in the most hostile criticism I look for a certain fairness.

I say what I have said, openly, and if I express my opinion to you *before* the publication of the article in question, it is solely because I would not be considered disingenuous in suppressing now the sentiments I may utter hereafter; and because I feel that, in giving vent to them, I oppose an obstacle that to both of us should be considered insurmountable, to the alteration or suppression of the article thus strictured.

I should indeed have just cause for resentment—one that I do not look to receive from your hands, and of a nature that I could not persuade myself to forgive—were

[1] Art. 7, March, 1831, written by Empson.

any change whatever made in the article that has produced this letter: that change would seem to impute to me making the above observations an unworthy sentiment and a dishonourable hope. To yourself at present I can feel no soreness. On the contrary, I estimate, and am grateful for the evident kindness of your intentions. I know well with what different eyes the author and the critic must, of necessity, look at the same point. Wrapped in his own creations, the one surveys the questions that relate to them in all the delicate and subtle bearings to which the other can at best afford but a rapid and desultory glance. It is not easy to say who errs the most often—perhaps the author.—Believe me yours truly,

ED. LYTTON BULWER.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.[1]

Taunton, Somerset, February 17, 1831.

SIR,—Your last letter hinted that I should hear from Mr. Jeffrey regarding the paper which I furnished to the Edinburgh Review, No. 98. [Art. 8, "British Painters."] While the pen is in my hand, I will take the liberty to say that the very able and learned writer of the paper on Reid and Brown, in No. 103 (Mr. Coleridge,[2] if I conjecture rightly), has, I think, done less than justice to the latter eminent philosopher. Brown *may* have been wrong in the question at issue,—though I at least cannot feel convinced that he was so,—but surely his matchless acuteness of intellect, his perspicuity and eloquence upon subjects that, in the hands of most writers, are obscure and dry, might have deserved some eulogium from the keenest opponent. For myself, I know not a writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and Scott, from whom I have derived such high delight as from Dr. Brown. His name is one that Scotland ought to be, and will be, proud of.—Your obedient servant, EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

[1] Author of "The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem."
[2] Sir William Hamilton.

No. 44, *Gower Place, March* 7, 1831.

SIR,—The subject of this letter is suggested to me by a conversation I have just had with Sir James Mackintosh. It is written by his advice. My name is not unknown to you. I had the pleasure of being introduced to you at Edinburgh in 1826, though that circumstance may have escaped your memory; and therefore I do not feel altogether as if I were addressing a stranger.

My vocation through life has been literature. I have published several works, some of them with no inconsiderable success. I am no longer young; but a volume I have brought out within the last fourteen days, "On Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries," I am assured by Sir James and several literary friends, is written with all the vigour of my youth. Hitherto I have walked alone, and been too proud perhaps of my independence. Though still in a green old age,[1] I am however now willing to use a crutch, and to be united with other fellow-labourers in the attempt to improve and enlarge the field of Science and Art. This was the subject of the conversation I have above referred to. The result was that Sir James Mackintosh advised me to address myself to you, who, he observed, are the Editor equally of the Encyclopædia and of the Edinburgh Review.

I in consequence offer myself; are you willing to enroll me as a brother? Sir James seemed to think that I ought to prefer the Encyclopædia; but that I would refer to your judgment. You doubtless know something of my character as an author. I am but superficially acquainted with the exact sciences. Of what is commonly understood by the knowledge of nature—that is, Physics, Chemistry, etc.—I can boast still less. I have been a diligent reader of some languages,—Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. I have cultivated, with what success it is for others to pronounce, the Science of Mind, metaphysics, morals, and politics. I am tolerably acquainted with poetry and criticism. I have devoted myself to a considerable degree

[1] Godwin was then in his seventy-fifth year. He died in 1836.

to history and antiquities. I am afraid you will find the catalogue of my attainments a very short one. Such as they are, they are at your service. I should not like to write on subjects I had not some chance of understanding. It has ever been my habit to devote myself, unreservedly and with constant zeal, to the business before me whatever it was. There is but one thing more that it is necessary for me to say. Some of my opinions have been judged peculiar, some obnoxious. But I am past the impetuosity of youth. And at all times, I hope, I should have known too well what became me, when I was embarked with a number of other persons, to have run the risk of committing them by my private singularities and extravagancies.—With much respect and regard, yours,

WILLIAM GODWIN.

March 22, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I feel myself much indebted to you for your very obliging letter. I take it for granted that Sir James Mackintosh is right, that it would be much more congenial to my habits to write for the Encyclopædia, where the only thing to be looked to is the soundness and perspicuity of what is contributed, than for the Review, where it is more necessary to have an eye to popularity, and in some degree to court the sickly and pampered appetite of the readers. You desire me, if anything occurs to me, to specify any publication respecting which I might feel myself able to write an article that should afford me room to indulge in such observations as might be interesting to the general reader. I have not the Numbers of the Review before me, to examine how far I might find myself anticipated in anything that I might otherwise be inclined to select. In looking over the lists of recent publications, it appeared to me that I might perhaps make something sufficiently to the purpose of the Life of Mr. Canning by his Secretary, and two Lives that have recently been produced of George the Fourth. I knew Mr. Canning at his outset in life, and was a some-

what attentive observer of its progress; and I have no doubt an interesting article might be made of an impartial estimate of the King and the Minister, their good qualities and their defects—"nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice." May I request that you would have the goodness to inform me whether this ground is pre-occupied? It would also be some gratification to me to be informed what would be the amount of remuneration I might expect for my contributions. I frankly confessed in my former letter that my choice in the past years of my life had been to walk alone, and to preserve the most absolute literary independence, though I now felt that I could be contented to take a part only, in some more miscellaneous undertaking, and to be united with other fellow-labourers. I sought for an answer to this question from Sir James Mackintosh; but it is hardly fair that I should expect a Privy Councillor to enter with me into these minutenesses, and accordingly he only answered me, that it was the principle of the publications which you conducted to treat their contributors liberally. But it would be some satisfaction, and some incitement to me to grapple with the undertaking, if I were more specifically informed what sort of advantage would be likely individually to fall to my lot. I hope I am not exceeding the bounds of a becoming reserve, when I take the liberty to propose to you this question.—Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM GODWIN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, March 8, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I have a moment, and but a moment, to write. I cannot however delay thanking you for your kind expressions. I succeeded certainly far beyond my expectations. I am about to publish the speech [on the Reform Bill]. I will send you a copy under franked covers. But say nothing about it in the Review. I speak thus plainly, because Brougham's published speeches are generally puffed in the Number which follows their appear-

ance. My taste on those subjects differs from his, and as my connection with the Review is known, I wish my name to be never mentioned in it. The Lord Advocate [Jeffrey] did wonders. His manner is not as yet suited to the House. But he fully sustained his character for talent; and that he should do so was very extraordinary, —Mackintosh says, miraculous. There were some beautiful passages in his speech. I shall, I fear, have nothing for you this Number. What arrangement have you made about Byron? If you have not yet engaged anybody, I will try my hand. I will certainly review Croker's Boswell when it comes out.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

JOHN ALLEN.

Old Burlington Street, March 10, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I have dipped into the Marchmont Papers. They do not seem to me very interesting, relating chiefly to the obscure intrigues of parties long since extinct, and now almost forgotten. At the same time, they throw some light on the state of our internal government from the Revolution to 1750; but to review them to any purpose would require a minute knowledge of the history of that period which I do not possess.

Jeffrey's speech was, I am told, very good—logical in reasoning and happy in illustration, but from the weakness of his voice, it was not distinctly heard in many parts of the House, and had at times too much the appearance of a lecturer, and too little of the sharpness of the debater. I am glad to see he is about to print it, as it cannot fail to be read with pleasure and effect. The Ministerial plan of Reform astonished every one at first by its magnitude, and if the Opposition had at once divided the House, and adjourned the discussion, they would possibly have had a majority in their favour. But it has gained many proselytes, and the enthusiastic reception it has met with out of doors will prevent many within the House from voting against it, who are no friends to it in their hearts. It will be extraordinary if the King, the Ministers, and the people

are defeated. But much will depend on the people. In every part of the country they ought to meet and express their opinions, and vote addresses to the King and to the House of Commons in support of the measure. The King is quite firm, and, I am told, has addressed a letter to his Ministers stating his reasons for approving of their plan; and gratitude as well as policy demand that the people in return should express their thanks for so great a boon as, with his approbation, has been proposed for them. I hear the highest commendation bestowed on Lord John Russell's reply. It was received with the most enthusiastic cheers, and the other party seem very much down.—Yours ever faithfully, JOHN ALLEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, April 11, 1831.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—As I leave this for town to-morrow, I must commend to your fatherly care the correction of the press. I have not even read the MS. over, or any part of it, having written it exactly as I should have spoken it extempore. I beg you to make the proper corrections therefore.[1] H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, June 11, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I send off my article ("Moore's Life of Lord Byron"), and if you should send it back to me, I shall not be offended, for it is wretchedly bad. I never wrote anything so much against the grain in my life. I do not wish the faults of the printer's devil to be added to mine, which are alone quite enough for one Review. If you can let me have the sheets without real inconvenience, I should like to have them. If not, I commend the article to your particular and most careful revision. There are some Italian quotations which will require attention.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] Art. 9, June, 1831: "The Dissolution and General Election."

Dumfries, August 1, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—The last sentence of your letter causes me some surprise, and likewise some gratification. If I rightly interpret it in the sense of an expostulation, and little friendly reproach, there must be some game at cross-purposes going on between us, which perhaps a few words of plain speech might put an end to. I have no hesitation, for my own part, in stating what is simply a literal historical fact, that there is no periodical now extant in Britain which I should so willingly write for, and publish *all* my Essayist lucubrations in, as the Edinburgh Review. If you really want me to preach in your pulpit, therefore, you have only to say so.

On the other hand, I am a person that, in all senses of the word, live by writing: and if one honest man seems to have no need of my produce, what can I do but travel on till I find another that does? Had I so much as faintly conjectured that the Essay on the *Nibelungen Lied* would have been acceptable to you, then to you first should it have been offered. The like I may say of another long paper on a similar subject, which is now also disposed of far less to my mind. But you may remember, I mentioned several subjects in my last letter but one; for example, Boswell's Johnson, which work I had (and in that shape or another still have) something to say on. Not hearing from you in reply, what was I to fancy but that my way of thinking, and my somewhat emphatic way of expressing it, was judged questionable in a Review now almost demi-official; and that you took the politest method of signifying this to me without offence? To me it seemed, for what I could know, highly natural on your part, and you may believe me was taken in the friendliest spirit. And now, if I was wrong, here is the ground open for a remedy! I have spoken with the most perfect sincerity; and beg you to understand quite clearly that if I can publish my thoughts (and I have nothing else worth publishing) in your Journal, so honourable in itself, so endeared to me

by accidental causes, then am I readier to publish them *there* than *any* where else.

You must thank Sir W. Hamilton (to whom I ascribe it) for that highly valuable paper on *Oxford*.[1] It is a subject that cries aloud for rectification. The English Universities, and indeed the British, are a scandal to this century. The tone of that paper is exactly what it should be—quiet, but deep, deliberate, unalterable.—Faithfully yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, September 14, 1831.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I shall certainly send you something on the present truly alarming state of things as regards the Bill [Reform Bill], and the peace of the country.[2] Meanwhile not a moment is to be lost if the people of Scotland have any desire for Reform. They must show it peacefully and calmly, but steadily. The enemy of reform and peace is at work, declaring that all feeling of reform is at rest, and that the people no longer care for it! A grosser delusion never was heard of. But it is sure to throw out the Bill, and if Scotland announces meetings everywhere to petition the Lords, the peace of the country will be preserved and the constitution perpetuated. If not, I really tremble for the consequences. My having written to you must on no account be known. I am quite ready to avow that I strongly desire the people's sentiments to be declared in vindication of their own consistency, and to frustrate the intrigues of those who, some from fair and honest though mistaken views, others for factious and interested reasons, are really the worst enemies of both the King and constitution. But if it were known that I wrote to you upon the subject, much absurd misrepresentation would be attempted. Therefore you must act entirely from yourself.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

[1] Art. 6, June, 1831: "Universities of England—Oxford."
[2] "House of Lords—Reform:" Art. 9, No. 107, September, 1831.

September 24, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—By return of post I send the proofs, not having had time to add any more last words as you desired. I am glad you like the article.[1] There is no subject to me so piquant as that of Theology, and I am now about a little work on that scent. It is right to tell you that, for the two pages containing the very clear and well written exposition of the principles of the Rationalists, I am indebted to a medical neighbour of mine. He also pointed out to me (being no German scholar myself) the mistakes of Professor Lee respecting Gesenius. Pray attend to my corrections.—Ever yours truly, T. MOORE.

I have just had a letter from Ireland containing an opinion respecting my Lord Edward, from our Chief-Justice Bushe, which I should be glad your reviewer[2] could have seen, while he was sitting in judgment on me: "I did not think it possible that so much truth could have been told with so little mischief."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

London, October 8, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much obliged by your kind and speedy reply about the paper on Luther. I can sympathise in your distresses, from author and from reader, in regard to the matter of length; both parties are somewhat unreasonable, and the editor, who must stand in the middle and sustain two fires, has no sinecure of it. Indeed, I think it is a thousand pities that writing had ever in any case come to be valued by its *length;* better even, if we must have a universal standard, that it were valued by its *shortness;* for prolixity in word, and still more in thought, may be defined as the characteristic of all bad writing;—not to know the essential from the unessential, is simply not to know the matter in hand, and therefore to delineate it falsely and ill. Poor authors, with booksellers for their

[1] "State of Protestantism in Germany," September, 1831.

[2] Richard Lalor Shiel, who wrote the Article on "Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," September, 1831.

Mecænases! Nay, the very weaver does not come and say, Here are so many yards of cloth I have woven; but, Here are so many yards of *such* cloth.

Six-and-thirty pages are a considerable space; yet I doubt whether so much would suffice me in this case. The thing I had in view was some picture of Martin Luther and of his environment—*what* he was, and *how* he was; a matter, as you observe, of perennial moment, and requiring perhaps to be re-interpreted and re-adapted to our new point of vision; of great interest for me therefore, but, at the same time, of great compass and difficulty. At all events, I think it will be prudent to wait a little and reconsider it before starting.

Hope's book on Man is also a subject I might have something to say upon; works of that sort are a characteristic of our era, and appear in great numbers. Godwin has published one (of little merit); Coleridge also has lately set forth a fragmentary Philosophy of Life; and I read a very strange one by Friedrich Schlegel, which he died while completing. It struck me that by grouping two or three of these together, contrasting their several tendencies, and endeavouring, as is the reviewer's task, to stand peaceably in the middle of them all, something fit and useful might be done. . . . Whether Hope may be worth reviewing, I am doubtful; it seems to be the work of a deep, earnest man, bears traces of long-continued, toilsome, faithful meditation; and yet is perhaps the absurdest book ever printed in any time or place,—the highest culminating point of the mechanical spirit of this age; as it were, the *reductio ad absurdum* of that whole most melancholy doctrine.

Another matter I had to speak of, by any convenient vehicle: the state of authors at this epoch; the duties, performances, and marvellous position of the author in our system of society; matters which, as I believe, will one day force themselves on the universal attention. As yet, however, all this lies vague enough before me. You shall judge of it when the time comes.

On the whole, I think I can engage to have *something* to offer you for your December Number; though whether on Hope's book, or in what other form, has not yet become clear to me. Will you at all events forward me that wondrous book? then we shall see what comes of it. . . .

This is the day when, as the most seem to calculate, the Lords are to *reject* the Reform Bill. London is perfectly quiet, and promises to continue so; the poor Lords can only accelerate (by perhaps a century) their own otherwise inevitable enough abolition; that is the worst they can do; the people and their purposes are no longer dependent on them.—Believe me always, faithfully yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

London, November 26, 1831.

My DEAR SIR,—I am busy with an article intended for you, which I have entitled "Characteristics:" it hooks itself to Hope's book and Schlegel's, but has nothing essential to do with either; Hope's could not be reviewed except with peals of laughter mingled with groans, and he is now in his grave; Schlegel's I left at Craigenputtoch, and cannot find a copy of here; so the titles and some distant allusion are all I meddle with. There are but six pages perfectly ready, the rest vague enough in my head; I am in the aphoristic style, and need an incessant watchfulness to keep from being abstruse. Though I think from twenty to twenty-five pages will hold what is to be said, I dare not confidently promise the piece till about this day three weeks: *then* however you may calculate on it, if you will leave me room. I do what in me lies, but am much interrupted here; all out of sorts; my *harness* quite strange to me, therefore my *waygate* smaller. Nevertheless, I hope the thing may prove useful; above all, true, and then it cannot fail to be useful.

All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publishing of my poor book,[1] which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose: so the MS., like an unhappy ghost,

[1] "History of the French Revolution."

still lingers on the wrong side of Styx; the Charon of Albermarle Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*, so it leaped ashore again. Better days are coming, and new trials will end more happily.—I remain, as ever, faithfully yours, T. CARLYLE.

London, December 17, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have, barely within my time, finished that paper ["Characteristics"], to which you are now heartily welcome, if you have room for it. The doctrines here set forth have mostly long been familiar convictions with me; yet it is perhaps only within the last twelvemonth that the public utterance of some of them could have seemed a duty. I have striven to express myself with what guardedness was possible: and, as there will now be no time for correcting proofs, I must leave it wholly in your editorial hands. Nay, should it on due consideration appear to you in your place (for I see that matter dimly, and nothing is clear but my own mind and the general condition of the world), unadvisable to print the paper at all, then pray understand, my dear Sir, now and always, that I am no unreasonable man: but if dogmatic enough (as Jeffrey used to call it) in my own beliefs, also truly desirous to be just towards those of others. I shall, in all sincerity, beg of you to do, without fear of offence (for in *no* point of view will there be any), what you yourself see good. A mighty work lies before the writers of this time: I have a great faith and a great hope that the Edinburgh Review will not be wanting on its part, but stand forth in the van, where it has some right to be. But we shall get to understand these things better, and much else; for I hope to see you soon, and ask and answer to great lengths. We purpose coming home by Edinburgh, perhaps in two months, perhaps much sooner. The Book trade is still dead, or in a state of suspended animation. The aspect of *that* world fills me with shuddering admiration. I rather think I must even stick my own little book in my pocket again, after all. I have various

other things *in posse* to write for you, but shall forbear speaking of them till it can be done with readier organs than these. The Reform Bill sails with fair wind and full sea. May the Heavens grant but this one prayer: that we had done with it!

I hope soon to hear of you; and am always faithfully yours, T. CARLYLE.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, September 7, 1831.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I send off the first part of my article.[1] The rest will follow early in next week at the latest. I send the first part separately, because it is absolutely necessary that I should see the proofs of it. It is an exposure of Croker's monstrous blunders; and we must not, in censuring his inaccuracy, be ourselves inaccurate. I have not been able to find the date of Sir William Forbes's death. Oddly enough, it is not in the Annual Register. You at Edinburgh can have no difficulty. I should be glad if you would insert it, taking, of course, particular care to be quite accurate. As to the latter part of the article, though I should wish if possible to see the proofs, mistakes will be comparatively of little importance.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 29, 1831.

DEAR NAPIER,—Have the kindness to let me know what is the longest time that you can possibly give me for the next Number. Lardner is very desirous to bring out my book about France, and I wish to finish, at least the first part of it for him, before I do anything else.[2] I will, at all events, give you a paper on John Bunyan. Longman has sent me Southey's edition, and a beautiful edition it is. Lord Kerry tells me that the neologian article about German divinity was written by Tom Moore, and that Tom Moore himself owned it to him. I should never have thought it. It is rather a perilous enterprise for Moore. He knows, I

[1] "Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson."

[2] No portion of it has yet seen the light.

believe, scarcely a word of German. The article has given offence, but not so much as I had expected. It is of the greatest consequence that we should bestir ourselves. I hope that the Lord Advocate [Jeffrey], who is now taking a holiday, will do something during the prorogation. It is vain, I fear, to talk about Sydney.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 2, 1832.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send back the sheets [of article on John Bunyan]. On the whole, I wish,—that is, unless you object strongly to it,—that the last paragraph should stand. I admire Dryden. But I do not think him a man of a creative mind. He had great fertility, great command of language, great skill in versification; but I do not think that he had, in the high sense of the word, any originality. I do not dispute that his works are more valuable than those of Bunyan; but I do not think that they show so much creative power. I should say the same of Pope as compared with Defoe. I allow that Pope's works are more valuable than Defoe's; but I think that Defoe had more originality, more native power of imagination than Pope. I am delighted to hear that Empson has given you an article about the Prince's[1] travels. I have no doubt that it will be good. I am getting on very fast with Hampden. I fear that it will be longer than most of my articles. Croker has put forth a silly little pamphlet in defence of himself against the Edinburgh Review, partly Blackwood's, and partly his own. I do not know whether it is sold. It lies on the table of the Athenæum. I can blow it to atoms in a note which will not be, I think, longer than a page or a page and a half.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 9, 1832.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have been so much engaged by bankrupt business, that I shall not be able to send off my

[1] "Tour in England, Ireland, and France. By a German Prince." Art. 5, December, 1831.

article about Hampden till Thursday the 12th. It will be, I fear, more than forty pages long. As Pascal said of his eighteenth letter, I would have made it shorter if I could have kept it longer. You must indulge me, however, for I seldom offend in that way. It is in part a narrative. This is a new sort of composition, which I have never yet attempted. You will tell me, I am sure with sincerity, how you think that I succeed in it. Lord Nugent's book,[1] *entre nous*, is dreadfully heavy. I have said as little about it as I decently could.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

London, January 19, 1832.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am heartily glad that you like my article [Hampden]. I was, and, in spite of your commendations, still am a little afraid about it, as it was written so quickly that I had no time for careful revision. I will try the life of Lord Burleigh, if you will tell Longman to send me the book. However bad the work may be, it will serve as a heading for an article on the times of Elizabeth. On the whole, I thought it best not to answer Croker. Almost all the little pamphlet which he published—or rather printed, for I believe it is not for sale—is made up of extracts from Blackwood: and I thought that a contest with your grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor[2] of Moral Philosophy, would be too degrading. I could have demolished every paragraph of the defence. Croker defended his *θνητοὶ φίλοι*, by quoting a passage of Euripides, which, as every scholar knows, is corrupt, which is nonsense and false metre, if read as he reads it, and which Markland and Matthiæ have set right by a most obvious correction. But, as nobody seems to have read his vindication, we can gain nothing by refuting it.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, February 1, 1832.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I wrote a few lines to you yesterday from Empson's Chambers. But I cannot defer sending a

[1] "Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times." 2 vols., 8vo.
[2] John Wilson.

few more to tell you how sincerely I sympathize with your affliction. During the last few months, I myself, for the first time in my life, felt the pain of such separations, and I have learned how little consolation can do, and how certain is the healing operation of time. I am glad to hear that my articles are liked at Edinburgh. I have been laid up for a fortnight, and, therefore, know little of what is said here. But what I have learned is favourable. As to Carlyle, he might as well write in Irving's unknown tongue at once. The *Sun* newspaper, with delicious absurdity, attributes his article ["Characteristics"] to Lord Brougham. Of Empson's articles, I rather prefer that on the Game Laws. But they are both well done. The article on Portugal[1] I think very good.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

London, February 6, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—Unexpected occurrences force me to give up the hope of returning by way of your city. I must hasten home, direct into Annandale, and make a visit to Edinburgh afterwards. The hand of Death has been busy in my circle, as I learn that it has been in yours; painfully reminding us that "here we have no continuing city." The venerated Friend that bade me farewell, cannot welcome me when I come back. I have now no Father in this land of shadows.

I write at present mainly to ask you about some poetical pieces, entitled *Corn Law Rhymes*, and whether a short notice of them would be acceptable for your next Number. The Author appears to be a middle-aged Mechanic, at least, Poor Man, of Sheffield or the neighbourhood; a Radical, yet not without devoutness, passionate, affectionate, thoroughly in earnest. His *Rhymes* have more of sincerity and genuine natural fire than anything that has come in my way of late years: both on himself

[1] "Recent History and External Relations of Portugal." Art. 6, December, 1831, by Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Rich.

and his writings, and their social and moral purport, there were several things to be said. I would also willingly do the unknown man a kindness, or rather a piece of justice; for he is, what so few are, a *man*, and no *clothes-horse*.

I have given up the notion of hawking my little Manuscript Book[1] about any further: for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day. The bookselling trade seems on the edge of dissolution; the force of puffing can go no farther, yet bankruptcy clamours at every door: sad fate! to serve the Devil, and get no wages even from *him!* The poor Bookseller Guild, I often predict to myself, will ere long be found unfit for the strange part it now plays in our European world; and give place to new and higher arrangements, of which the coming shadows are already becoming visible. More of this by another opportunity.

We have two Saint-Simonian Missionaries here; full of earnest zeal; copious enough in half-true, and to me rather wearisome jargon. By and by you should have some account of that matter: Southey's in the *Quarterly* was trivial, purblind, and on the whole, erroneous and worthless. I know a man here who could do it, perhaps much to your satisfaction.—Believe me always, faithfully yours, THOMAS CARLYLE.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

London, February 7, 1832.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Never think of apologising for giving me opportunities of *trying* at least to oblige you. I look upon you as one of the most reasonable and forbearing of our friends, and consequently as eminently entitled to have your reasonable applications attended to. I heard of your afflictions with very deep concern; but we cannot hope to reach our stage of life without such visitations, and they are not without their fruits of good. I cannot tell you how much I am disturbed by the thoughts of that frightful pestilence being in my beautiful and beloved

[1] "History of the French Revolution."

Edinburgh, and so near my best and dearest friends. When I lie awake at night, I can scarcely help weeping over you, and feeling as if I ought to be among you, and a sharer in your perils. It is pleasing, however, to learn that as yet you have not suffered even from apprehension. I am delighted with your Review [December, 1831]. Macaulay's Hampden is magnificent, and the paper on Portugal at once lucid and emphatic. I never knew, till I read it, what the relations of that wretched country actually were. I fear Carlyle will not do, that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains with him that I did, by striking out freely, and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is, that he is very obstinate and, I am afraid, conceited, and unluckily in a place like this, he finds people enough to abet and applaud him, to intercept the operation of the otherwise infallible remedy of general avoidance and neglect. It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer. We are not on velvet in politics, but I have not time now to enter on that chapter. —Ever very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, April 12, 1832.

DEAR N.,—I send off by the mail an article ["Burleigh and his Times"] which, if you put into the fire, you will, I think, do no more than justice. Pray, if you print it, take care of the typography, for it has no need of printer's faults in addition to those which it already has. You will see that I have huddled it up at the end.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, April 18, 1832.

DEAR N.,—I am glad to learn that we are likely to see you in London, and also that you like my article [Burleigh] better than I liked it myself. It seemed to me a strange rambling performance. I think of writing two or three articles—none of them very long—for the next Number. Lord Grey has begged me to review the speech that Phillpotts made on the Government scheme of education

in Ireland. I think also of reviewing Dumont's Life of Mirabeau, unless you are already provided. I have one or two other plans which we can talk over when you come to London. I mention these, lest other applicants should anticipate me. I am perfectly well at present, and in hopes of a short holiday. I will look after Malden and his article on Niebuhr.[1] You are not, I think, likely to find any person better informed on all points of ancient literature than he is. I hope that he possesses the art of giving the spirit and quintessence of his knowledge without the drossy matter; but this is the rarest of all attainments. I shall be anxious to hear more about your Raleigh. The story, as you tell it, is indeed a sad one. But this and many other subjects may wait till we meet.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

London, June 19, 1832.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I am again in London after a rambling expedition, filled with electioneering, speaking, eating, drinking, hallooing, and so forth.[2] Some part of my exploits you may see in the newspapers. I hope to finish an article on Mirabeau by the end of this month, or very early in July. The Irish education question must wait. My journey and my business at the India Board, will render it impossible for me to send you more than one review for this Number.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

House of Commons, Monday night,
July 23, 1832.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—We have weathered the Russian loan,[3] and are likely to prorogue in office, as, after our last majority, I scarcely think the Lords, who are already

[1] Art. 1, January, 1833, by the late Henry Malden, Professor of Greek in the London University.

[2] This refers to his re-election for Calne on being appointed one of the Commissioners of the Board of Controul.

[3] Debate on the Russian-Dutch Loan on the 20th July. The Government had a majority of 79.

much thinned by love of the country and fear of cholera, will venture to give us battle. But what is to come between prorogation and dissolution is harder to spell. Some say the King's animosity has partly passed away, and that the Opposition cannot make up their minds to face an election immediately following on so unpopular a change. But the time is so visibly pregnant with great events, both at home and abroad, that nothing can be reckoned upon with any security, except the occurrence of great changes and startling events. I have come down here, and forborne a very pleasant dinner at Burdett's, for the *chance* of our Scotch law Estimates coming on to-night, and the chance of some question being asked about them, which I am the proper person to answer. And here we are, at past ten, only half way through the Colonial Estimates, with an empty House, and Joseph Hume in a more vulgar arithmetical mood than usual. The *chance*, therefore, is that I shall dawdle here till two o'clock, without a word of my Estimates being wanted, and lose another agreeable party for another such chance in the course of the week. I had reckoned upon a little social recreation after the worry of my Reform Bill was over, and take these paltry interferences rather ill. The Chancellor [Brougham] is well again, and dines out, though more cautiously than formerly. But he does nothing as a Judge. I think he has heard three appeals since Christmas, and Wynford as many, so you may judge whether I make a great deal of money at that Bar. In his own Court, they say he is equally lazy, and some people surmise that he means to quit the Seals, and aspire to some other high political office—a report connected with that of Lord Grey meditating his resignation as soon as he has laid his *compte rendu* before a Reformed Parliament—to which latter report I give more credit than to the other. Well, good night. I must go back into the House, as I hear they have hardly a House, and are in fear of being counted out. Very lively work, you see.—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Craigenputtoch, August 25, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Review [No. 110, July, 1832] by some mysterious conveyance reached me safe at last, and failed not of its welcome. Macaulay[1] is always spirited and emphatic, worth reading even on a worn-out matter; M'Culloch,[2] too, tells a substantial story in his own stubborn way: I farther praised that lively critic of Trollope and her Americans;[3] a clever right feeling man, whose hand I know, whose name (if it is not a secret) you will perhaps tell me. On the whole, this seems a superior Number. As to my poor paper,[4] it was most handsomely printed, only that the separate copies for myself were forgotten. *Casanova* and *Cagliostro* may lie over: but perhaps you could, without much trouble, send me the following three books: Nicholls's Anecdotes (of Literature, or Literary Men, I forget which); *Menagiana*, and Selden's Table Talk. The last two are classics in their kind; and I have seen neither of them, except Selden once for two hours in the British Museum, when my curiosity was rather provoked than satisfied. Since the time when D'Ercilla wrote his epic poem on *leather*, there have few writing men been so miserably off for books as I. *C'est à se désespérer*, as the French say. But, again, say the same authorities: *Il faut se ranger.* I have another essay on my mind, and have had for a twelvemonth: but will not touch upon it in such a state of bustle as I am in at present. It is upon that astonishing class of men called *Authors;* more astonishing (if we think of them, what they do, and what they are) than any other extant.—Most faithfully yours, T. CARLYLE.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, September 13, 1832.

MY DEAR N.,—I shall be most happy to have Bryant's Poems sent to me, and think it likely enough that I may

[1] "Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau."
[2] "Recent Commercial Policy of Britain."
[3] "The Americans and their Detractors," by Empson.
[4] "Corn Law Rhymes."

be moved to interrogate my Naïds of Lochlomond as to their merits. If they are favourable, and condescend to make me their interpreter, I shall thankfully discharge myself of the office. But I have such an antipathy at this moment to all sorts of contention, that I can undertake for nothing that is not laudatory.[1]—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Leeds, September 5, 1832.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am in the midst of a storm—making four or five speeches a day, riding in procession, shaking the hands of thousands. My success here is, I believe, out of all doubt. On Saturday I hope to make my escape and to pass ten days at Mr. Babington's, Rothley Temple, Leicester. If the next Number is to come out on the 1st of October, I fear that I can do nothing for you. I thought of reviewing Lord Mahon's book on the War of the Spanish Succession, that is, if it should be good enough to deserve a sentence of commendation; for I have a kindness for his Lordship, and should not like to cut up his work. The nature of that war—the policy of Lewis—his character and that of Philip V—the state of parties in England during the reign of Anne—the chief public men, Marlborough—Godolphin—Sunderland—Harley—St. John—Swift—Addison—would be capital subjects. If you have no objection, I will at all events take the subject for the January Number.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. M.

London, December 17, 1832.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am in London again after three weeks spent in electioneering. I find abundance of official business awaiting me here. In consequence of poor Hyde Villiers's death, I have been removed to an office[2] far more laborious than that which I lately held, and never more

[1] Shortly afterwards, he says: "I have done nothing with Bryant. He is Felicia Hemans in breeches."

[2] Secretary to the Board of Controul.

laborious than at the present juncture. I will, however, do what I can for you. That is, I will rise at five every morning, and work for you till breakfast. I have refused an invitation to pass the Christmas week at Bowood solely that I may not disappoint you. I mention this to show that, if I should delay the appearance of your next Number, it will not be from want of good will. I will try to be ready by new year's day. But I cannot promise. You shall have the article as soon as it is finished, and it shall be finished as soon as I can finish it. This is all for which I can engage. You will, of course, see the poll at Leeds in the newspapers.[1] Sadler is mad with rage, and I cannot help pitying him, though he does not deserve it. There is no baseness to which he has not stooped, no malicious art to which he has not had recourse. But enough and too much of him. His public life is, I think, over. You will hear scarcely anything but good news from England. I hope that you will send us back news as good from Scotland.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 9, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think I shall require at least the space of two sheets, probably three, to say what I want both on Reform and our domestic policy generally, and upon Church Reform, which I am handling on the occasion of Lord Henley's very important pamphlet. The subject of pledges and its kindred one, of two legislatures, one out of doors and one within (Unions and Parliament) if it don't form part of the Reform article, I shall treat in a small one separately. I need hardly enjoin the strictest secrecy as to those papers[2] coming from me, for though I should not mind every man in England knowing from

[1] At the close of the poll, the numbers were: for Marshall, 2,018; for Macaulay, 1,984; for Sadler, 1,596. The General Election of 1832 gave a large majority to the Liberals.

[2] "Lord Henley on Church Reform," "Working and Prospects of the Reform." Articles 9 and 11 of Number for October, 1832.

myself they spoke my sentiments, it would give a handle for saying the Government was committed.—Yours ever,

H. B.

December 25, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall send a paper in a few days on the working of the Bill, which will include as much as it may be fit at present to urge on ballot, and I think it better to do so thus than in a separate discussion. The title will be, the *First Reformed Parliament*, and it will be from twenty to thirty pages, comprising a good deal of general matter.[1]—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 9, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send off an article ["War of the Succession"] written in so much hurry, and amidst so many distractions, that I hardly know what it contains—many blunders no doubt. I hope that you will keep a very vigilant eye both on the style and on the typography. There are several sheets which I have not been able to read over since I wrote them.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

London, January 26, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am glad that you like my article. I do not dislike it as it appears in print. I have heard no opinion yet except from Holland House, where they are loud in their praise; and I set some value on that praise, for there is no house in England where Spain and Spanish literature are better known. I think that I could contrive, even in the midst of our Parliamentary squabbles, to write something about Madame d'Arblay's book. I have not read it; but I hear that it is an amusing sketch of her early life, and that it contains some curious anecdotes about Goldsmith, Garrick, and the other members of that circle. If I cannot finish an article on it for the next Number, you shall have one for the Number following.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] Art. 10 of the Number for January, 1833.

London, March 6, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—The confidence which you are so good as to say you will place in me about an article on *Taxes*, will not, you may depend upon it, be abused. I have suffered too severely in the flesh already for what I stated about *Absenteeism*, ever to repeat anything of the same sort in future, however firmly convinced of its truth. But I thought you were aware of the fact, that I had seen reason to renounce the opinion to which I was at one time inclined, that professional persons should be taxed as heavily as others. To tax them fairly, you must calculate the *present value* of their incomes according to their expectation of life, and then consider that present value as a capital. This is the only just plan, but it is all but impracticable, and hence one of the reasons for renouncing such taxes altogether. You may be as sure of this as of your own existence, that I shall neither commit you, nor the Review, nor myself by any rash theory on this subject, I believe I was a little too fond at one time of novel opinions, and defended them with more heat and pertinacity than they deserved; but you will not charge me with anything of the sort at any time during the last seven years.

There are already no less than three or four notices on the Order book respecting motions for Committees to consider the expediency of property and income taxes. It will not, therefore, do to separate the two, and, if I mistake not, I think you will be of opinion that I have disposed of them both. I have given Jeffrey an outline of the article.[1] I have not as yet heard his opinion of it, but from the conversation I have had with him, I am sure he agrees with me. I will confer with Thomson[2] as to whether I should add any remarks on existing taxes and reforms, or defer that to another time, and keep this paper confined to an exposition of property and income taxes.

[1] "Proposed Tax on Property and Income," April, 1833.
[2] Charles Poulett Thomson, afterwards Lord Sydenham.

A paper on the condition and prospects of the labouring classes, would, were it well done, be of great use. But it is impossible to treat this subject without reference to the Poor Laws. You must, therefore, make up your mind on this question. I admit the abuses of the Poor Laws, but these, I think, might be easily remedied; otherwise I believe they are sound in principle, that in England they have contributed to keep down population, and that you could not maintain the public tranquillity without them. These, I think most conscientiously, are sound conclusions, and they are now entertained by far the greater number of well informed persons. In fact, there has never been a more decided revolution in public opinion than has taken place on this subject. When I was a boy, and began for the first time to think of these matters, the theory of Malthus, like the notions about the Sinking Fund, was espoused by everybody, and I adopted it without thinking. But you know my opinions were long ago shaken, and for these half dozen years they have been completely the other way. I can honestly affirm I am influenced by no sinister motives. Some celebrity might be gained by opposing the Poor Laws, and none by defending them. But I am as well satisfied of their expediency as of my own existence. I have no doubt they will be introduced into Ireland, and, I think, if they fail of improving the condition of that country, it is utterly hopeless. I hope you will approve of these views. They are not paradoxical: I believe them to be sound, and I know they are popular. —Most truly yours, J. R. M'CULLOCH.

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton, May 30, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—If anything could make me regret leaving town and its bustle for my quiet little cottage, it would be the loss I have had in not meeting with you, and enjoying a day together, such as we once had with our friends in Paternoster Row. I liked town less this time than ever I did, and one of the few treats I had while

there was the seeing your excellent predecessor, Jeffrey, one evening, and having a little quiet talk with him. I fear it is wholly impossible for me to do anything for the Review. My last work[1] was so purely the indulgence of a *hobby*, and my canter on it so little likely to be profitable, that I must now work hard to arrive at the produce of my Irish History, or rather replace, I am sorry to say, the produce already but too much anticipated. It flatters me that you should so much wish me to write for you, and if anything should turn up in the way of subject, that could be at once easily and effectively turned to account, I shall not fail to take advantage of it, but I cannot make any promise. It will not be in your power, I fear, to notice my Theology; for I flatter myself it would go against the grain with you to abuse me, and you could hardly do otherwise. If I could get my Rationalist neighbour here to review me for you, it would be rather good fun, only that I fear he would be equally objectionable on the opposite tack. I find I am called in Ireland "Defender of the Faith" and "Father of the Hibernian Church"!—Yours most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton, August 31, 1833.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I have made the best I can of this dull Reverend[2] for you. If you think the thing altogether too long, you may throw overboard the introductory tirade against poetry (*vineta mea cædo*), and begin where I have placed a pencil-mark. I shall be glad to see a proof, as I never can get my sentences into any decent order till I have them before me in print. Whatever you may think it worth while to give me for this skimble-skamble, will come very welcomely just now, as I am collecting all the odds and ends of my small supplies for a short tour in Ireland with Lord John Russell; or, should you even send me more than this is worth, it shall be placed to your credit towards some future and better

[1] "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion."
[2] "Overton's Poetical Portraiture of the Church," Art. 2, October, 1833.

article, which I shall in that case feel myself bound to furnish. I hate reviewing, you *know*, but money makes the author, as well as the mare, to go.—Ever yours truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 6, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish you would let me know when the next Number is to be ready, as I have several subjects on which I think it necessary to *preach*, such as Proceedings of the last Session, Scotch and English Corporations, and Scotch Church matters. A pamphlet (demi-official) has just been published, and I only got it this morning, and have not read it; but I see it will furnish a text for most of my sermon.[1] However, I should prefer having two or three moderate-sized papers to one very long.—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 1, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am at work for you, but I have other work to do, and I can get on with my article[2] only before breakfast. My hand is a little out. I do not seem to myself to write with as much ease as formerly. You shall have the article as soon as it is ready. That is all that I can promise, and I will not ask for a proof. I was sorry not to be able to revisit Edinburgh. But I cannot admit that I justly incurred the Lord Advocate's hospitable resentment. He should blame the Scotch rains, the Scotch inns, the Scotch roads, and the Scotch post-horses. But here comes a Nabob to bore me. So farewell.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 14, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send my article [on Walpole]. I have gone down no further than the beginning of the Seven years' war. I have some notion, if you see no

[1] Art. 10, October, 1833—"First Session of the Reformed Parliament."
[2] "Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann."

objection, of reviewing for the Christmas Number, a life of Chatham, by a person of the name of Thackeray, in two quarto volumes. It is dedicated to Peel, and contains some papers furnished from the Secretary of State's office, if I recollect rightly. It has been published some years, five or six years, I think. But I really do not know why that should prevent us from having an article on it, especially as it attracted very little notice at the time of its publication. Let me know what you think of this plan, and look carefully over the proofs of my article.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 21, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am glad to learn that you like my article. I like it myself, which is not much my habit. Very likely the public, which has often been kinder to my performances than I was, may on this, as on other occasions, differ from me in opinion. If the paper has any merit, it owes it to the delay of which you must, I am sure, have complained very bitterly in your heart. I was so thoroughly dissatisfied with the article, as it stood at first, that I completely rewrote it, altered the whole arrangement, left out ten or twelve pages in one part, and added twice as many in another. I never wrote anything so slowly as the first half, or so rapidly as the last half.

You are in an error about Akenside, which I must clear up for his credit, for mine, and for Dr. Parr's. You are confounding the Ode to Curio and the Epistle to Curio. The latter is generally printed at the end of Akenside's works, and is, I think, the best thing that he ever wrote. The Ode is worthless. It is merely an abridgment of the Epistle executed in the most unskilful way. Johnson says in his life of Akenside, that no poet ever so muc mistook his powers as Akenside when he took to lyric composition. "Having," I think the words are, "written with great force and poignancy his Epistle to Curio, he afterwards transformed it into an Ode disgraceful only to its author."

When I said that Chesterfield had lost by the publication of his letters, I of course considered that he had much to lose; that he has left an immense reputation, founded on the testimony of all his contemporaries of all parties, for wit, taste, and eloquence; that what remains of his Parliamentary oratory is superior to anything of that time that has come down to us, except a little of Pitt's. The utmost that can be said of the letters is that they are the letters of a cleverish man; and there are not many which are entitled even to that praise. I think he would have stood higher if we had been left to judge of his powers—as we judge of those of Chatham, Mansfield, Charles Townshend, and many others—only by tradition and by fragments of speeches preserved in Parliamentary reports.

I said nothing about Lord Byron's criticism on Walpole, because I thought it, like most of his Lordship's criticism, below refutation. On the drama Lord Byron wrote more nonsense than on any subject. He wanted to have restored the unities. His practice proved as unsuccessful as his theory was absurd. His admiration of the Mysterious Mother was of a piece with his thinking Gifford and Rogers greater poets than Wordsworth and Coleridge.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, December 5, 1833.

DEAR NAPIER,—You are probably not unprepared for what I am about to tell you. Yesterday evening the directors of the East India Company elected me one of the members of the Supreme Council. It will, therefore, be necessary that in a few weeks, ten weeks at furthest, I should leave this country for a few years.

I may, on some future occasion, explain to you all the circumstances which have actuated me on this occasion. You would, I am sure, from friendly feeling to me, take a warm interest in them; but I have much to write and much to do this morning. I will, therefore, proceed to business.

It would be mere affectation in me to pretend not to know that my support is of some importance to the *Edinburgh Review*. In the situation in which I shall now be placed, a connection with the Review will be of considerable importance to me. I know well how dangerous it is for a public man wholly to withdraw himself from the public eye. During an absence of six years, I run some risk of losing most of the distinction, literary and political, which I have acquired. As a means of keeping myself in the recollection of my countrymen during my sojourn abroad, the Review will be invaluable to me. Nor do I foresee that there will be the slightest difficulty in my continuing to write for you at least as much as ever. I have thought over my late articles, and I really can scarcely call to mind a single sentence in any one of them which might not have been written at Calcutta as easily as in London. Perhaps in India I might not have had the means of detecting two or three of the false dates in Croker's Boswell. But that would have been all. Very little, if any, of the effect of my most popular articles is produced by minute research into rare books, or by allusions to the mere topics of the day.

I think, therefore, that we might easily establish a commerce mutually beneficial. I shall wish to be supplied with all the good books which come out in this part of the world. Indeed, many books which, in themselves, are of little value, and which, if I were in England, I should not think it worth while to read, will be interesting to me in India, just as the commonest daubs and the rudest vessels at Pompeii attract the minute attention of people who would not move their eyes to see a modern sign-post or a modern kettle. Distance of place, like distance of time, makes trifles valuable.

What I propose, then, is that you should pay me for the articles which I may send to you from India, not in money, but in books. As to the amount, I make no stipulations. You know that I have never haggled about such matters. As to the choice of books, the mode of trans-

mission, and other matters, we shall have ample time to discuss them before my departure. Let me know whether you are willing to make an arrangement on this basis. I heartily wish that I could see you again before I go; but that is out of the question, I fear. My sister is to accompany me, and to preside over the seventy or eighty Hindoos and Mahometans who will compose my household.

I have not forgotten Chatham in the midst of my avocations. I hope to send you an article on him early next month.—Ever yours sincerely, T. B. MACAULAY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

24, *Moray Place, December* 7, 1833.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I am very much obliged to you for the permission to see Macaulay's letter. It is to me, I will confess, a solemn and *melancholy* announcement. I ought not, perhaps, so to consider it, but I cannot help it. I was not prepared for six years, and I must still hope that it will not be so much. At my age, and with that climate for him, the chances of our ever meeting again are terribly endangered by such a term. He does not know the extent of the damage which his secession may do to the great cause of liberal government. His anticipations and offers about the Review are generous and pleasing, and must be peculiarly gratifying to you, and, I think, they may, to a great extent, be realized, though political speculation may be sadly falsified, when it proceeds upon data four months old, and comes to be printed on the scene of action four months after it is matured. On all other topics, and on principles generally, I agree with him that distance is an immaterial element. I think, if you can, you should try to see him before he goes, and I envy you the meeting.—Ever very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

M. NAPIER TO MACAULAY.

Edinburgh, December 8, 1833.

MY DEAR MACAULAY,—I certainly was not unprepared

for the announcement of your Eastern mission, and the feelings of surprise and regret, I may rather say of sorrow, which I experienced when the first accounts of it reached me, had begun somewhat to subside, under a belief which I had been encouraged to entertain, that your absence was not to exceed three years. Shall I confess to you, that the mention of a period of six years as that of your probable absence from your native land, has revived all my first emotions with even more than their first intensity. I cannot help saying that such is the fact, and that I should do violence to those friendly feelings which I most unfeignedly entertain towards you, were I not to add, that I deeply deplore the existence of any circumstances that could induce you to banish yourself for so many precious years. Fervently do I hope that some occurrence will intervene to shorten that long novitiate. I cannot patiently contemplate any other result. I hope you will not be angry or disturbed at the expression of these melancholy feelings. I have not been able to repress them. Nor have I met with a man whose sentiments I value who does not share them. I confess, however, that it is useless, now that the die is cast, to give them utterance, and that the confidence which your friends have in the soundness of your understanding, and the elevation of your principles, ought to console them with the thought, that the step you have taken is wise and good, at least as regards yourself. You may escape some difficulties, and avoid some painful collisions. You may do much good for that new world to which you are to go, and fix your name lastingly in the history of its improvement. And, after all, supposing the fates inexorable as to the duration of your banishment, you will return from it still a young man, with an honourable independence and an honourable name. Let us, then, take courage, and go on to the subject of the Review.

When I first heard of your appointment, I feared that your connection with it would cease, at least for the season of your foreign sojourn; and I felt, far more intensely than

any other person could, the magnitude of that loss. Further reflection led me to cherish different hopes, and to look for some such announcement as your letter contains. The continuance of the Review, on a respectable footing, is of high importance to some great national interests; and, with such assistance as you have intimated it to be your wish and intention to give, I trust to be able to maintain it on that footing. An article from you in each alternate Number even, would be of the utmost importance, for I need not scruple to say to you, what all competent and unprejudiced judges would readily avow, that as an effective writer for such a work, there is no man alive to put in comparison with you. It is true, at the same time, that the Review offers the most effectual of all possible means of keeping yourself in the recollection of your countrymen. Nay, every article of yours will be read with additional interest, as coming from another hemisphere. We shall fix on a series of subjects before your departure, and you may rely on my taking care that you shall have sent to you all such books as you may wish to see, either with reference to the Review, or in order to keep up your knowledge of what is going on in the literary world.

What you say as to remuneration is most true. You have never shown the smallest desire to make terms for yourself, and I ever have felt how very inadequate were my means of rewarding services so brilliant and important as those rendered by you. I have, however, I believe, gone somewhat beyond the rates of my predecessor; and as to the future, I must be allowed to do just as I have hitherto done.—Ever most truly yours,

MACVEY NAPIER.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 18, 1834.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have hardly had one moment of ease since I wrote to you last; and, though I believe that my malady is giving way, the pain and inconvenience of it are scarcely diminished. I write this with a swelled face

and a lip scarred with caustic, on a table half covered with papers, and half with lotions and ointments. I have, though with great difficulty, brought my article [on Chatham] so near to a close, that I am quite sure of being able to send it off on Monday. It will be very long—fifty pages at the least, I should think. Whether its quality will redeem the excess in quantity, I am too stupid with disease and physic to judge.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, February 13, 1834.

DEAR NAPIER,—It is true that I have been severely tried by ill health during the last few weeks. But I am now rapidly recovering, and am assured by all my medical advisers that a week of the sea will make me better than ever I was in my life. Ill as I have been, and busy as I have been, I ought to have answered your letter earlier. But I will lose no time in apologies, or in thanks for your kind expressions, or in assurances of good will, for which you, I well know, will give me credit. Time flies. In forty-eight hours I shall be under sail, and we must go at once to business.

I have several subjects in my head. One is Mackintosh's History, I mean the fragment of the large work. Empson advised me to ask Longman for the sheets and take them with me. But, as there would not have been time for a reference to you, and as you may have engaged some other writer, I have not thought it right to do this. If you approve of the plan, you can send the book after me by the earliest conveyance.

Another plan which I have is a very fine one, if it could be well executed. I think that the time is come when a fair estimate may be formed of the intellectual and moral character of Voltaire. The extreme veneration with which he was regarded during his life time has passed away. The violent reaction which followed has spent its force; and the world can now, I think, bear to hear the truth, and to see the man exhibited as he was, a strange

mixture of greatness and littleness, virtues and vices. I have all his works, and shall take them in my cabin on the voyage. But my library is not particularly rich in those books which illustrate the literary history of his times. I have Rousseau and Marmontel's memoirs, and Madame du Deffand's letters, and perhaps a few other works which would be of use. But Grimm's correspondence, and several other volumes of memoirs and letters would be necessary. If you would make a small collection of the works which would be most useful in this point of view, and send it after me as soon as possible, I will do my best to draw a good Voltaire. I fear that the article must be enormously long—seventy pages perhaps. But you know that I do not run into unnecessary length.

I may perhaps try my hand on Miss Austen's novels. That is a subject on which I shall require no assistance from books. Whatever books you may send me, ought to be half bound, or the white ants will devour them before they have been three days on shore.

Besides the books which may be necessary for the Review, I should like to have any work of very striking merit which may appear during my absence. The particular department of literature which interests me most is history, above all, English history. Any valuable book on that subject I should wish to possess. Sharp, Miss Berry, and some of my other friends will perhaps, now and then, suggest a book to you. But it is principally on your own judgment that I must rely to keep me well supplied.

I have now, I think, said all that I had to say about business. The day after to-morrow, as I told you, is the day of my departure. There is much that is sad in this separation. But the prospect of honour, usefulness, and independence—the consciousness that I mean well and am endeavouring well—has supported me, and will support me through it. Many thanks for all your kindness. May we meet again with undiminished regard. If we live, I have no doubt that we shall so meet. Believe that I

entertain every friendly feeling towards you, and that it will give me the greatest pleasure to find that it is in my power in any way to be of use to you or to those in whom you are interested.—Ever, dear Napier, yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton, February 18, 1834.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I certainly consider myself under a sort of pledge to write something for this next Number, but it must be something I can manage more easily, in the little time I have to spare, than the massy and learned volumes of *Nimrod*.[1] My three visits to town—for I have been again on the same cursed business to London—have completely thrown me out of all my reckonings, both as to money and time, and how I shall be able to pull up either, God only knows. The work I now think of doing for you—in fact I can do nothing else—is O'Brien's "Round Towers of Ireland," a most precious piece of foolery, which I shall be most grieved to hear that any one has set hands upon before me.[2] I gave the passage of your letter about Napier[3] to one of his daughters who was here with us, and bid her tell him to answer me on the subject immediately. I have strong doubts, however, as to his doing anything for you. His recollections, I know, of what he did do for the Edinburgh in former times are not very agreeable, and he is now preparing the last sheet of his new volume for the Press.—Yours very truly, THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton, February 24, 1834.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I have just heard from your namesake, and hasten to acquaint you with his answer. He had before told me that his reviewing the book or not would depend upon the tone in which he found it written.

[1] "Nimrod—A Discourse upon Certain Passages of History and Fable:" by the Hon. Algernon Herbert. 4 vols. 8vo.

[2] Art. 7, April, 1834.

[3] Sir William Napier.

He has now read it, and his ire is raised to such a pitch by its contents, that he will not only review it for you, but demolish it in *secula seculorum*. You may depend upon it, never was such a sacrifice offered up in the Review as he will make of the said Carrick Moore,[1] and from some things he tells me, I would say never was one so deserved. He makes some stipulations, however, on which he insists peremptorily. In the first place (which shows he has wit in his anger, and is, therefore, more like a Scotchman than an Irishman), he demands to be well paid for his task. "£50, or it is no go," are his own words. In the next place, he requires that not a word of his article[2] shall be altered or suppressed.—Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

E. L. BULWER.

Hertford Street, June 19, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be happy to review the work during the next five weeks, if it may be understood that I may make the critique more a general essay than a review of the individual work. In fact, what I have seen of it seems to me scarcely to deserve the latter, being feeble and vapid, though not without a degree of elegance and tenderness of mind which would render it painful to a critic to be harsh. Concluding, however, that you leave me *carte blanche* to treat it as may seem best, and leaving you in turn full option to cut out what you may dislike, I have sent for the book. One word more. May I retain the right to republish, in any collection, what I may send to the *Edinburgh*? This is important to me.—Truly yours,

E. L. BULWER.

July 10, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed to send you what, I fear, you will consider, as I do, a very dry article[3] upon a very

[1] "Life of General Sir John Moore, by his brother, James Carrick Moore." 2 vols., 8vo.

[2] It was published in the Number for April, 1834.

[3] Art. 9, July, 1834: "Sir Egerton Brydges's Autobiography."

fertile subject. It has one merit at least—it is very short! In fact, I put off the task, owing to a great pressure of business, till yesterday, when these sudden events in politics rendering it uncertain how soon we might be wholly absorbed in action, I would procrastinate no longer, being resolved to keep faith with you and send *something*. Pray have no scruple in rejecting it if you dislike it, and I will do better another time. If you insert it, send me a proof, the more necessary from the haste in which it is written. In future, give me as much time as possible, and suggest a subject in which I may "try and be witty," that I may relieve the grave morality of the present.—Yours ever, E. L. B.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, July 11, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is of great moment that you should delay the Number[1] for a day or two till we see how this *interregnum* is to end. I am sorry to say your worthy Member[2] shows more crotchet and refinement than men and statesmen should have on great occasions, and not so much nerve as is wanted: but this is to yourself alone. I am struggling and zealous in preventing mischief, and have *declined to resign* for that purpose. If the country and House of Commons support me, I have not the shadow of doubt or fear as to the result. I believe Scotland is with us in this, but I wish I saw some outward indication of standing by those who stand by the people, and won't yield to personal fears or qualms.—Ever yours, H. B.

T. H. LISTER.

Kent House, July 23, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received the new Number of the Edinburgh Review [July, 1834], and have read with un-

[1] For July, 1834, to which Lord Brougham contributed "Tory Proceedings —State of Parties." Lord Grey resigned on the 9th July, and Lord Melbourne's appointment as Prime Minister ended the interregnum.

[2] The Members for Edinburgh at this time were Sir John Campbell and Abercromby, afterwards Lord Dunfermline. It is to the latter that Lord B. refers.

mixed satisfaction the review of *Dacre*. You may perhaps have guessed, but I think you cannot have known how very gratifying to my feelings would be a commendation of that work at once so cordial and so discriminating. I will now tell you that it is written solely and entirely by Mrs. Lister.[1] I have long watched its progress with the greatest interest, but as a looker on and not as an assistant, and it is with very great pleasure I find those favourable opinions, which I feared might in me be partial, so strongly confirmed by this review, which not only praises but praises in the manner we most wished, and enters into the views of the writer on points on which she and I least expected to be so thoroughly understood. The authorship is at present known only to a few, but I think I may say that from this time the *incognito* is at an end, and that you are not required to consider what I have told you as a secret. The book has been so well received that doubts about owning it have been gradually vanishing, and this last favourable notice has removed all remaining scruples. I have only had time to read one other short article, and to cast my eye cursorily over the rest of the Number. The article I have read is that on Sir E. Brydges. I have been much struck with it, and if you are at liberty to tell, I should like to know whose it is, as well as to whom Mrs. Lister is indebted for the admirable critique on *Dacre*. I should also like to know, if I may, whose is the last article.[2] I perceive that it touches well, but briefly upon part of the subject on which I propose to offer you a paper. I have been turning over this in my mind, and will tell you a little more distinctly what line I propose to take, and what the nature of my article will be. It should examine and combat the arguments against the right of the State to appropriate the surplus of church property to secular purposes; show that the State has such a right, and that it is a question not of principle but of degree, and that there is in truth a *moral* obligation to make no appropriation hurtful

[1] Afterwards Lady Theresa Lewis.
[2] "Tory Proceedings—State of Parties."

to the church, but no obligation arising from statute or prescription. It should take a survey of the past history of the Irish Church, mark the distinction between that and the English Church, and notice the groundless fear lest measures regarding the former should be applied, as predicted, against the latter. It should advocate the payment of the Catholic Clergy, though not out of the surplus revenues of the Protestant Church, in such a way as to encourage a feeling that what is lost to one is gained by the other, and that they are rivals which by any possibility can be benefited pecuniarily by the other's fall. It should also strongly enforce the desirableness of *an* Establishment or State religion, and that such should (if any strong political reasons do not contravene) be the religion of the majority. These are the points which I should chiefly press.—Ever yours truly, T. H. LISTER.

LORD DURHAM TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Lambton Castle, October 18, 1834.

In the October Number of the Edinburgh Review, which I have this morning received, I find an article[1] in which my name has been most unfairly introduced. It professes to give an account of the transactions in Lord Grey's administration respecting the preparation of the Reform Bill.

If that statement came directly or indirectly from a member of that Government, he has been guilty of gross misrepresentation, and of a suppression of the truth. If it did not, I have a right to complain of your having published charges against my public character, founded on assumed facts and circumstances which could only be correctly known or stated from official authority.—Your obedient servant, DURHAM.

[1] "The Last Session of Parliament," in which Lord Durham was taken to task for his speech at the dinner given at Edinburgh to Lord Grey on September 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALEDONIAN MERCURY.

Edinburgh, October 24, 1834.

SIR,—As Lord Durham has been pleased to address a letter, in regard to an article in the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, to the Publishers of that journal instead of addressing himself to the Editor; and as his Lordship has farther been pleased to publish that letter, without making the only person who could have answered it aware of his intention, I feel myself constrained, however reluctantly, to give to the public, through your paper, that answer which, in substance, I should have given to his Lordship, had his letter been addressed to the proper quarter. I should at once have informed Lord Durham that I was responsible for the article in question; but I should have refused, on any supposition, to tell his Lordship whether I wrote that article myself or not; because had I done so in his case, I could not refuse to do the like in every other where the question might be put, and would thereby have sacrificed the character and usefulness of the publication committed to my charge. But I should, at the same time, have stated, that I felt it to be incumbent upon me, as Editor, to show, that I had not inserted an article containing any pointed charge touching the conduct of a distinguished public man, without facts that seemed to me to authorise its insertion, and of a kind to which I could refer without the violation of any confidential communication. With this view, I should have endeavoured to show, that the facts on which the only charge which the article makes against his Lordship, namely, that of having himself borne a conspicuous part in a great measure carried by "compromise and clipping," were matters of public notoriety, or natural inference from statements made by himself. The fact that the franchise originally fixed upon by the framers of the Reform Bill was a Twenty Pound franchise, has been more than once alluded to in the House of Lords. It was particularly mentioned both by Earl Grey and by the Lord Chancellor

on the 7th of October, 1831. And the fact that Lord Durham was a member of the Cabinet Committee who framed the scheme embracing that franchise, was disclosed, about a year ago, by Lord Durham himself, at a public dinner at Newcastle; he having then spoken of the Bill as framed by him, with the assistance of a small Committee of his colleagues. In as far as I know, the public was not till then aware of there having been a Cabinet Committee appointed to digest the scheme, or of Lord Durham's share in it. If this be true, as to the best of my knowledge and belief it is, Lord Durham must be viewed as the primary divulger of this piece of Cabinet procedure. Now, I would have taken leave to ask his Lordship, whether the facts just specified, joined with those of a public nature, regarding Lord Chandos's amendment, the Freemen's franchise, and the restriction of Burgh votes, are not the *whole facts* upon which the charge brought against him in the *Review* is founded; and whether, if this be true, there was any good ground for the allegation that those facts were "assumed" without any authority?

It is no doubt *possible* that I may have drawn an inference, not historically correct, from Lord Durham's statement at Newcastle; for it is *possible* that his Lordship may have dissented from his colleagues as to the Twenty Pound franchise; but as I do not see how such a fact could be reconciled with his avowed pretensions in regard to the framing of the Reform Bill, I hardly think that any candid person could view him as wantonly wronged by the publication of an article partly founded upon such an inference as that to which I have referred. If, when telling his audience at Newcastle what he *did* tell them, Lord Durham did not also say that he had demurred or objected as to the franchise agreed upon by his colleagues, can he blame me, in proceeding upon the supposition that he did not dissent, as having drawn an overstrained or ungenerous conclusion? I humbly think that he cannot; and if no public writer errs farther than to draw such an inference, and to reason upon it, in temperate language, there would

be but little reason afforded to any public man to complain of unfair dealing on the part of the Press.—Your obedient servant, MACVEY NAPIER.

T. H. LISTER,

November 23, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—My reason for waiting is to see what effect these changes[1] will have on the Irish Church Commission,[2] of which I make mention in my article. I shall want to know whether I am to mention it among things *in esse* or *in posse*, or to speak of it as *de mortuis*, in which latter case I shall of course fulfil the injunction of saying *nil nisi bonum*. I cannot pretend to foretell the future course of our new rulers. Peel denounced the Commission as both useless and mischievous; but since it is appointed and at work, and he not to blame for it, he may be glad to avail himself of the information it collects. I told you I had thoughts of showing what I had written to some official persons; but whether it will be worth while to show it to any *ex*-official persons, is what I doubt. Some friends in whose judgment I have much reliance, have seen my article, and approve of it much. I think it is the best I ever sent you; and I hope you will think so.[3] Speculation on the future is quite baffled during this provisional dictatorship, and till the Duke of Wellington lays aside his mysterious Monopolylogue, and takes in other actors, one cannot guess at what is to happen. Much seems to hang on two great questions—will Peel accept, and will Stanley join? The former, I think problematical, the other almost impossible. It would be doubtful policy for Peel, and not in keeping with his late line of conduct. To Stanley it would be political ruin. If Peel joins, and Stanley opposes, the new Government will soon fall, and Stanley, whom the King likes, be sent

[1] The dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry. Sir Robert Peel was summoned from Rome to form a Ministry, which lasted only four months. Lord Stanley did not then take office.

[2] Mr. Lister was one of the Commissioners.

[3] "Appropriation of Church Property," Art. 11, January, 1835. Mr. Lister wrote a second article on the "State of the Irish Church," July, 1835.

for to form another. This too, I think, would not last long, for Stanley is too intemperate for a Premier, and then we may have a strong Coalition Ministry, composed of Whigs and moderate Tories, which would last longer and work better than either. Those are the prophecies I venture to make. I think the only possible Government is a Whig one. We cannot have a Tory Government, but we *may*, and I think *shall* for a while have a Government of Tories acting on Whig principles, shamelessly abandoning the political creed of their whole lives, and proposing measures which they had denounced as revolutionary. This, I trust, cannot last. Such dereliction of principle ought to work its own ruin. I grant that if we are to attend *exclusively* to one or the other, it is better to think of *measures* than of *men;* but an attention to *honesty* is worth more than either. I should be sorry to see a disposition abroad to rate this quality lightly, and to think only of the measures to be obtained without caring at what expense of principle in public men, and whether the hands they were got from were clean or dirty.—Ever yours truly, T. H. LISTER.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta, December 10, 1834.

DEAR NAPIER,—First to business. At length I send you an article;[1] an article which has the merit of length, whatever it may be deficient in. As I wished to transmit it to England in duplicate, if not in triplicate, I thought it best to have three or four copies coarsely printed here under the seal of strict secresy. The printers at Edinburgh will, therefore, have no trouble in deciphering my manuscript, and the corrector of the press will find his work done to his hand.

The reason of this long delay, of which I dare say you have often complained, was that the copy sent me from Longman's, when I was on board, did not contain either the title-page or the introductory matter, and it was not

[1] "Mackintosh's History of the Revolution."

till within the last month that I was able to procure a complete volume.

The disgraceful imbecility, and the still more disgraceful malevolence of the Editor[1] have, as you will see, moved my indignation not a little. I hope that Longman's connection with the Review will not prevent you from inserting what I have said on this subject. Murray's Whig writers are unsparingly abused by Southey and Lockhart in the Quarterly, and it would be hard indeed if we might not, in the Edinburgh, strike hard at an assailant of Mackintosh. As to the rest, I leave the article to your discretion. It has been written, as you may suppose, with less assistance from books than would have been desirable. But I hope that you will find in it no serious inaccuracy. I shall soon begin another article. The subject I have not yet fixed upon,—perhaps the romantic poetry of Italy, for which there is an excellent opportunity, Panizzi's reprint of Boiardo; perhaps the little volume of Burnet's Characters, edited by Bishop Jebb. This reminds me that I have to acknowledge the receipt of a box from Longman, containing this little book, and several other books of much greater value—Grimm's Correspondence, Jacquemont's Letters—which I hope Empson has reviewed by this time—and several foreign works on jurisprudence. Another box has arrived by a later ship, but has not yet been brought on shore. All that you have yet sent have been excellently chosen. I will mention, while I am on this subject, a few books which I want, and which I am not likely to pick up here; Daru. Histoire de Venise; St. Real, Conjuration de Venise; Fra Paolo's works; Monstrelet's Chronicle; and Coxe's book on the Pelhams. I should also like to have a really good edition of Lucian. I believe that Hemsterhusius's is the best. But you will easily learn.

So much for business. And now for a little friendly chat.

[1] Mr. Wallace. The article, as Macaulay wrote it, contained some remarks of a very personal nature, which my father cut out: but in spite of these retrenchments, Mr. Wallace sent a challenge to the editor, as he afterwards did to Macaulay.

I am settled here, in exile it is true, but surrounded with all that can render exile tolerable. My health is excellent, my employment honourable and useful,—not mere drudgery, nor so laborious as to leave me without leisure for literature. I read much, and have not the smallest reason to apprehend that any rust will gather on my mind during my absence. My sister, whose society has been invaluable to me, is about to be married, but we shall not on that account be separated. She and her intended husband, a young civilian[1] of very distinguished talents and of the highest character, will live with me. Your kindness is such that you will, I am sure, take an interest in these particulars.

My sister desires me to send you her kind regards. She remembers her visit to Edinburgh and your hospitality with the greatest pleasure. Calcutta is called, and not without some reason, the city of palaces: but I have seen nothing in the East like the view from the Castle Rock, nor expect to see anything like it till we stand there together again.—Ever, dear Napier, yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, March 4, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall endeavour to do De Tocqueville's America, and certainly shall do Mirabeau's Life, which I know something of from his family, and it is a good subject. Let me be sure it is not otherwise engaged, and I will at once begin. I shall send one, if not two articles, on political subjects generally. One is on Aristocracy, and contains my opinions which I had never had time to put in writing. The other is on the true principles of the English Constitution. Both are written, and I wish to revise them. A few pages on the State of Parties had better be reserved for the end of the month, when the *treachery* of the deserters from our colours will be made more manifest to all. To you, and me, and all plain think-

[1] Sir Charles Trevelyan.

ing and fair dealing men, it is already abundantly clear. Never were there such a set of wretches as those who have thus (for a few weeks, or, at most, months) deceived and betrayed the people, and frustrated their just and honest expectations. The Graham section (for he is the real author of it all) are now, thank God, discovered, and one only regrets such a man as Stanley,[1] so superior in worth as well as abilities, having joined them.—Yours ever, H. B.

My speech[2] was execrably given; almost suppressed. I believe they did not dare print it as I spoke it.

House of Lords, April 3, 1835.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—What you say of any *alienation* between us here is almost all groundless. The underlings of the party had been persuaded by such lies as the papers circulate, that the King and Court turned them out of their places because I was too strong a reformer, and I believe those underlings would throw their own fathers and mothers overboard to get back to their mess of pottage. If they had known my extreme aversion to office, and my all but irrevocable determination never again to hamper myself with it, and thereby and by party connection to tie up my right arm, and prevent me from working my own appointed work,—these gentlefolks might have saved themselves the trouble of wishing to get rid of me as an obstacle to their restoration. But Lord Althorp's fixed and immovable resolution to remain out, shakes mine; for, in truth, I hardly see how a Government (a Liberal one) can show itself with nobody in it whom the people care or even know anything about. However, all this is not to be talked of. *Those underlings* have kept in, and are keeping in, the Tories.—Yours ever, H. B.

London, April 4, 1835.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—There is one remark in your

[1] The late Earl Derby, who along with Sir James Graham seceded in May 1834 from the Grey Ministry on the question of the appropriation of Church property in Ireland.

[2] Speech of the 24th February, 1835, on the Dismissal of the Ministry in November, 1834.

letter yesterday which I don't at all concur in,—that the Review should be silent at this moment, and that you have been advised to be so. Rely on it, the Review suffered most severely in the opinion of every honest man by the last Number being silent. It was ascribed (and naturally) to the worst motives of trimming and waiting to see how the cat jumped. *I* know the contrary, and that it was owing to the base intrigues of one or two people here, who kept back what I had sent because my opinions were too decided for the Court, and because those vermin I allude to are basely and meanly looking to some junction with the Stanleys and Grahams, and want to throw the honest and single-hearted Reformers overboard the moment they have helped us to turn the Government out. You would, I know, have printed those articles had you got them. But they were intercepted. One of them is the first of this Number.[1] Another I have not sent, because it is long, and you have enough.

As to repeating the same mistake now, it will give immediate rise to a new and really liberal and honest Quarterly Review. *This I know.* A man of very large fortune has provided the money for a work about to be published as a "European Quarterly Review," in order to support liberal principles respecting foreign countries. But it would instantly take a *home* view of politics and literature, if it found the Edinburgh Review deserting those who ought to be far dearer to us than Poles and Germans. Perhaps I have taken a false alarm, but there are some people so lost, *at this crisis*, to all sense of honesty, or even of common decency towards the Reformers,—some people who have been making Reform a stalking-horse, that I suspect anything and everything of them. These were always till 1831 anti-Reformers, had written and spoken and voted against it for twenty years, so that no wonder they should now go back to their old scent, upon

[1] The Number for April, 1835,—to which Lord Brougham contributed six Articles:—"The British Constitution—Recent Political Occurrences." "Thoughts upon the Aristocracy." "Newspaper Tax." "Memoirs of Mirabeau." "French Parties and Politics." "State of Parties."

which, please God, they never more shall hunt, *but shall rather be hunted.* What harm *can* result from holding our own liberal and reform ground? Don't be afraid of committing any new liberal Government. There are so many difficulties in the way of forming one at all, and so many more of forming one that can last out the Session, that this needs not weigh with us at all. However, why should an honest Government be afraid of intending to do what it is disgraced if it hesitates in doing? Not that measures should be much dwelt upon—only this I hold essential on every account: that we should plainly speak what is right and true of Peel and Wellington's Government, and of the Section, and in favour of the honest and true-hearted reformers, who form 250 of our majority, and would annihilate in a day any coalition.[1]—Yours ever, H. B.

London, June 9, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish to know whether or not Mr. Allen has undertaken to give the character of Bolingbroke's style, eloquence, &c., or only the *political* and *factious* portion of the subject, because, if he is possessed of both parts, I shall beg leave to decline interfering with him. I hope you may take in good part what I must now in fairness to you, and in common justice to myself, add.

[1] The Peel and Wellington Government resigned on the 8th April, 1835. Lord Melbourne then resumed office with all his former colleagues except one. "What," asks Earl Russell, "was the nature of the objections which prevented Lord Melbourne from offering to return the Great Seal into the hands of Lord Brougham? The objections came first from Lord Melbourne, and were frankly communicated by him to Lord Brougham. His faults were a recklessness of judgment, which hurried him beyond the bounds of prudence, an omnivorous appetite for praise, a perpetual interference in matters with which he had no direct concern, and, above all, a disregard of truth. His vast powers of mind were neutralized by a want of judgment, which prevented any party from placing entire confidence in him, and by a frequent forgetfulness of what he himself had done or said but a short time before. It was for these reasons that, many weeks before the change of Government, Lord Melbourne resolved not to offer the Great Seal to Lord Brougham. He told me of his fixed resolution on this head many weeks before the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry. Observing as I did the characters of the two men, I thought Lord Melbourne justified in his decision, and I willingly stood by him in his difficulties."—("Recollections and Suggestions," pp. 138–140.) The Melbourne Ministry, with Lord John Russell as Leader of the House of Commons, held office from April, 1835, to August, 1841.

Ever since you succeeded to the management of the Edinburgh Review, I have found that my assistance was reckoned, justly God knows, a very secondary object, and that one of the earliest friends of the Journal, and who had (Jeffrey will inform you) enabled it to struggle through its first difficulties as much as any one or even two of the contributors, was now next thing to laid upon the shelf. This is the common lot of those who, in any concern, outlive their contemporaries, and no one, I must say it for myself, in this world has less of personal punctilio about him, or cares less for such trifles when in pursuit of a great object. But, at the same time, I really do feel that I ought not to be merely made a hack of, and "offered" such and such books; that is, whatever nobody else likes to do. Yet it does so happen that of late years this is my position. Dr. Southey, I assure you, is considered in a very different way by the Quarterly Review. However, let that pass. My resolution now is, that I shall review such things as suit my taste and my views on subjects and on public affairs, and if there is any kind of objection *in any quarter* (which I am well aware in these times of intrigue and jobbery is very possible), I cannot help it, and I shall interpose no obstacle to the conductors and contributors of the journal, and should be very sorry to stand in the way of any other arrangements or connections. Ex-ministers are always in the wrong, I know full well. However, if the base and truly jobbing plan of some *would-be ministers* and their adherents (in London) had taken effect, and you had, "for fear of giving offence," kept all politics out of the last, as you had done out of the Number before, my belief is that the Review would have died in the course of the Spring. I am sure the political character of the last Number did it much service and no harm, except disappointing the *good-for-littles* I allude to.

I had intended to write this to Lord Jeffrey, but I think it a more fair and more friendly course to address it to you at once, and not trouble him on the subject. But if

you ever speak to him on Review matters, you may show him this letter.—Truly yours, H. B.

House of Lords, June 15, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to perceive you are not only astonished but hurt at my letter, because I do assure you that nothing *could* be further from my wish or intention. I never blamed you. I was quite aware of the difficulties of your position, and I think no one can charge you with any kind of blame, or, indeed, error of any sort, in doing your best for the important charge under your care. I assure you I very sincerely and most unaffectedly acquit you of all blame, and I will add, that I wish well to the Edinburgh Review, and to your administration of it, while it supports its old honest principles, and does not let itself be turned into a tool of Holland House, or any other class of place-loving politicians.

I must add that it is your clear and imperative duty to see that the best aid be secured for it, and I speak openly and frankly when I say, that the only charge I have against you is furnished by yourself, when you say you risked the loss of a very first-rate contributor to meet my wishes; for I do assure you I think you ought to have let me know your difficulty, and I should at once have released you from all risk, and it should have made no difference in my subsequent conduct, always supposing that no principle was involved, and no shabby motive was at work in the quarter alluded to. That I never quarrelled with trifles you may suppose when you remember how little it is my way to care for great offences of a merely personal kind where men are co-operating for a common cause. I took no offence at Professor Pillans for inserting an attack upon my education views and calculations, though his gross ignorance of the a, b, c of political arithmetic was then seen by all, and is now demonstrated by the returns. Nor did I complain when M'Culloch sneered at my sixpenny sciences,[1] as he wittily called the

[1] "Sixpenny systems" is the phrase used by M'Culloch in his Article on

treatises of the Society of Useful Knowledge, which, of course, he hated, because he was not in our pay, and also because he don't like cheap literature.

Let me add that I really do not estimate my assistance at any material value. I write far too easily (even if I did not write too ill) to make me prize the fruits of so small an effort. I believe I wrote the last articles at the rate of sixteen pages of print in one day. You are, therefore, mistaken in fancying I took any offence at your doing freely and exactly what you deemed best for the interests of the Review. But then I thought I should not take things which others did not, and that I had better indulge my fancy in choosing books now and then. You utterly mistake me when you suppose I complained of you for inserting too few articles of mine. God knows, you have put in far too many. But all I wrote (except Mirabeau) were, I believe, without exception—not to amuse myself, but to forward the interests of the Ministry in the cause I have at heart. This of course was my only motive, for though I write very quickly and easily, yet it took so much time from sleep or rest when I was much occupied.

You are also wrong in your other proof of my being humoured in all things. You say I never but two or three times have happened to be disappointed of books. But, allow me to remind you that, except Mirabeau, these were the only things I ever asked to be suffered to do. This is the real cause, I suppose, of *my* thinking that I was always refused, and *your* thinking I was hardly ever baulked. All the papers I wrote were called reviews, but were not reviews at all. The *subject* I had the choice of—naturally, because it was safer in the hands of Government than of a stranger. But, as for choosing books to review, I really remember none except Hannah More and Bolingbroke, whose style of speaking I have always been

the "Census of the Population," March, 1829. At a later period, M'Culloch wrote a "History of Commerce" and a "Statistical Account of the British Empire," for the Useful Knowledge Society.

supposed to resemble in mine, and so was desirous of giving my opinion upon.

I hope this tedious explanation will prove satisfactory to you, and show you that I wrote in anything rather than an unfriendly spirit.—Yours ever, H. B.

Woolsey Bridge, July 19, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I got your letter and the Review yesterday, and I have read the latter ever since five this morning when the light came. The first article,[1] I suppose, is Macaulay's, and it is excellent. I don't grudge one word of the praise or blame, but I do wish he had attacked Longman. L. and Co., as I almost told them in terms, have done an act unexampled before, and which, if not punished by public censure, may be repeated against any author or statesman alive, *i.e.*, using the celebrity of his own name to propagate calumnies against himself and his opinions. It is monstrous, and is not half strongly enough put home. If Mackintosh's own text had been falsified, and attacks on himself put into his own mouth, the crime would have been only greater in degree but precisely the same in kind. Ross[2] is excellent. I wonder at Jeffrey saying what he does of Montgomery,[3] and not saying it more handsomely. Besides, when he unites "Wordsworth and Milton," surely he should have recollected other false predictions. I always held W. should have been excepted from the cruise against lake poets, though with large exceptions from that exception. The omission of all politics is perhaps prudent, and, after so large a dose as last Number, right enough, though it is open to misconstruction, as Scotchmen are supposed to be *canny and to seek the Lord*, in other words, wait to see how the cat may jump. Had I sat down to write a few sentences, I should have been stopped on the threshold, for I could not have suppressed the plain truth and avoided severe blame for

[1] "Mackintosh's History of the Revolution."
[2] "Voyage to the Arctic Regions," Art. 7, July, 1835, by Sir D. Brewster.
[3] "Montgomery's Poems," Art. 9. It was not written by Jeffrey, but by Mr. George Moir, of the Scotch Bar.

their trickery, their timidity, their silly and base courting of the Conservatives, especially the Lords, and the sacrifices so notoriously and scandalously made daily to them; and yet when it is told, and especially by their friends, it shakes them to pieces, when they have hardly half a leg to stand upon. Therefore, they must for the present be let alone.

You are quite wrong in fancying any offence caused my not writing. You are aware of my sitting in the Lords five and often six days a week, and writing long judgments in each cause; besides which, I have had a great deal to do in the Political Knowledge Society, which is preparing political lectures for the country—to be delivered, not printed. It is a plan I fell upon in 1825, and I wrote a course which has been (anonymously) delivered ever since in various quarters. Another, on Political Economy, has also been delivering, and we are now extending it. I am writing, and have nearly finished the course on Government. I conclude that the Review is not to be made a *Ministerial Journal*. Of course, that would make it both discreditable and quite impossible for me to have any kind of connexion with it.—Yours ever,

H. B.

JOHN ALLEN.

South Street, July 29, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I have been busy with the article on Bolingbroke,[1] and have nearly finished it. . . . Macaulay's severe article deserves all the praise you bestow on it. He has left little or nothing to say on the benefits derived from the Revolution. I have read a small part only of Mackintosh's Life, and like it on the whole very much. Some anecdotes might have been omitted, such as that of his keeping the Senatus Academicus waiting for him on the day of graduation, which I never heard of before. I was particularly pleased with a letter to Sharp, where he candidly owns and excuses himself for the bias his mind

[1] Art. 1, October, 1835: "Cooke's Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke."

had received from the horrors and military excesses of the Revolution. From the time he went to India till his death, he seems to have been gradually reverting to the principles he had maintained in the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. I am sorry to hear of Brougham's dissatisfaction with his former colleagues, but it cannot be helped. It was not in the power of Lord Melbourne to have made him Chancellor, and I doubt whether the place can be kept open much longer. I hope you will have a good article on the life of Mackintosh as an antidote to the poison of the *Quarterly*, which I fear will have an effect on the sale of the book. Is it known what creature it was that spat forth the venom?—Yours faithfully, JOHN ALLEN.

LORD JEFFREY.[1]

Skelmorlie, September 3, 1835.

MY DEAR N.,—When I said that I doubted whether I could make anything good on Mackintosh's Life, I referred merely to my own questionable capacity to do anything worthy of the subject, not to the value or interest of the work. I have now read it all, not carefully or critically, but with very deep and unexpected delight. If I can make up my mind to attempt a review of it, I shall of course go over it again, pencil in hand, and judicially. As yet I can promise nothing, but to try; and with a view to that I must trouble you to let me have Coleridge and the reviews of him (though that will be but a little episode if worthy of being inserted at all), and Mackintosh's Dissertation and Introductory Lecture. I should like also to have his History, as containing the best record of his views of liberty and revolution.

Now, about your coming here. If it would at all suit you to come with Thomas Thomson[2] we can accommodate

[1] In May, 1834, Jeffrey was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session.

[2] Thomas Thomson, a distinguished member of the Scotch Bar, and one of the ablest and most accomplished among the many able men who in his day upheld the literary and social reputation of Edinburgh. He died in October, 1852. A Memoir of him, by the late Mr. Cosmo Innes, was published at Edinburgh in 1854.

you (according to our means) very tolerably, that is to say, with a reasonably good bed (all to yourself) in a cell rather larger than a State room aboard ship, and we shall all be most happy to see you. If you can come at all conveniently, I think you ought not to delay, as life and free time grow shorter as well as autumnal days. The weather here is still delicious, and even the east wind is soft and balmy on these western shores. I say nothing of politics, because you are two days nearer the centre and source of light than I am.—Ever faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Skelnorlie, October 1, 1835.

MY DEAR N.,—With much compunction and increased mortification I now send you the first part of a very dull review,[1] which nothing but my wish to oblige you and Empson could have induced me to undertake, and which I have begun and shall finish infinitely to my dissatisfaction. I hate work of this kind, and feel that praise and expectation make me as impotent about it as I certainly should be if set to get stock at a cattle show, after being backed as the best stallion in the market. God forgive you for the plague you give me. . . . Tell me how long you can possibly give me for the sequel, though I suspect it will be mostly extract.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

M. NAPIER TO LORD BROUGHAM.

Edinburgh, September 22, 1835.

MY DEAR LORD,—I was not well enough yesterday to be able to write you regarding the two articles. But I cannot longer refrain from saying that they contain some things which it appears to me impossible, with any regard to propriety or consistency to insert in the Review. On this subject you must allow me to speak plainly. This is not a matter of private personal regard; it is one of principle and prudence, and which intimately concerns the stability and character of the Review; for were I to do what would

[1] "Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh."

assuredly drive away its supporters or alienate its contributors, its career would speedily terminate, and I should be blamed as the unresisting agent of its dissolution. It is painful to be obliged to oppose the wishes of one for whom I have so sincere a regard,—one, too, who from the first starting of the Review, has been so constant, so powerful, and so ready a contributor; and nothing but a strong sense of duty, and of what is right and becoming in me as Editor, could induce me to act as I now do.

I shall allude, first, to the article on *Taxes on Knowledge*. I have no objection whatever to print another article on this subject, recalling the former argument, and enforcing it with any additional details likely to strengthen it; but I do think that I should be very blameable were I to print the *personalities* contained in this paper, and no consideration will induce me to do so. It may be that you did not write the passages to which I more particularly refer with any view to personal sarcasm; but sure am I that the sort of literary review under which the Ministry are *seriatim* passed, would be viewed by them and others as a piece of unprovoked personal satire. Further, let me put a question in plain terms: Suppose that when you were in power, I had printed an article in the Review, bearing that your conduct in regard to some great question was ascribable to the suggestions of your "secretaries" or "underlings," whom you had allowed to "think for you," or to your apprehensions of Newspaper retaliation—what would you have thought of me? what would you not have been entitled to say of me? Can I, then, do this very thing by others and be blameless? When your attention is called to it, you will, I am sure, see the impossibility.

As to the other article—on the *Last Session*—I must observe that it sets out in a strain that might be quite suitable for a *new* Review, but that it would be thought an entire dereliction of its known principles, were the Edinburgh Review *now* to declare itself averse from all party or political predilections. The Edinburgh Review, I need not tell you, ever has been attached to the Whig

party. It is but the other day that it indignantly repudiated the doctrine of "measures not men;" and it has often and properly proclaimed its regard for the Reform Ministry, their principles and party. Could it now then, in a marked political article, set out upon the principle of *no political predilections*, of utter indifference as to whom it may please or displease, without depriving itself of the weight and support it derives from being thought to speak the sentiments, and to advocate the views of a numerous and powerful party, without depriving itself of the aid of those who ever have contributed to it upon fixed principles, and with avowed political feelings and predilections? They would be entitled, and some, I know, would at once say to me, you are about to change the known character of the Review, and you can no longer, on this new creed, leading we do not know to what, have either our countenance or our assistance. Now, I would beg leave to ask whether I have any right, as Editor of the Review, supposing my own principles out of the question, which, however, I cannot allow, to bring things to such a pass? When you look at the matter in this light, you will not, I am confident, ask me to incur such imputations and hazards. My wish then is, to omit all the introductory matter, and with this omission, and a few slight alterations, I shall get the article set up, and send you proofs of it; and I feel quite certain that you will, on reflection, see that it is incumbent on me, in my particular capacity, to make the article consistent with the general principles and tenor of our Review.—Ever, my dear Lord, very truly yours, MACVEY NAPIER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 26, 1835.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—You never said a more unnecessary thing than when you bid me not take your letter amiss. On the contrary, I am perfectly satisfied with the fairness of it, and though in some things I differ, in the main we agree, for the articles were both written in two

evenings and an hour next morning *literally*, so that there was no time for reading over one line of them, and I expressly begged of you to send me proofs, for the very purpose of taking care that not a word should appear in them to the detriment of the Government, or triumph of the enemy. Now, don't think that my opinion or resolution wavers on this *cardinal point*, because I am going *frankly*, like you, into one or two particulars.

I deny our ever having avowed that we were a *party* Review. I could show you a score of passages formally and in words denying this. But, as such denials prove nothing when we happen, under cover of them, to act a factious part, I also will show you that we attacked the Whig party very plainly and very unpleasantly, as I happen to know, to their leaders. Lord Grey repeatedly complained, and my answer always was—"the Review would lose its authority, and be also useless to the party, were it to do otherwise." What think you of "the merciless aristocracy of the Whigs?" "As aristocratic as a city peer or a Whig patriot?" But Sydney Smith directly attacked Lords Grey and Grenville, in 1813 and 1814, for having, by a silly punctilio in 1812, ruined the country and the party. Read Article 15, vol. xv, page 504, or, at least, pages 504 and 515, which I select because it hits the party on the sore place. Look, also, at more hits of the same kind, which I *know* were deeply felt, in vol. lii,[1] pages 541–3. However, I know I have not selected, by any means, the strongest instances. I say all this by way of protesting against a principle which would sink the Edinburgh Review below almost any one of the daily papers, namely, that nothing is to be inserted which may displease any Whig minister or leader. For, surely, we cannot honourably hold that it makes any difference, the party we generally approve being in office, and that attacks on the party while out of power are justifiable, while it is unlawful to offend them when in office. I might

[1] The Article referred to, entitled "The Late and the Present Ministry," January, 1831, was written by Lord Brougham.

have added another instance. Nothing ever gave more offence to the Whigs, as a party (and, I think, justly), than the *fawning* upon Robinson and Huskisson the instant M'Culloch could find a pretext for it in some free trade tendencies. It was not done in moderation, and, I assure you, it both hurt the party and raised our adversaries. None of us objected to a certain manner of doing it, *i.e.*, as far as the good of those principles required; but on this, and, I believe, on Peel's half reforms, there was a careful giving of all the credit to those who had adopted our Whig policy, and a careful suppression of all reference to the real authors. I ought not, indeed, to cite this, for I think it is an example to be avoided, not followed; but it shows that, even if I had desired to take a tone unfriendly to the Government, I should not have been the first. What you put as a case, I deny the application of, namely, any one charging me, as Chancellor, with listening to underlings. A personal attack on *me* in the Edinburgh Review would have been indecent. Hobhouse, and J. Russell, and Spring Rice, had not been the founders of it. They could not say, as I can most accurately (Jeffrey will tell you), that repeatedly I *enabled* it to go on; indeed, I believe I have written somewhere about a *fifth* of it with my own hand. I need not say that this gives me a very singular claim respecting it; at all events, to being not personally attacked. Indeed, I go further; though I beg you to observe I am not in the least desirous of acting on such views; very far from it; but it would be really affectation in me to dream of my standing towards the Edinburgh Review in the relation of the Ministers. When Canning quarrelled with Castlereagh, and fought him, his whole case, personally, was argued at length in the next Quarterly Review,[1] to which work he had, I believe, at that time, contributed but three papers, for it had not existed more than twelve months. However, I ask nothing of the kind. At the same time, I confess I think—even

[1] Art. 16, November, 1809—"Mr. Canning's Letters to Earl Camden." The first Number of the Quarterly was published in February, 1809.

principle and independence of the work apart—that it would be a most offensive thing to all men of right feelings, were the Edinburgh Review to make itself, at this particular time, the vehicle of such panegyrics as the people in the Offices are filling their papers with, *e.g.* giving the Ministers in the House of Lords praise for having fought the Bill[1] in the way they did, when every one present will tell you that they never stirred in it at all, except that Lord Melbourne spoke four times, a quarter of an hour each time, and that, during the most material part of the fight, they never even attended, certainly not above an hour or two in a day, while I was fighting it from eleven in the morning to twelve at night. till at last it grew so ludicrous (long after the evidence was closed, and when we were on the *mutilations*), that Lyndhurst every night used to taunt them with it, appealing to me as being "the whole of the ministerial side of the House"—as being "the Ministry in my own person" —as "protecting them and doing their business," but in a way (he most unfairly added, for the Government acknowledged it was the *very reverse*), "to make them bitterly feel their dependence." I certainly had their existence in my hands the whole time, but I as certainly never, in the slightest degree, made them feel it. This they *now*, as well as then, most explicitly admit, but their underlings felt it sorely, and took their revenge in every way, some in the House of Commons (where, I must say, even a *Minister* indecently attacked me), and some through the Press. However, I rather say all this to remind you how remote from my purpose it must be to damage them, because I, of course, must desire their remaining, if it were only to keep the Tories out, but I also do certainly desire it, because I expect them, *when they dare*, to do their duty.

You are, I think, wrong in your estimate of the consequences of speaking of their weakness. Rely on it, the hour that the motley group of their supporters believes

[1] For the reform of Municipal Corporations.

them strong enough to stand alone, that hour they are gone. It is nothing whatever but a fear of their going, and the Tories coming in, that is, a sense of their inability to stand without support, that makes people support them. If you want to see whether I can prophesy in matters of this kind, read vol. liv, pp. 267–9, where you will see that I had a pretty good guess in August 1831, of what happened in May and June 1832. But I don't rest my opinion on any such confidence, and your feeling (if you *do* feel), very clear, that on the balance they would lose more than they would gain by the argument, will certainly make me at once soften it to make it quite safe.

As to the personal allusions, they are what I should say *again in my place.* I know I have said far worse. I have spoken of Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, who were Castlereagh's colleagues in the six Acts. I have said that Peel had as good a right to change on reform as they had, who were stout *anti-reformers* till the Bill of 1831 was one day laid before the Cabinet, and it became clear that the Government could not stand without it. This is no secret; their votes and speeches are on record. Nevertheless, I really should have struck out the allusions when I saw them in print. I thought I had spoken only with perfect good humour, though in a rallying tone—but kindly—for, in fact, I do *not* feel any unkindness towards them *personally,* least of all to Lord J. Russell, and (if your *ministerial* propensities will suffer me to say so, and you won't think it arrogant), I really do not feel that I am quite matched with some of those I named, though for most of them I have a great respect, and for some of them a regard.—Yours truly, H. B.

P.S.—I need hardly mention that there is not a word I have said of the Government or its members, which I should care one farthing for their all seeing in my handwriting.[1]

[1] The amended Articles were published in the Number for October, 1835: "Taxes on Knowledge," Art. 7. "Last Session of Parliament—House of Lords," Art. 10.

November 13, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoiced exceedingly in seeing Jeffrey's hand[1] in last Number, though he *ought* to have made some general remarks on the abomination of unfair publications. I call it unfair to the dead as well as the living, and I give my own case purposely as an example, because it is the one in everybody's mouth as the most flagrant. Would Mackintosh, had he been alive, have approved of his secret thoughts of me in 1818, when he hardly knew me, being printed with my name at full length, and his subsequent thoughts being suppressed, when he became intimate with me? But say that the latter were as bad as the former, then his Journal and his mouth spoke two different languages, and I will add his letters and his lips agreed. Should it be found to be so (which I don't believe), I still should cast no kind of blame on Mackintosh; but this is a proof that publication which, if *made complete*, would give an *unfair* account (for so I think) of M., and, if incomplete, does gross injustice to others, should be avoided altogether. As to the names being given, sometimes in blank, where the editor thought it inexpedient to be particular, sometimes at full length, this speaks for itself. It has the effect, too, of making some people suppose they are meant. That the Edinburgh Review should pass over the many considerations that arise on this score, without a word for the sake of society; that it should never even hint at the position men are *now* placed in of living among posthumous reporters, who are not answerable as those of the press are, seems all but incredible. However, I shall write to Jeffrey himself what I think of this grave omission. Nay worse, he praises the editor for his *propriety* in executing his office. The Chief Justice (Denman) will be found to take the same view with me. I mention him among many others, but I doubt if I shall mention him to Jeffrey, because I should be unwilling to have him involved in any controversy, and our friend Jeffrey might be less silent than you on this head. I should not have named him

[1] "Sir James Mackintosh."

except to show *you* that *I* was not under the peculiar influence of any irritation arising from the gross indiscretion committed respecting me, and committed as if with a desire of making a breach between me and the Whig party.

I am extremely sorry for the review of Waddington,[1] but that is a long chapter, and you will think me prejudiced. A very learned theologian and scholar gives it clear for him and against the Review. That may or may not be so; at all events, it is absurd to charge, with omissions of detail, a work professing to be a compendium.—Yours truly, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta, January 1, 1836.

DEAR NAPIER,—I write in some haste, and without any particular news to communicate. But I am ashamed to let ship sail after ship without sending you a line, if for no other purpose, at least to thank you for your very kind and punctual attention to all my requests. All the books which you have sent have arrived safe, and in excellent condition. I should be much obliged to you to tell Longman to procure for me Lysias, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and the fragment of Cicero *De Republica*. I am becoming a mere pedant, you will think. Not so, I hope. Yet I have returned to Greek and Latin literature with a zest stronger than I ever felt when at college. And I indulge my taste with the less scruple, because it is very improbable that I shall ever have an opportunity of doing so, if I neglect that which I now enjoy. In England I shall be distracted by all the gossip, political and literary, of the day. Here, when my official duties are performed, I have nothing to divert me from a connected course of study. I am up every morning before the sun; I have three or four hours without interruption for my books, and I do not know that I can spend them better than in going over all the best works which the ancients have left us.

[1] "Waddington's History of the Church," Art. 8, October, 1835, by the late Dr. David Welsh, the biographer of Dr. Thomas Brown.

I have received the Edinburgh Review containing my article on Mackintosh. I quite approve of your alterations. I have no intelligence as to the reception which the paper has met with at home. Here it is generally liked.

I am writing a review of Basil Montagu's Life of Lord Bacon. It will be immeasurably long, I fear, and very superficial in the philosophical part. But I rather think it will be liked. Perhaps you may already have published an article on the subject. If so, I shall still be amply repaid for the trouble which I have taken by the pleasure which the act of composition has given me. When I shall finish, I cannot guess. I go on steadily, but slowly.

My health is as good as possible. Every thing in my situation is agreeable. I have reason to hope that I shall be able to effect much practical good for this country. My efforts are heartily seconded by all those whose co-operation is of most importance. In two years I fully expect to be preparing for my return. When I reach home I hope to find you as well, and I am sure that I shall find you as friendly as when we last rambled together about your noble city. Pray assure Jeffrey that in every part of the world in which I may be, I shall continue to remember him with kindness.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, January 4, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am truly concerned to find you have had a relapse. The care to be taken against *cold* is one of the very first of all considerations with a convalescent. You should wrap yourself up even in getting out and into a coach, and have a fur foot basket, with a flat pan or tin of hot water under your feet while lecturing. I sat in Court and House of Lords all the Winter of 1831 and 1832 in that way, and never caught cold, though in a very weak state. This attack is in some respects worse, the debility being greater; but I think I shall get round sooner, because it has come on quicker. The colchicum agrees with

me, and I have been better within the last two or three days, though at first I suffered a good deal. These stomach ailments, whether connected with gout or not, are tedious beyond endurance. Unless I make a much more rapid progress than is very likely, I don't see the possibility of my being in town at the first part of the Session. But this is entirely for yourself, because as I *may* get some quicker turn, I will not give up hope of being at my post.

Early in December, when I first foresaw the possibility of this, I felt bound to give immediate notice to Lord Melbourne and release him from all *personal* obligation as to the Great Seal, in case he considered the strength of the Government required to have a Chancellor.[1] By the way, the moment I was engaged in a very disinterested act of support of the Government, was the one chosen by the *gang* whom you may guess at, for those strange, ridiculous, but not less spiteful and vile attacks to which you allude, and which gave the Government, generally speaking, unmixed disgust, as many of them have testified.

In answer to what you say of their strength, I feel assured that the Municipal elections will fortify them indirectly, and possibly even enable them to dissolve, till they can do which successfully they are really unable to judge or act for themselves, but are at the mercy of every knot of men either in the House or out of it. O'Connell has been injurious to them beyond all conception in England; but the idea of breaking with him would be absolute insanity, and my belief is that he will not break with them, especially if they look stronger than they were. Not only would their doing anything to break with him be suicide to themselves, it would in my deliberate opinion be risking the peace of Ireland. Right or wrong, O'Connell

[1] Lord Campbell, after stating that Lord Brougham "first learned from the public newspapers that Sir Charles Pepys was Chancellor under the title of Lord Cottenham," adds: "In my opinion, Brougham was atrociously ill-used on this occasion. Considering his distinguished reputation, considering what he had done for the Liberal cause, considering his relations with the Melbourne Government, I incline to think that at every risk they ought to have taken him back into the Cabinet. But sure I am that in the manner in which they finally threw him off, they showed disingenuousness, cowardice, and ingratitude."—("Lives of the Lord Chancellors," viii, 476.)

has the Irish so attached to him, that I see no other way of keeping that country quiet but through him: and though some very good men are apparently of an opposite opinion, I can see no course more desperate than the one they are urging, of shaking off O'Connell in order to pacify Tories, whom nothing can appease, or squeamish Whigs, who are little better than Tories.—Yours truly, H. B.

Brougham, April 19, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received the Edinburgh Review, for which I thank you much, but I cannot suffer a post to pass without stating that I consider a very great offence to be committed in the article upon Sir J. Walsh.[1] It contains as complete a mis-statement of fact as I ever read, or can indeed conceive being made. I allude to page 256, where it is plainly said that, in Lord Grey's administration, "*almost every measure* was maimed and weakened to mitigate adversaries in the Lords." There are other things in the article which I consider wholly groundless, and the attacks upon Lord Stanley are among them, especially where he is charged with "want of feeling." Respecting him, and the real reason why the Irish party hates him, it is only fair to state that his defence of the Coercion Bill against O'Connell in 1833, and his whole conduct in that Session, were just as gratifying to the present Ministers, aye, even to the more Radical parts of the Cabinet, as they were to the rankest Tories in either House. No one more than myself laments the course he has since taken, but what is said of him in connection with the Government in 1833–4, must be most offensive to the present Government, who *all* acted as cordially with him as men could. But this is not the main object of my now writing. I advert to the account, so utterly the reverse of fact, given of the measures in the passage first referred to. *Not one* of the great measures carried in 1833–4, nor in 1832, either was maimed or

[1] "Sir John Walsh's Contemporary History," Art. 11, April, 1836: written by Empson.

shorn to please the Lords or any one else. Even O'Connell does not pretend this. *His* charge against Lord Grey's Government is, not maiming their measures, but passing the Coercion Bill, which was Lord Melbourne's quite as much as it was either Lord Grey's or Lord Stanley's. I am extremely sorry to see the Edinburgh Review of all places made the channel of such foul attacks, and you may depend upon it that they are anything rather than serviceable to the present Government, while they fix a charge of gross inconsistency on the Review. For, when did it ever discover, I mean, hostilely discover, any fault in Lord Grey's Government till now? I really think the Government will be called upon to disavow this line of attack. Lord Melbourne last Autumn most distinctly said that he should take the first fair opportunity of doing so. I suspect you have been misled by some *Irish* contributor, but you ought to have kept a better look out. Of course no one is *bound* to take up the cudgels for Stanley and Graham. It is rather as an act of justice, and for the credit of the Review, that one mentions them, unless in so far as regards their *official* conduct, in which the present Government are bound to stand by them as having been their colleagues. But my objection is to the *entire misrepresentation* to which I have called your attention.—Yours ever, H. B.

June 12, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—The more I have considered the vile and most false attack in Empson's article, the more I feel convinced that such things are discreditable to be touched, even at a distance. When a person can coolly sit down to assert that "almost all the measures" of our Government were maimed to please the Lords, whatever may be his motives, it is quite clear that his ignorance is more gross than any but the most extreme charity can make one believe possible. The Edinburgh Review, too, had given them all full measure of commendation, and it is

quite notorious that not one of those measures, except perhaps a part of the Reform Bill, suffered any paring down at all. It suited Lord Durham, when he was angry and disappointed, to say so, but no one else. As for the attack on Stanley, no one can care much on such a subject, except for the credit of the Review. Then do you really think it was fair to speak of his want of feeling, clearly alluding to the *thimble-rig* speech, when it is perfectly well known that he professed, both in public and in private, the utmost sorrow for it? In private, to be sure, Empson might not know what had passed, but all the world knew what Stanley said in his place in the House of Commons. Is not such an acknowledgment always, and as a matter of course, held to shut men's mouths? That, however, is a very subordinate matter, but the other really has produced a serious effect. I mean that it makes my position very unpleasant with respect to the Review. —Yours ever truly, H. B.

Borobridge, July 30, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have looked at Taylor,[1] but really I don't much fancy it. His affectation is beyond all measure. He seems to think he writes like Lord Bacon, because he says "in that kind," instead "of that sort or kind," just as the man who put "nathless" for nevertheless, fancied his poetry was like Milton's. These archaisms are admirable if sprinkled with moderation, but Mr. Taylor has no notion of that. He is a very clever man notwithstanding, only I have not the least desire to write anything harsh of one who deserves so much commendation, and it would not be just to suppress the truth. I have a fancy for Raumer, the absurd, but honest and learned German professor, and have no objection to take his book —I mean his book on England—though assuredly he has been writing on many things he can know nothing about: and on the Study of the Law, I should wish to give some

[1] Now Sir Henry Taylor, author of the "Statesman."

hints, *apropos* of a rather clever book by Mr. Warren.[1] So if you will send me these, I will do them at my leisure, but the *when* must be a little uncertain.—Yours truly,

H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta, August 30, 1836.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am quite ashamed of having done so little for you, and the more so as you have been most kindly attentive in supplying me with books. I hope in a few weeks to send you a prodigiously long article about Lord Bacon, which I think will be popular with the many, whatever the few who know something about the matter may think of it. I now send you an article which I think cannot fail to prove interesting. You have probably heard of the *Thugs*, a species of robbers and murderers who infest this country. Vigorous efforts have lately been made to put them down; and in the course of those efforts, the real nature of their confederacy has for the first time been discovered. I think that you will agree with me in pronouncing the long existence and the vast extent of this fraternity to be a phenomenon without a parallel in history. The Government here have printed, but not published, a volume of papers respecting this strange race of men. The book is so ill-arranged that, even if it were published, few people would read or understand it. But the information which is dispersed through it is in the highest degree curious and amusing. Lord Auckland observed to me the other day that it would be a matchless subject for a review. I was struck by the hint, and I begged my brother-in-law, Trevelyan, to try his hand. If I do not deceive myself, his paper cannot fail to be interesting even at home, where, as I well know, very little attention is paid to Indian subjects. I have had two or three copies of his article printed. One I have sent by the Cape, and with it a copy of the volume reviewed. If you do not like the

[1] "Rights and Duties of Advocates," Art. 8, October, 1836.

paper,[1] you will not give the very smallest offence either to him or to me by rejecting it.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta, November 26, 1836.

DEAR NAPIER,—At last I send you an article of interminable length about Lord Bacon. I hardly know whether it is not too long for an article in a Review; but the subject is of such vast extent that I could easily have made the paper twice as long as it is.

About the historical and political part there is no great probability that we shall differ in opinion. But what I have said about Bacon's philosophy is widely at variance with what Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh have said on the same subject. I have not your essay, nor have ever read it since I read it at Cambridge with very great pleasure, but without any knowledge of the subject. I have at present only a very faint and general recollection of its contents, and have in vain tried to procure a copy of it here. I fear, however, that, differing widely as I do from Stewart and Mackintosh, I shall hardly agree with you. My opinion is formed, not at second-hand, like those of nine-tenths of the people who talk about Bacon, but after several very attentive perusals of his greatest works, and after a good deal of thought. If I am in the wrong, my errors may set the minds of others at work, and may be the means of bringing both them and me to a knowledge of the truth. I never bestowed so much care on anything that I have written. There is not a sentence in the latter half of the article which has not been repeatedly re-cast. I have no expectation that the popularity of the article will bear any proportion to the trouble which I have expended on it. But the trouble has been so great a pleasure to me that I have already been very greatly overpaid.

In little more than a year I shall be embarking for England, and I have determined to employ the four months of my voyage in mastering the German language. I

[1] It was published in the Number for January, 1837.

should be much obliged to you to send me out, as early as you can, so that they may be certain to arrive in time, the best grammar and the best dictionary that can be procured, a German Bible, Schiller's works, Goethe's works, and Niebuhr's History, both in the original and in the translation. My way of learning a language is always to begin with the Bible, which I can read without a dictionary. After a few days passed in this way, I am master of all the common particles, the common rules of syntax, and a pretty large vocabulary. Then I fall on some good classical work. It was in this way that I learned both Spanish and Portuguese, and I shall try the same course with German.

I have little or nothing to tell you about myself. My life has flowed away here with strange rapidity. It seems but yesterday since I left my country, and I am writing to beg you to hasten preparations for my return. I continue to enjoy perfect health. The little political squalls which I have had to weather here are mere cap-fulls of wind to a man who has gone through the great hurricanes of English faction. We have been most unfortunate in our work of codification. All the Law Commissioners have been so ill that none of them but myself has done a stroke of work for months. I do what I can, and I still hope that I shall have the Penal Code, with a Commentary, ready for the press before the end of this cold season.—Ever, dear Napier, yours very truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta, November 28, 1836.

DEAR NAPIER,—There is an oversight in the article which I shall be much obliged to you to correct. I have said that Bacon did not deal at all in idle rants like those "in which Cicero and Mr. Shandy sought consolation for the loss of Tullia and of Bobby." Nothing can, as a general remark, be more true. But it escaped my recollection that two or three of Mr. Shandy's consolatory sentences are quoted from Bacon's Essays. The illustration, therefore, is singularly unfortunate. Pray alter it

thus—"in which Cicero vainly sought consolation for the loss of Tullia." To be sure it is idle to correct such trifles at the distance of fifteen thousand miles. Yet as the article is full of faults which I cannot remove, though I see them, and has doubtless many which I do not see, I do not like to leave any fault in it which I see, and which I can remove.—Yours ever, T. B. MACAULAY.

E. L. BULWER.

Ottery, September 30, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot say how much I am delighted to find you like the "Browne,"[1] and can most sincerely assure you that I am already compensated for any trouble it may have given me, in praise from such a quarter, and so largely and liberally dispensed. You dispel my own fears on the subject; Browne is so slippery and aërial that I always fancied him gliding away from me. And though I thought I had him in my mind's grasp, I seemed to myself provokingly stiff and awkward when I attempted to seize him with a sentence. The toil of writing the article was nothing in comparison to that of thinking about it. You are kind enough to call it one of the best of my productions. No; I trust not. You great critics, with the shades of all the demigods in literature before you, do not, I think, sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of invention to us prose Fictionists. Disquisition has a weighty and elaborate and thoughtful aspect, which a novel has not. But what hecatombs of mental and unpublished disquisition a Novelist, who aspires to be an Artist of the Natural, sacrifices to the shade of a single character or of a single scene! But the public eats of the dish without allowing, as Monsieur Ude justly complains, that the workman of things so light and unsubstantial has any right to consider himself an artist. I wish very much that circumstances would allow you to intrust me with a political article. I have much to say, much, I think, as yet unsaid on our very interesting epoch; and were it possible, you could give me

[1] "Sir Thomas Browne's Works," Art. 1, October, 1836.

an outline of the principles you would desire to adhere to, and I could say at once whether they would be mine or not. But I don't press this, for I know the wheel within wheel by which great Party journals must be worked.—Most truly yours, E. L. B.

Albany, December 19, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the articles on Chateaubriand and Paul de Kock.[1] Of the last, as you may suppose, it was impossible to make a very striking paper, and very difficult to do fair justice to the man's merits, not only as a writer, but at times as a profound and valuable thinker, and at the same time to condemn his morality on those points relating to "lovely woman." I have done what little I could with it and transmit it to your tender mercies, stipulating only for the retaining one passage complimentary to Count D'Orsay, who has behaved to poor de Kock with the most warm-hearted and delicate generosity, and who is really one of the most naturally gifted persons I ever met.

Now for Chateaubriand. This is of course a more ambitious paper, and I shall be much gratified if you like it. It has cost me more labour than even Browne, not only to know what to select, but what to omit in running a critical eye over the vast field of English literature; and I fear at some times it must be a little tedious, and appear at others a little superficial. But I think the general views not hackneyed, and they are very deliberately formed. You will see if you like to qualify what I have said of the Vicomte himself. I have gone to the utmost verge of my own courtesy towards him out of respect for something fine and gentlemanlike about that eloquent *twaddler*. But my real and naked opinion of him is, that he is Sir Egerton Brydges *en grand et en beau*.

I have been obliged to sacrifice the immediate publication of Athens to keep faith with you. In future, I feel that I must be very guarded in my general promises. I

[1] Articles 2 and 10 of Number for January, 1837.

propose, however, two subjects, but on the condition that the exact time is not depended upon. One, the new Life of Goldsmith (a subject quite after my own heart), the other, a forthcoming volume in Lardner upon the lives of Vane, Hampden, and Pym. The two last I shall bring forward little in comparison to Vane, whose literary genius I want to dig up, and whom I consider the most *ideal* genius of that time. I trust you are now growing out of your *mauvaise habitude* of being an invalid, and becoming as strong and hearty as if you were not that ailing animal —a man of letters and reputation.—Yours,

E. L. BULWER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

December 4, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sincerely hope and trust to hear that you are now better in health than I found you in Edinburgh. I have not forgotten your flattering expression of a wish that I should again, after long absence from the service, draw my sword under the banners of the Edinburgh Review. An opportunity now occurs in which I think I could furnish you with a tolerable article for the March Number. The difficulty of the subject, and the necessity of my getting advice from more scientific persons than myself, oblige me to defer the offer of the contribution. My subject will be "Mrs. Carlton's Essay," lately published at Paris, on the influence of the Nervous System on the mind and health. It is a most ingenious and surprising work, and, in my opinion, throws original new lights on the subject after all that Bichat and others have written upon it. This is strong language, but of two things you may rest assured, namely, in the first place, that I shall depend for the main facts, arguments, and observations in the critique which I may send you on judgments more trustworthy than my own, on a matter so nearly connected with physical science; in the next place, that I shall endeavour to eschew poetical enthusiasm on a subject where pure ratiocination ought to predomi-

nate. The cloth of the article, however, though it ought to be a mere web and cloth of ratiocination, will fairly admit of a poetical fringing.—With much regard and respect, yours truly, THOMAS CAMPBELL.

February 21, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—With infinite regret and mortification, I have to beg your pardon for my inability to supply the article on the Nervous System, for which I bespoke a place in your Review. If I had felt myself more competent than I have, on coming to the proof, found myself, to review this subtle and ingenious work, my illness for the last three months might have served as too unfeigned an apology for disappointing you, for my own nervous system has been shattered almost to a wreck by this influenza. But this could be only a temporary excuse. The truth is, the book is above my commission; how then did I undertake to be its critic? Why, the book pleased me. I understand its contents; and I made the same sort of miscalculation of my power to master the subject that a man might make of his power to ford a stream because he can see to its bottom. But I ought to have recollected that, in order to review a work properly, one ought more than simply to comprehend its contents: he ought to be master of the whole subject as much perhaps as the author of the book itself. Still, I had pledged my word to Mrs. Carlton to avail myself of your kind promise respecting a place for its notice. I thought to myself if I could get some scientific man who could help me to such notes on the work as would enable me to give a conspectus of all that has been written on the subject, I might infuse some remarks of my own, and the article might be worthy of reception. You give me credit, I daresay, for never having intended to deceive you. No, my intention was to have told you of my auxiliary. Well, I made an arrangement to get such remarks from a man who passes for scientific. But, when these voluminous remarks came, I found them stupid and common place, shewing that he knew little, if

anything, more of the subject than myself. I have been obliged, therefore, to write a humbling explanation of all this to Mrs. Carlton, who is in Germany, and warning her that I could not insure any notice of the work. It grieves me that so ingenious a book cannot be reviewed. After the vain trouble I have given you, I dare not ask you to find another and an abler reviewer of it, but I must find the means of conveying the work itself to you, and I think it will strike you as a wonderful production from a woman. It grieves me to hear that you have laboured like myself under the prevailing malady. It has made quite an old man of me.—With sincerest regards, yours most truly, THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Worthing, January 1, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I have not five minutes left to write before the post goes, I must send one line to account for your letter being so long unanswered. I most sincerely condole with you on your accumulated afflictions, and I do so the more heartily that I can offer you no kind of consolation under them. It used to be an opinion of mine that time blunted the edge of such sorrows. I have lived to find that it is not so. I have experienced an exacerbation instead of anything like an assuaging effect, therefore you see I am as unfit for the office of comforting any one as a person well can be. It renders me, however, all the more ready to sympathise.—Believe me, truly yours,

H. B.

Berkeley Square, January 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—As by some accident I have not yet got the Review, and only got it from a friend for a few hours, I have not read more than one or two articles. The first[1] I have only looked at partially, namely, the beginning and the end, and I feel quite ashamed of the kindness of it,

[1] "Lord Brougham's Discourse on Natural Theology," January, 1837: written by Sir David Brewster.

though certainly very deeply indebted to the author. I hope he has duly mentioned Sir C. Bell in the parts which I have not read, and I could have wished his name had been at the top of the page as well as mine. But I now write to ask you if you can ascertain what is meant in page 501 by the insinuation that Lords Lansdowne and Holland *tried* to get preferment for Malthus and failed. I never heard of such efforts with Lord Grey. I am sure none were made with me by either of those two Lords. I offered Malthus a living, and he declined it in favour of his son, who got it, and, I believe, now has it. I don't believe Lord Lansdowne, and I scarcely think Lord Holland, made any efforts of the kind. I beg you to make no allusion to me in any inquiries you may make; but this attempt to throw blame off one man on another, is not fair, especially as Lord Holland had the patronage of *good* livings, which I never heard of his offering to Malthus.[1]—Yours ever truly, H. B.

February 21, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—Empson's defence is really quite nugatory. He does not give the least reason for excepting Lord Lansdowne, and the only reason for excepting Lord Holland is that he offered Malthus a living which he could not accept. How does Empson know that Lord Grey did not offer him something of the same kind? However, my complaint was—not that the Government generally had been blamed—for my clear opinion always has been that they deserved blame. My complaint was, that a most invidious distinction was made in favour of two of its members, when, as far at least as I was concerned, I knew that neither the one nor the other had ever mentioned Malthus's name to me, and I had no reason to believe either of them had ever made any exertion to obtain preferment for him. What exertions Lord L. made, E. does not say. Till I hear what these were, I shall

[1] "Life, Writings, and Character of Malthus," Art. 9, January, 1837: by Empson.

believe that they consisted in expressions of good will. What Lord H. did, is now stated, and I myself did just as much, and received, through Whishaw, the warm acknowledgments of Malthus. I think the result was, his refusing something himself, and desiring it might be given to his son. What he got was, I dare say, trifling, as 99 in 100 of the Great Seal livings are: but when he got it, there was much satisfaction expressed by his father; and the consequence of any preferment being given always is, that a person waits some time before he gets anything better. What is to be noted in this business is, the care with which Empson brings in Lord Lansdowne who did nothing, as one of the two exceptions, and includes those who did something, however inadequate, in the general censure. I should have been still more surprised, indeed, and much hurt and ashamed, had he excepted me. No exception at all should have been made. The ground of blame was general, and it should have rested so. The great shabbiness (I must call it so) is excepting Lord Lansdowne, and this is not the first time I have seen the same artist acting in the same way.—Yours ever truly,

H. B.

London, April 18, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had expected to send one at least of the articles[1] to-day or at furthest to-morrow. But I really think that the great importance of some attention being drawn to this subject at the present crisis, will justify a few days' delay of the Number. Some pages on Criminal Law Reform will also be of much use, and cannot keep you long. And perhaps, at the present political crisis, a few remarks on Reforms generally, and the injury to them which will be worked by the Tories taking the Government, may be usefully added. That there is a crisis, is undeniable. I suspect the Tories have sounded loose sort of people on the Government side, and been satisfied that

[1] "National Education," Art. 11 of Number for April, 1837, to which Lord Brougham also contributed Art. 8, "The New Houses of Parliament."

these will support them if they come in and *refuse to dissolve.* This is a great bribe which they have in their hands, and our violent people (out of doors) have talked so loud about dissolution that it is reckoned an inevitable consequence of the Government remaining. I do not imagine the Government ever intended it seriously. But their people (even those in office) have foolishly been holding it out as a threat, and I have no doubt that the present run against them is owing to this. The bulk of their weakness, however, comes from the blunders committed in managing the Church Rate question. Great hopes are entertained by the Tories of beating, or at least running the Government near on Spain. I have no apprehension of their being beaten, but the division can hardly be otherwise than bad for them, and the debate will be worse. I am extremely glad, in these circumstances, as I should have been even had matters looked better, that your late promotion[1] has taken place, and for Cunninghame's,[2] I feel thankful every day I live.—Yours truly, H. B.

E. L. Bulwer.

Albany, March 3, 1837.

My dear Sir,—I am very sorry to hear you have been again unwell, and my concern is not diminished by your flattering reproach that I have added to your inconvenience by not writing for the next Number. I will take Lady M. Montagu for July, and do my best with her Ladyship. I hope at the same time to send you an article on the lives of Vane and Bradshaw, which will then be published. For the present Number I really would do anything to oblige you, but I can find nothing to scribble off *currente calamo.* How can you say I write a novel in

[1] As one of the Principal Clerks of Session. On receiving this appointment, my Father resigned his office of Librarian to the Writers to the Signet, which he had held for thirty years.

[2] John Cunninghame, a leading member of the Scotch Bar, and an old and intimate friend of Lord Brougham, was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session.

"two or three weeks"—the unkindest thing ever said of me? I never wrote one under six months, and then the subject had usually lain in my mind for years, and the whole plot arranged. I must not review Novels, because, if that were once suspected, as I know most of my brothers and sisters in that line, I should be eternally besieged with entreaties to write a review on every Novel that came out, and be in hot water if I refused. Therefore, I must reject Plumer Ward.[1] I am extremely obliged and flattered by your kindness, and should be delighted to come under the notice of so eminent a scholar and so lively and graceful a writer as Sir D. Sandford, could I feel assured that Athens would deserve the honour. But, though I have been at it nearly ten years, the distraction of public life and other literary pursuits, make me very nervous as to its merits. However, I feel that the strongest will be the most lenient: and, indeed, if Mr. Fynes Clinton had not constantly encouraged and cheered me throughout the work, which he has seen as it passed through the press, I should have given up in despair. A thousand thanks for what you are good enough to say about the speech.[2] I sometimes think I have the thing in me, but I see also a thousand obstacles and faults to overcome, before I can make it appear as I could wish.—Yours ever and truly obliged, E. L. BULWER.

London, March 11, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I confess that your letter so moved me that I forthwith sent for the *Letters from the South*, which I had not read, and have very diligently gone through the greater part of the volumes. But, indeed and indeed, I can make nothing of the work,—nothing to please you or myself,—nothing that the commonest scribe could not do better. For all to be done is to say something handsome of Campbell as a poet and general writer, praise the

[1] Author of "Tremaine," de "Vere," de "Clifford," and "Illustrations of Human Life."

[2] Of 21st February, on Irish Municipal Corporations.

lightness and spirit of this book, and dash off to half a dozen extracts. The book, though not very good, is full of much that may be praised, but not analysed—not reviewed. I can, I repeat, do nothing with it, hard hearted as it may appear. Pray forgive me, and be assured that I will try and work double tides for the Montagu. I am grieved to find you give so sad a picture of your own state of health. Were it any cause less painful that brought you to town, I should be glad of that occasion to see and confer with you. Thanks for your official prediction. I have not, however, as yet that ambition.[1] To renounce literature, independence, travel, long summer vacations, and an author's hope, for the regular red box life, is more than I could contemplate, while anything *young* in body or mind is left me.—Yours ever truly, E. L. B.

LORD JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, May 2, 1837.

MY DEAR N.,—What mortal could ever dream of cutting out the least particle of this precious work,[2] to make it fit better into your Review? It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent—*et prope divinum*. Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it, not only with delight, but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart, and tears in the eye. The first five or six pages are in a lower tone, but still magnificent, and not to be defrauded of a word. Still I do not object to consider whether it might not be best to serve up the rich repast in two courses, and, on the whole, I incline to that partition. One hundred and twenty pages might cloy even epicures, and would be sure to surfeit the vulgar, and the biography and philosophy are so entirely distinct (and of not very unequal length) that the division would not look like a fracture. F. J.

[1] Bulwer was not in office till 1858, when he was Colonial Secretary in the Derby Ministry.

[2] Macaulay's Article on Lord Bacon.

Calcutta, June 15, 1837.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have received your very kind letter acknowledging the receipt of Trevelyan's article about the *Thugs*. Though there was much that gave me pain in your account of yourself, yet, as it was on the whole better than any account which I had lately received, I was gratified by it. I assure you that I have most sincerely felt for you, and that there are few things which will give me more pleasure than to find you in good health and spirits when I return. Your letter about my review of Mackintosh miscarried, vexatiously enough. I should have been glad to know what was thought of my performance among friends and foes, for here we have no information on such subjects. The literary correspondents of the Calcutta newspapers seem to be penny-a-line men, whose whole stock of literature comes from the conversations in the Green Room.

My long article on Bacon has, no doubt, been in your hands some time. I never, to the best of my recollection, proposed to review Hannah More's life or works. If I did, it must have been in jest. She was exactly the very last person in the world about whom I should choose to write a critique. She was a very kind friend to me from childhood. Her notice first called out my literary tastes. Her presents laid the foundation of my library. She was to me what Ninon was to Voltaire,—begging her pardon for comparing her to a strumpet, and yours for comparing myself to a great man. She really was a second mother to me. I have a real affection for her memory. I, therefore, could not possibly write about her, unless I wrote in her praise; and all the praise which I could give to her writings, even after straining my conscience in her favour, would be far indeed from satisfying any of her admirers.

I will try my hand on Temple and on Lord Clive. Shaftesbury I shall let alone. Indeed, his political life is so much connected with Temple's that, without endless repetition, it would be impossible for me to furnish a separate article on each. Temple's life and works,—the

part which he took in the controversy about the Ancients and Moderns, the Oxford confederacy against Bentley, and the memorable victory which Bentley obtained,—will be good subjects. I am in good training for this part of the subject, as I have twice read through the Phalaris controversy since I arrived in India.

In January we propose to sail for England. Before this day year, I hope to shake hands with you. Till then, with all kind wishes, farewell.—Yours ever, T. B. MACAULAY.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

Allerly, July 27, 1837.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I expected that my review of Whewell[1] would have been very laudatory, and that my principal task would have been to give a faithful analysis of it. I am grievously disappointed, however, to find it a work of great pretension and no real learning. It is not written in a good tone of feeling. It is most unjust to many individuals, and in many cases it evinces the most deplorable ignorance. He is actually ignorant of the fine optical discoveries of Ptolemy, though one of the MSS. of Ptolemy's optics is in the Bodleian Library, and though a copious abstract of its contents is given in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, article Optics, and a shorter one in my report on Optics for the British Association. He is ignorant, too, of the real nature of Snellius's Law of Refraction, and has not read Huygens' account of it, though he cites the book. He is ignorant also of the magnificent experiments made by the French Institute on the Force of Beams. I mention these as specimens of singular ignorance. He has no genuine enthusiasm for Science or its cultivators; and in spite of his great talents and knowledge, he is but a clever bookmaker, without any of the learning and patient industry of a compiler. Had he wanted money, I should have had some sympathy for him, as that is the only apology which an able man can have for writing a bad book, and galloping rough-shod over the field of Science.

[1] "History of the Inductive Sciences," Art. 6, October, 1837.

Your last Number is admirable. Macaulay's article is splendid. It would have killed Playfair, who took me to task for inserting a similar view of Bacon's character (written by Dr. Lee) in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. I think the Reviewer has taken an extreme view of Bacon's conduct.—Ever faithfully yours, D. BREWSTER.

E. L. BULWER.

Knebworth Park, August 23, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—Assure Sir D. Sandford of my grateful appreciation of the friendly feeling which dictated his most eloquent and picturesque article.[1] The praise was liberal, the censure gentle, and I should have hoped that the qualified and moderate tone of the whole would have preserved both Editor and Critic from any charge of blind or unjust panegyric. For my part, I think that both General History and Greek Letters have been so much neglected of late, that it would be obviously the duty of criticism to encourage any deliberate attempt to revive a taste for either; and were my own enterprise yet more unsuccessful, I still feel that it would have been entitled to the generous greeting it has received from Sir D. Sandford. When completed,[2] I trust it may vindicate itself, and also approach nearer to the character which Sir Daniel would have wished me to invest it with. Entering now the most important part of the History of Athens, the work will be more exclusively Athenian, more minute in its details, and more searching in its views. I differ from my learned Critic as to the Asiatic origin of the Pelasgi, the scriptural influence on Greek Mythology, and the birthplace of Athenë. I may dispute these points with him hereafter. Macaulay's paper is striking and brilliant, as is all that comes from his vigorous mind and prodigal fancy. But I think, though Bacon was quite as bad a public man as he represents, that his vices were not the consequences of a weak and servile temperament, but of the same profound and subtle mind that he evinced in letters. He chose his

[1] "Bulwer's Rise and Fall of Athens," Art. 5, July, 1837.
[2] It was never completed.

means according as they could bring success to his ends. And it is remarkable (and this Macaulay overlooks) that his worst and meanest acts *invariably succeeded* in their object,—nay, that they were the only means by which his objects *could* have been gained. Thus his ingratitude to Essex was his great stepping-stone to his after distinctions, and his cowardly submission on the detection of his corruption, not only saved his head, but restored him to liberty, wealth, and rank. I could show, too, from Bacon's letters that Macaulay is mistaken as to his religious sincerity. As Bacon himself says, he wrapped up his physic in sweets for the priests to swallow. In fact, he was not a weak, irresolute actor in politics, but a consummate and masterly hypocrite, trained in the rules of Italian statesmanship. The biographical part is, however, the best of Macaulay's article. The view of Bacon's philosophy seems to me merely brilliant declamation. All detail, all definition of the exact things Bacon did and Bacon omitted to do, are thrown overboard. The comparison with Plato, as a fair illustration of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, is mere rhetoric. And the illustration would have ruined his own position if he had substituted Aristotle for Plato. Aristotle was an *useful* Philosopher as well as Bacon, and it was in combating Aristotle that Bacon learned the use of his own limbs and weapons. Enough of these criticisms on Criticism. I may differ with Macaulay, but his genius in this article, as in all else, is of a prodigious and gigantic character. He is formed to be the man of his age.

Now as to my proposed aid in the next Number, I grieve to say that the Election[1] has thrown me so back with engagements of a very arduous nature, and on which large sums depend, that I shall be wholly unable to assist you in the October Number. Indeed my only chance of getting through the mass of work before me is by unremitting and exclusive attention to it till November, and by the uninterrupted quiet of the country, where, even if I could spare the time, I could not obtain the books necessary for such

[1] Parliament was dissolved July 17 on the Queen's accession.

an article on Vane and Pym, as the dignity of the subject demands. I am much vexed at this, which I did not foresee. For I never thought I should have to waste above a few days at Lincoln, whereas I was compelled to reside there for several weeks, and had not a moment to spare for literary occupation.—Ever your very obliged,

E. L. BULWER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, July 28, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received the Review [July 1837], and have read most of it, and with great pleasure. There is more variety and more good matter in it than there has been for a long time. The *Bacon* is, as you say, very striking, and no doubt is the work of an extremely clever man. It is so very long that I think you might have cut it in two, there being an obvious division. But (not to trouble you with the superfluous enumeration of its good qualities), it has two grievous defects,—a redundancy, an over-crowding of every one thing that is touched upon, that almost turns one's head; for it is out of one digression into another, and each thought in each is illustrated by twenty different cases and anecdotes, all of which follow from the first without any effort. This is a sad defect in Macaulay, and it really seems to get worse instead of better. I need not say that it is the defect of a very clever person—it is indeed exuberance. But it is a defect also that *old age* is liable to. The other fault you have alluded to, but I will expose it after Macaulay's own manner of writing. "You might as well say that all men balance themselves in order to walk, and, therefore, there is no science of mechanics, or that every child learns to suck, and, therefore, the Torricellian experiment was of no use to science, or that the dullest of human beings goes to his point by one straight line and not by the two other sides of a triangle, and, therefore, there is no Geometry, or that the most ordinary workman, be he mason building an arch, or cooper making a cask, forms a curve by joining straight lines short in proportion to the whole length, and, therefore, the fluxional calculus was no

discovery;" through two or three pages as easy to fill with such trash as it would be unprofitable. In fact, this way of treating a subject is somewhat mistaking garrulity for copiousness, but I am now complaining much more of the matter than the manner. Greater blunder never was committed than the one Macaulay has made on the Inductive Philosophy. He is quite ignorant of the subject. He may garnish his pages as he pleases with references: it only shows he has read Bacon for the *flowers* and not the *fruit*, and this is indeed the fact. He has no science at all, and cannot reason. His contemporaries at Cambridge always said he had not the conception of what an argument was; and surely it was not right for a person who never had heard of Gilbert's treatise, to discuss Bacon's originality, nay, to descant on Bacon at all, who seems never to have read the *Sylva Sylvarum* (for see p. 83 about ointments for broken bones); and who goes through the whole of his speculation (or whatever you choose to term it) without making any allusion to Bacon's notorious failure when he came to put his own rules in practice, and without seeming to be at all aware that Sir I. Newton was an experimental philosopher.

I fear the Political article[1] will draw down much attack on the Government, for it certainly places them in a very awkward light. But of this more hereafter, when I have more time.—Yours ever, H. B.

Brougham, August 18, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I last wrote to you, I had only hastily glanced over a few pages of the political paper. An ultra-Tory newspaper having since very unfortunately, and as absurdly, been ascribing it to me, contrary to the most manifest internal evidence, I have read it through, and the impression I formerly had is greatly increased. I speak quite independently of all the abuse I have heard of it. The ground taken seems to me singularly injudicious, as being extremely injurious to the Government. Nothing

[1] "State of Parties," Art. 12, July, 1837, written by Empson.

can have a worse effect—one more likely to exasperate one class of its supporters, and alienate the public generally, than preaching in so bald and coarse a manner on a text the most delicate in the world, namely, "let the Ministry remain in office, whether they can carry anything for the country or not, because it is at any rate good that they should have the distribution of patronage." Empson's, I conclude, it is, from its being written in the *riddle and flower style, i.e*, a constant saying of something fine and puzzling. He is a bad imitator of Macaulay, who does himself, with all his extraordinary powers, incalculable injury, by laying down a rule that good writing consists in saying as many striking things as can be crammed into a given number of lines. But this in an imitator makes sad work. I also guess Empson to be the person from the Lansdowne House tone, and indeed from the flattery of Lord Lansdowne. He who could assert that Lansdowne alone, or almost alone, of the Cabinet had endeavoured to promote Malthus, might be expected to assert that Lansdowne had announced the intention of Government to bring forward a plan of National Education, not one word of which Lansdowne ever said, or anything like it, but only that he admitted so much of my bill (he confined himself strictly to that) as went to establish a Department of Public Instruction. Indeed, I should have felt extreme alarm had Lansdowne announced the intention Empson ascribes to him, with the recent experience of the Church-rate mismanagement, and with the risk staring me in the face of having education made a question of Ministry and Opposition. I also believe it to be untrue that Lord John Russell made any such announcement. He only said, as I was informed by Wyse, that he now gave up his former opinion, and admitted that there must be a Department.

Another thing in the same article is extremely improper, and should be set right in a note to next Number, unless I can send an article on the subject, namely, the assertion that I had tried to rouse the Lords, but nothing was done. This is so notoriously the reverse of the fact, that one

wonders at any person undertaking to write on public affairs, and being ignorant of it. Say what you please of the Lords, on this head they cannot easily be charged with fear of change, or slowness to make it. I certainly should have preferred the two other plans which I recommended, but my third, and which I mainly insisted on, was carried unanimously in the House, and almost unanimously in the Committee, which I obtained without any opposition, except the Ministers saying they believed nothing could be done. Instead of nothing, there has been effected the greatest, the most searching change in the business of the House, that was ever attempted, and a greater change than any made these hundred years, except the Reform. All private Bills are now placed on a new footing, all jobbing excluded, and the Peers compelled to attend *de die in diem*, six days a week, from eleven to four, at the least, on each Bill, every Committee selected by a General Committee chosen for the purpose, no Committee being of more than five, and no Peer to absent himself for a moment without leave, nor to vote without hearing the whole case. This is what Empson is pleased to call nothing. The Commons, to their great disgrace, refused to adopt the same measure, alleging that their constituents require members to job and be canvassed! But if they persist in this course, you may rely on it that a Bill will be sent down to them before long, being one of the other two plans (which I could not carry), namely, for a joint Committee of the two Houses. However, all these and other things are placed in great peril and uncertainty by the defeat sustained at this cursed Election, the worst for the Liberal party in my time, for in 1807, when we lost more seats by a good deal, we were in Opposition, and had the Court strongly against us.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

P.S.—I wish the *Newspaper Press* had not been flattered so much; at any rate its glaring faults should have been pointed out. This was done, and very ill done, in 1823,[1] when it had hardly any sins to answer for; and now,

[1] By Hazlitt.

when it has so many, either the subject should have been avoided, or the truth should have been plainly stated. The excessive praise of an individual[1] (merely, I presume, because a Lansdowne House recruit from the ranks of the most bitter Radicalism), is also to be condemned. His weekly scurrility against Lord Spencer and myself should have been a warning as to him.

St. Leonards, October 5 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send in another cover a few pages which I am extremely desirous should be inserted in this Number, not merely as finishing the article of last Summer upon Lord Wellesley's government in India, but because there is a heavy debt of justice due to him on many accounts, and because I *know* that he will be very much relieved by any expressions of respect and kindness from the Liberal party, for whom he really has made great and unrequited sacrifices. He magnanimously overlooked everything, and two or three months ago *gave his proxy again to the Government*. The Ministers are quite sensible of his great claims. Indeed, they know that, but for him and Lord Anglesey, they would not now have Ireland to govern at all. These two men in fact saved it. Accordingly, though from fear of the Irish mob, they did not venture to send either of them back there, they are going to make Lord Anglesey a Duke as a testimonial of his services. Lord Wellesley, of course, cannot be so distinguished, because he has no family, and would despise such a thing for himself. But this makes it the more incumbent on us to give him every tribute we can of respect and admiration. You are aware, I suppose, of his having refused Ireland when pressed on him by his brother. I hope and trust, therefore, that these pages come in time, and I beg your particular attention to correcting the press.[2]—Yours truly, H. B.

[1] The late Albany Fonblanque. Lord Brougham refers to the Article, by Empson, on his "Seven Administrations," in the Number for July, 1837.

[2] Art. 7, October, 1837, "Marquess of Wellesley's Despatches."

St. Leonards, October 19, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find you have been ailing, and this makes me also the more unwilling to trouble you upon some very serious considerations suggested by your letter. But if I delay until I arrive in town, the bustle of preparing for the campaign (which, I assure you, will not be quite so dull a one as the late Session) will prevent me from doing what I certainly think a most imperative duty —I mean soliciting your best attention to the fate which seems hastening upon the Edinburgh Review. The having always been free from the least control of booksellers is one of its principal distinctions, and long was peculiarly so—perhaps it still has it *nearly* to itself. But if it shall become a *Treasury* journal, I hardly see any great advantage in one kind of independence without the rest. Nay, I doubt if its *literary* freedom, any more than its political, will long survive. Books will be treated according as the Treasury, or their understrappers regard the authors. Indeed, I am not sure that my present alarm is not fully as much of that kind as on account of politics merely. For what you say of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, as if it were impossible to review them, was the thing which struck me most in your letter, and I only afterwards had leisure to reflect upon the part respecting Parliamentary Reform. Is it, can it be possible, that the most remarkable publication of the day, nay, the one which has most excited attention for many long years, must not be mentioned in the Edinburgh Review because it could not be done without unbounded praise of a political adversary, or rather an adversary of the Treasury? I had never doubted that you would have urged Napier, or some other skilful person to undertake it; but that at all events it was to be done, and in a manner fitting the importance of it. But, is it after all possible that the Review should be suffered to sink into such a state of subserviency that it dares not insert any discussion upon a general question of politics because it might give umbrage to the Government of the day? I pass over the undeniable fact that it is *under-*

lings only whom you are scared by, and that the Ministers themselves have no such inordinate pretension as to dream of interfering. I say nothing of those underlings generally, except this, that I well know the race, and a more despicable, above all, in point of judgment, exists not. Never mind their threats, they *can* do no harm. Even if any of them are contributors, be assured they never will withdraw because you choose to keep your course free and independent, though I am well aware there are some of them who will be ready enough to urge in behalf of their eternal solicitations for promotion the *demerits* of the Edinburgh Review, and will be very troublesome to you in order to give them something additional to urge when next they infest the waiting-rooms of the Offices. But these matters I pass over. I want to remind you of what used to be the course of the Review, and I go at once to a case in point. The Whigs were in Office in 1806–7. No men could be on more intimate terms, nay, more connected with the Ministers of that day, than all of us were—Horner, myself, Jeffrey. Some of us were in Office and in Parliament, others were candidates for both. Did that, or the apprehension that it would mar our preferment, or the fear that it would bring discountenance on the Review, ever prevent us from plainly denouncing the errors of the Whig Government? I could show you as unsparing attacks on them *then* as can well be fancied. Nor did I ever hear from Grey, Holland, Lansdowne, or any one else, a syllable of fault found. But *now* the question is not as to attacks (it is not allowed, of course, to whisper anything like blame), but it is as to mere statement of political doctrine, and of a general kind! Why, the Irish jobbers, who care for nothing but their share of the places, and disclaim all general principle in their blind zeal for backing the Government—they, even they, state their opinions on such subjects. So do the avowed *Treasury newspapers*, morning and evening. Depend upon it, the interests of the Review in the long run will be best consulted by taking that course now which we always

took before, and utterly disregarding the jobbing people who, for ends of their own, would advise a departure from it. In 1806-7 the ground was peculiarly delicate. Our friends on coming into office had all at once become *warlike* and *unreforming*, and this course was repeatedly complained of at a time when (much as at present) so many of the natural allies of the people were gagged by being in office.

I shall probably be supposed to have written the mutilated article.[1] I shall, of course, say nothing when attacked for omitting what are known to be my strong opinions on the suffrage. By the way, you forget, in referring to what I before said on that subject, the event of the late Election, which has given a new turn to the whole practical question. No one shall ever know from me that I *would* have preached the true faith on that point in the Edinburgh Review. But I shall take a very early opportunity of promulgating it in public; and, if I mistake not, you will find the Government extremely patient on that and many other matters. That I am not their enemy, they well know. Their base underlings would stare to read, under the hand of their Chief, *an admission that by taking a particular course I should destroy the Government.* This is for yourself; but it will show you how very little those underlings know (how can they indeed?) what is really going on. If you have any doubt as to the general subject of this letter, I wish you would confer with Lord Jeffrey. I have not, and will not say one word to him on the subject, but do you state your own case in your own way to him.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

St. Leonards, October 20, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot help, in continuation of my yesterday's letter, mentioning a piece of intelligence which reached me this morning, because it proves in a most gratifying way the good consequences of our fearlessly,

[1] "Defects of the Reform Bill—Parliamentary Business," Art. 10, October, 1837. It contained a paragraph on the extension of the suffrage, which was omitted.

and with a view only to what is right, discharging our duty towards men and subjects. The East India Company have just passed a vote of approval of Lord Wellesley's Indian administration, with a present to him of £20,000 as a testimonial of their disposition to render him *tardy* justice after having joined in, if not originated, the cry against him above thirty years ago. That the discussion in the Edinburgh Review contributed to this act of strict justice, is undeniable. Lord Wellesley is himself thoroughly convinced of it. There is nothing in this world so unbearable as the sight of injustice, even when we have no personal interest in its objects. The attacks on Lord Wellesley for adding an empire to our dominions, was the only cause of his not being Minister of this country for the greater part of his life, and it is certainly a very agreeable thing to find those who made the attacks at length giving some feeble redress.—Yours ever truly,

H. B.

M. NAPIER TO LORD BROUGHAM.

Linnburn House, October 24, 1837.

MY DEAR LORD,—Your two letters have been forwarded to this place, and I need hardly say that they have given me much uneasiness, for I must be either more or less than man to find myself represented by you, at least by implication, as lowering the Review to a discreditable state of political and literary subserviency, and not to experience feelings which, whatever they may be, cannot be otherwise than unpleasant. I have long feared that, in proportion as your views came to differ from those entertained by the majority of the supporters of the Review and my own, my situation as Editor would become more and more embarrassing; and, while I resolved to do all that sincere personal regard and just deference seemed to call for, I yet resolved steadily to follow the line of my duty, according to my own judgment, and to surrender my office rather than submit to hold it on conditions incompatible with its responsibilities. No one connected with

the Review can say that I am unwilling to be advised. But when I find one of its oldest and most powerful friends, not merely advising, but *accusing*, and that in a way to lower me to the lowest state of Grub Street subserviency, I am placed in a situation where it becomes me, from regard to my own character, to make a firm, but friendly remonstrance.

Your Lordship is pleased to say that the Edinburgh Review was *long* distinguished for its freedom from all "control of booksellers," and to add, only with a "perhaps," that it may yet have that character in a greater degree than most others. Now, I would ask, is it fair to me, when there is no overt act to refer to, to intimate any doubt as to a fact inferring such a subserviency? I challenge all the world to the inquiry, and I maintain that, at no period of its existence, was the Edinburgh Review more free from such control than it is and ever has been during the nine years of my management of it. Till I see reason for it, I shall say no more on this subject. I allude to it at all only because it seems to show an *animus* which I must take leave to pronounce most undeserved.

That you should have drawn such an inference from what I said about the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, as to make you feel alarmed lest even books should come to be "treated according as the Treasury or their understrappers regard the authors," is as incomprehensible as it is unwarrantable. Good God, what have I said to entitle anyone to think of me as likely to put the Edinburgh Review, in which I take so great a pride, in such a humiliating predicament? What is the fact? In adverting to your second article on Lord Wellesley's Despatches, I stated that I had been blamed by some charitable persons for partiality in so far departing from the known usages of the Review as to insert an article on the first volume of a work in course of publication, especially as the same thing had not been done in regard to the Duke's Despatches, and that a second departure from that usage, in giving a second article on the same work, would strengthen the

charge. Now, how in the name of wonder, could your Lordship infer from this, either that I had determined to have no article on the Duke's Despatches, or that any human being had tried or would dare to try to influence me so unworthily? I have had no article on these Despatches, not because I ever, for an instant, dreamt of passing such a work unnoticed, but because it is not completed, and it is not the practice of the Review to take up single volumes of unfinished publications, and because I have not yet been able to get anyone, perfectly competent to the task, to undertake it.

The main purpose of your letter is to show that the Review is in danger of becoming, what you call, "a Treasury Journal," and this, in so far as your thoughts are revealed, seems to rest on the fact of my having suppressed a paragraph recommending an extension of the suffrage, which I did not think it expedient, at the present time, to publish. But I maintain that this suppression furnishes no adequate ground for such an imputation; and I can state, upon information which I have received from a quarter which renders it unquestionable, that the Ministry would be injured by being thought to meditate further organic changes. That consideration determined me to withhold what would certainly have raised a cry against them,[1] and, in taking such a course, I deny that I have acted subserviently, and I am confident that I should be acquitted, not merely by those through whom the Review exists, but by the Whigs generally; and this, though admitting, as I do most fully, that I concur in the propriety of your proposal, and will have no objection to lend it the support of the Review, when it can be given without risk to the Ministry. When you come calmly to consider my situation, you will admit that I could not act upon any other principles, without changing the Whig character of the Review, and alienating those through

[1] In a letter, written a short time previously, Lord Brougham says:—"There should be an argument in favour of extending the elective franchise: but my fear is that it might embarrass the Government."

whom alone can I uphold it. Though I am heartily tired of the subject, I cannot quit it without saying that you are mistaken in thinking that I am influenced by any to whom the epithet of "understrapper" could be applied. I will not lead your Lordship to place less confidence in my honour than you hitherto have done, by disclosing my means of information; but I can state, with perfect propriety, that I have means of ascertaining the sentiments of Government in which I can place implicit reliance; and, I may add, that there are few less disposed than I am to bow the knee to "understrappers," either in politics or literature.

If you should ascribe anything I have said to any falling off from the sentiments which I have ever entertained towards your Lordship, you would do me wrong. I will go with you as far as it is possible for me to go, having regard to my own conscience and judgment, and you will not ask or expect me to go further.

The article on the Reform Bill, though short, is excellent. I am much pleased with that on Jefferson.[1] To say the truth, having myself reviewed, many a long year ago,[2] Marshall's Life of Washington, I had a wish to do Jefferson, but laid it aside the moment you mentioned the subject.—Ever faithfully yours, MACVEY NAPIER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

St. Leonards, October 29, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and I hope you will not be offended if I say that I am wholly unable to take the matter in so very serious a light. To be sure if your fanciful constructions of some things in my letter were correct, you might have some right to complain. Now, to give you at once an instance of the effects of imagination when a man is prepossessed with a notion that people are accusing him. You suppose me to have said, "only with a perhaps," that the Edinburgh Review

[1] "Defects of the Reform Bill." "Professor Tucker's Life of Jefferson." Articles 8 and 10, October, 1837.

[2] October, 1808.

continues still free from booksellers' control. I never doubted it. I never "perhapsed" it. Nothing of the kind. I had no doubt at all about it. But my "perhaps," which gives so much offence, applied to the comparison with other Reviews. I knew the Edinburgh Review continued free, but I had spoken of it as distinguished from all others by being so free, and it was at first so distinguished. But what right have I to say that it is *still* the only Review independent of booksellers? It may be so—it is possible the Quarterly Review and the British and Foreign Review, and others to which the revolution effected by the Edinburgh Review gave rise, may have become dependent on booksellers. I don't intend to deny it, but I am sure I don't know it, and I therefore said and still say, that perhaps, and only perhaps, *i.e.*, for anything I know to the contrary, the Edinburgh Review may be distinguished from all other Journals by this essential quality of independence. There can be no doubt whatever of my meaning, and there can be no doubt that I was only stating what was right and just in adding this qualification. Nay more, you yourself, in referring to what I said, have expressly stated the proposition which I had stated. I quote your letter—"You say that the Edinburgh Review was *long* distinguished for its freedom from all control of booksellers," and add with "a perhaps," that it may yet have that character in a greater degree than most others." These are the words, and the inverted commas of your own letter. Do, I beseech you, read again what you wrote, and confess that it contains not the vestige of such a doubt as makes you go on in your next sentence as if you had been charged with being under booksellers' control. "I would ask, is it fair to me, when there is no overt act to refer to, to intimate any doubt." You plainly perceive, in the words quoted and referred to by yourself, that the doubt has no more reference to your independence than to the character of the Emperor of China. Another proof of your being in quest of accusatory matter, is in your mistake as to

what I said of underlings. You treat it as an indignity to suppose you are in communication with them. Now, I really had in my eye persons who, I will venture to say from intimate knowledge of the Edinburgh folks, and I especially allude to the Whig party, would, if they should happen to go to Edinburgh, be fêted, aye, and to such an excess that whatever Whig had not seen them, nay been presented to them, would be broken-hearted, perhaps lose caste in the party. I alluded to men of very considerable station, though certainly not of the first places in the Government, but undoubtedly there are Cabinet Ministers who come distinctly within the description. There are some of these who are in their places upon bare sufferance, and who are daily and nightly haunted with the fear of being turned out and left in the lurch. I know a good deal more both of the heads and the tails of the Whig party than you possibly can do. It is the greatest mistake in the whole world to suppose that an accurate knowledge of public men can be obtained by seeing them a few times now and then. The very grossest errors are thus committed. But upon no subjects whatever are such grievous errors fallen into, as by strangers to any given society of persons who lead their lives together, happening to see once or twice parts of such society, and thence concluding that they know the footing on which its members are one with another. This is true generally, but of political circles it is most emphatically true.

I really know not that it is worth while continuing to argue on the much more important part of your letter—the conduct of the Review as to the Government. My anxiety was to let you see at once how completely you were mistaken in fancying that I had a lower opinion of you than you yourself believe you deserve, and to relieve your mind from the notions that seemed to have taken possession of it. I only wish Lord Jeffrey would show you one per cent. of the letters he used to get once a month all the time he held the office, and from, I believe, *all* the original founders of the work, and I will venture

to say that he never once, during that quarter of a century, expressed the least impatience of advice, and of the strongest and often angriest remonstrance. You say indeed you desire advice: I never knew anybody that did not, but when it comes, and, above all, when it is coupled with remonstrance, the desire is changed into aversion. But you'll say this is very general. Then I come to the point. Could there have been the least difficulty in avoiding, even the possibility of embarrassing the Government, by inserting the rejected passage? The topic was a fair and an ordinary one, and one in which almost all the party are agreed. You yourself are of that opinion. But you say it would have been considered a feeler, and have hurt the Government. Now I say nothing of the heavy fetters in which every man must write, the moment it is understood that the Edinburgh Review is an official journal. That is obvious, and that would extinguish even the appearance of political independence. But I go at once to your practical difficulty:—what had you to do but to insert in the text, if you thought a note too formal, some such words as—"such is our opinion, but we are very far from hoping that the Government holds the same." Now, I am aware it may be said—"yes, but this gives it out that the Government is t'other way:"—and, accordingly, that *is* the vile and unmanly course the Government has unhappily been advised to take on several great questions. They dare not avow they are *for* these; indeed, they are clearly and strongly *against* some of them, as Peerage Reform. But, then, neither dare they avow they are *against* them, because that would lose them favour in other quarters. So on they shuffle, rather than go, pretending to one class of their supporters, that they are against them, and to another class that they are for them. But I am sure the Edinburgh Review ought to have no kind of fellowship with such plans, and that you never could for a moment think of becoming an instrument of such work as that.

I must again say that I cannot conceive why the

Review should now be so tender about discussing subjects which, on former occasions, it never flinched from. There were papers of very different principles inserted, and no one ever objected. Just let me ask, whether inserting remarks against the Whig Party when it was *out of office and weak*, might not have been reckoned more hard upon it, and more ungenerous in the Review, than objecting to the conduct of the same party, strong in power? Yet who ever shrunk back from that office then? And, observe, there is now no question about attacking the Government at all—nothing of the kind—but only of completing the discussion of a most important general question, deeply affecting the best interests of the people. I can hardly conceive a more imperative duty than that of aiding, by all the means in our power, the improvement of the working classes. It is the very greatest object now in existence. It is one to which the Government *must* yield or be destroyed. It is one that I full well know those at the head of the Government have the most sovereign contempt for, as for every reform, every improvement, everything which enlightened and liberal-minded men hold most dear. I allude to Melbourne, and one or two others of much weight—not to J. Russell certainly, perhaps not to Lansdowne. But Melbourne has a sovereign contempt for everything of the kind. He belonged to the party which had the utmost horror of Reform, and only agreed to disfranchise Retford and enfranchise Birmingham, because, they said, that was the best chance of stopping the flames. Afterwards they relaxed a good deal further, but it was always sorely against the grain, and they never for an instant could endure the name of Reform, except as a party measure, and to save their official existence. Surely, it behoves those whose whole lives have been devoted to these opinions, to stand by them when they are labouring, and when nothing but the strenuous exertions of ancient supporters, gives them any chance of further success. Mind, I have not the least objection to the men I have alluded

to. They are infinitely better than the Tories, and, except their contempt of certain subjects, I know few faults they have. Of their underlings, I can only again say, there exists not a viler race. They are a mere compound of sycophancy and spite, without one atom of principle, except that of clinging to place.

Now, one word as to your saying that I charged you "by implication." That is not my way. If I have a complaint to make, or a charge to prefer, I do so in very plain and distinct and direct terms. I well remember when Lord Jeffrey resigned, he was anxious that I should correspond directly with you. My objection was that I could state more easily to him than to a stranger any matter which occurred to me on the conduct of the Review. I really have reflected on this since I received your letter—not from any disinclination to tell at once what I think—but from my reluctance to give pain, which I am sure I have done, partly, indeed, from misapprehension on your side, but partly also from saying what I thought, and in a way in which I had for twenty-seven years been used to express myself.—Yours ever sincerely,

H. B.

P.S.—I perceive that I misunderstood what you said of the Duke of Wellington's book. You said that there were accusations of partiality for reviewing Lord Wellesley, and taking no notice of the Duke's. Of course, I conceived that the political accusers were Conservative, complaining of their leader not being noticed, and that he was not to be. I am extremely happy to find it is otherwise.

M. NAPIER TO LORD BROUGHAM.

Edinburgh, November 6, 1837.

MY DEAR LORD,—Accidental circumstances have prevented me from sooner answering your long letter of the 29th ultimo. It is painful to differ with one for whom I entertain so great a regard, and particularly so when the difference relates to the Review, as to which you are so well entitled to give advice. You say, however, that the

desire to receive advice, though always professed, readily changes to aversion when the advice is coupled with remonstrance. It is just as easy to say, on the other hand, that he who gives advice always proceeds to abuse when his advice is not implicitly followed. Had your Lordship merely advised me, after being told that I had cancelled a paragraph, that I would in future do well to insert a saving clause, such as you have proposed, it is at any rate certain that I would have kept that advice in mind; but when you proceeded to make this omission a ground for charging me with lowering the Review, I contend that I was entitled to complain. I felt the more annoyed at the imputation, that all the embarrassments that have occurred in my management of the Review have arisen from my desire to secure the continuance of your assistance. The fact is—and I have ample means of establishing it—that I have on more than one occasion put its existence to hazard from my yielding more to your wishes than others thought I ought to have done. Lord Jeffrey, to whom you refer, knows this to be true. I was in particular much blamed for excluding all political articles but your Lordship's during the Grey Administration, and that at a time when the opinions of the other supporters of the Review coincided with your own. I was repeatedly told that I had injured the Review by so doing, because your Lordship, transcendant as your powers were admitted to be, had not the leisure to write such articles as the occasion required. It is only two days since I received a letter from an old and able supporter of the Review, asking, "Why do you allow yourself and the Review to be dragged through the dirt by praises of Sidmouth and Castlereagh?" Let me once more repeat that my situation is far from an easy one, and that your altered position occasions difficulties which had no existence in the time of my predecessor. You have said that you once thought of corresponding only with him, and seemingly with regret that you had departed from that course. Most certain it is that such a state of things could not

have long endured; and, indeed, when the thing was hinted to me, I stated at once that I had not solicited the Editorship, and that no consideration would induce me to hold it on a condition implying either that I was unworthy of trust, or that one not responsible as editor, nor before the Public as such, was yet to be a confidential editor, or some such thing, in regard to the share to be taken by a particular contributor. It is not worth while to allude to this now, but your allusion to it after eight years' correspondence does make the reminiscence sound harshly. I tell your Lordship the truth when I say that your advice will always have due weight with me; but you must give me leave to add that there may sometimes be adverse views to deal with, and that something must be left to my own judgment and sense of propriety. I see I had misunderstood your use of the word "perhaps" in speaking of the control of booksellers. Finding it in the commencement of what I thought an accusatory letter, I gave to it an interpretation which I now admit was wrong.—Believe me, yours very faithfully, MACVEY NAPIER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, November 18, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not answered your last letter, chiefly because I dislike controversy, and knowing very well I shall not convince you, and that you will not convince me, it seemed useless. In all you say, however, of what I wrote when in office I entirely agree. No one could be more sensible of its great deficiencies. I only extend the remark a little further, and include also what I have written before and since. There is one thing in your letter, and but one, which I will say anything about, where you mention that some one, whom you call "an old and able supporter," complained of "your being dragged through the dirt by the praise of Castlereagh and Sidmouth."[1] He may be very able, but he is not very

[1] In the Article on the Wellesley Despatches.

wise, nor indeed very discriminating. As for Sidmouth, his political courage is praised, as it well deserves, even at the hands of those who differ most from him, as Lord Grey and others have often done in public,—as I myself have done. To be sure, I attacked him, as we all did, for his Circular, and his Manchester Massacre, and his Six Acts. But the next time you see the above friend, whisper in his ear that Lord Melbourne went over from the Whigs to join the *Doctor*[1] on the occasion of his suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, and writing his Circular,—that he stuck by him through thick and thin, supporting the Manchester Massacre and Six Acts, and even the removal of Lord Fitzwilliam from his Lord Lieutenancy, which Lord Fitzwilliam was his wife's uncle, and had just brought him into Parliament. Perhaps this will show that a person may say what is only common justice of Lord Sidmouth, and yet not very much defile himself, especially as he is now above eighty, paralytic, and wholly and for ever removed from politics.—Believe me, truly yours, H. B.

COLONEL WILLIAM NAPIER.

Freshford, near Bath,
November 4, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I would very willingly have acceded to your wishes, because I had a peculiar desire to review the Duke's Despatches, but you are forestalled by the *Westminster and London.* I have already given them my production, and perhaps it will not disturb you much to know that I have done so, because my views of the way in which his Grace was treated for many years by your friends the Whigs are not very favourable to them, and their politics latterly find no favour with me, and you know that my temper is such that I cannot mince matters when I once take them in hand. The article I have written is, therefore, one which I think you could not have admitted into your Review without changes which I should not have been willing to consent to. With many thanks for

[1] The well-known nickname of Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth.

your good opinion of me, and the handsome manner in which you have always corresponded with me, I remain yours very faithfully, W. NAPIER.

JOHN ALLEN.

November 30, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Rogers told me that Empson had inquired of him whether he knew of any military man capable of writing a good and impartial review of the Duke of Wellington's despatches. Mr. Rogers thereupon applied to me, and I to Colonel Fox, who, after some consideration, suggested three persons who, if they were disposed to undertake it, he thought very capable of the task, and not disqualified from it by any violence of opinion, either Whig or Tory, namely, Sir Alexander Dickson of the Artillery, Colonel D'Aguilar, who is on the Staff at Dublin, and Colonel Fanshawe; and offered to apply to any of them. Forgive this interference, which you owe to Empson's application to Rogers, and to the general wish you expressed that I would endeavour to find you recruits. Sydney Smith, to whom I addressed myself a second time, seemed not indisposed to buckle to once more, but talked doubtfully. I suggested to him the *Vicar of Wrexhill*, which seemed to tickle his fancy, but he had turned in his mind, I could perceive, a review of some publication of Arnold's, in order to have a slap at one who has used Arnold ill. Brougham, Lord Holland tells me, has been speaking very well, but continues very inimical to his former colleagues.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN ALLEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

House of Lords, December 23, 1837.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I find you had either been unable to read my letter, or had forgotten that I all along stated I should send something by the time. However, it signifies not. There will be room for a dozen of pages on the subject of *Toleration*,[1] in which you will perceive Lord

[1] "Tests and Toleration," Art. 9, January, 1838.

Holland and I have both entered our protest. That makes you safe, unless the Edinburgh Review is now to become so ultra-moderate as to prefer taking part with the Tory portion of the Ministry to its old principles.

Times are now beginning to be serious, and I must seriously call upon you not to sacrifice the permanent character of the Edinburgh Review to any silly feeling among our place-loving and place-hunting friends, that the Government may be damaged. The fear of letting in the Tories is made the sole motive of action with these paltry men. I admit *that* to be a great evil, but I affirm that the loss of all claim to public confidence is a much greater, and an evil plainly involving the other in its necessary consequences. Do not be deceived. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." So said a wiser man than you or I, and daily experience shows many of our friends to be corrupted, I hope, temporarily only, by the Court. Again, do not imagine I am *personally* against the present Court. Not one man of any party has been treated with greater or more unvarying personal kindness and attention by the Queen and her Mother than I have always been down to the last time I dined there. But ought this to prevent me from discharging my duty to the country, aye, and even if for a month or six weeks the country should be so thoughtless as to dislike it and forget its own interests? My speech on the Civil List will immediately be published, and then you will see what follies Parliament have been playing lately.

As to the Suffrage, Mr. Maclaren[1] is mistaken. My plan is to extend it to *educated* men. Is that not safe? Why it is the very thing that alone can prevent the danger he fears, and remedy the great abuses of the present *unqualified* right. Pray ask him to read the Education qualification part of my Education Bill. *All* reformers are come over to it everywhere.

But the Edinburgh Review is on the brink of a worse precipice by far. I believe in my conscience that it has,

[1] The late Charles Maclaren, then editor of the *Scotsman*.

since 1802, done more for Peace and against War, than all other engines of public good, the pulpit certainly included. It is our most glorious title to general esteem. It is one of our corner-stones, and the "head corner-stone." Do not you, I earnestly beseech you, being one of "the builders," begin to despise it! Let others—let the vile and vain crew of mere common partisans back this feeble and short-sighted Government in their senseless war upon Canada, of which Melbourne, by way of showing a vigour that they have not, has given a most offensive notice. I believe in my conscience that, after we have gone to war and lost Canada to boot, your Empsons will still find this to be a Government "which is stronger and looks more honest than Lord Grey's." I believe that they who think nothing of any moment except keeping this Government in, and who would do so were it to repeal the Habeas-Corpus Act to-morrow, would maintain their faith in it, come what may, until the day after it had turned itself out, a thing it is daily trying to do, and will soon succeed in doing. But I warn you not to get the Edinburgh Review into such company, though I much fear I shall warn you in vain.

The result of all that has passed between us is this. Prevented by unfortunate accidents (I cast no blame at all) from delivering my opinions to my fellow countrymen on the most important of all subjects through a channel which used to be open to me almost as of right, even when I most differed with the Whigs, I am now compelled to take another course. In Parliament I have done what was become quite necessary, unless I chose to share in the shame that awaits the party, and I have nightly attacked them since they abandoned Reform. Through the Press I shall now speak my mind, and I am preparing a letter[1] to Lord J. Russell, in which I shall speak the things that belong to peace and improvement, and to my own peace (conscientiously) and not the things agreeable to the Empsons, who will probably

[1] This letter never appeared.

answer me in the Edinburgh Review. But of that I must take my chance. Only, again, I say, pause before you let this cry, this senseless cry be made to shelter every jobber in his jobbing, and every apostate in his turning—the cry of "the Tories are coming"—don't let this drive you from the doctrine of peace.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

As the subject matter of this letter is really of public importance, I have no objection to your showing it to Lord Jeffrey, or any one else you may consult in the matter. Such consultation with Lord Jeffrey I deem a fitting thing on such an occasion. Don't, I beg of you, forget that the Government *have driven me to oppose them.* I mean by their public conduct. No one gave them more effectual help than I did in 1835. I kept them afloat. In 1836, Melbourne admitted in a letter that I could have turned them out. Last Session, when they were right, and *even this Session,* I supported them.

LORD JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, December 27, 1837.

MY DEAR N.,—There are three legitimate considerations by which you should be guided in your conduct as Editor generally, and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort. 1. The effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely; 2. its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work with the great body of its readers; and, 3, your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement,* you must always consider the journal as devoted.

The first two are in a great measure matters of fact, or matters at least upon which you must form your conclusions from information received from others, or observation of which others are the subject, and these of

themselves, and for a season at least, may often be quite conclusive and impartial.

The third is no doubt more a matter of judgment and discretion; but of discretion which I do not think you can delegate to another, who will not share your responsibility.

In the present case I understand that the paper about which you hesitate advocates a considerable extension of the elective franchise, and will contain a serious attack on the Ministry.

How far this may alienate your other contributors, I have no means of judging. But you probably have, and it is one ground certainly for your decision. As to the circulation of the work also, you have probably better means of estimating the probable effects than I can have. But, judging by the comparatively trifling sale of publications maintaining the same principles, I should think that the advocacy of such a policy at the present moment would be unfavourable to the prosperity of the work, and would, of course, diminish its efficiency for the circulation of other useful doctrines.

As to the effect on its just authority with the public, this falls very much into the larger question as to the general safety of the measures proposed, and the expediency, with a view to practical improvements, of pressing them at the present moment on public attention—a question to be decided, as I have already said, by your own deliberate judgment.

You will easily understand that I am anything but ambitious of the responsibility of such a decision, and I really cannot undertake it. Feeling towards the author of the paper in question the utmost deference that one human being can feel to another, and deeply sensible of the extent of his claims on the Edinburgh Review and *all* its conductors, there are few things which would cost me more than to refuse any request of his in relation to such a subject, and it is a relief to me that I am no longer in a position in which it *might* be my duty to intimate such a refusal.

Without presuming, however, to give any decided opinion on the subject, I will not disguise from you that my own impression is strongly against the policy or justice of any attack on the Government, or any decided advocacy of an extension of the franchise in the present temper of the nation, and that I have a firm belief that either of these topics would be generally distasteful to that class of readers who have hitherto been most influenced by the opinions and reasonings of the Edinburgh Review.

As to the Government assuming that many measures are desirable which they now decline to bring forward, I would only ask whether it is not absolutely certain that, by bringing them forward, they would lose far more in Parliament than they could possibly gain out of it, and insure their own expulsion from office to make way, not for bolder reformers, but for resolute enemies of reform? Is there any one liberal measure which they now refuse to propose which they *could possibly carry* even in the Commons, or which they could even propose without losing the power of carrying every other liberal measure? Is there one sane individual in the country who supposes that, if they were now to go out, they would be replaced by anything but a Tory and Orange administration? But if this be so, the question comes to be, how far it is safe or desirable to bring in such a Government in the hope that the offence and animosity they would occasion would soon drive them from place, and accelerate the cause of judicious reforms? Upon this question I must say that I have never had but one opinion, and that I have always considered the experiment not merely as one of frightful peril, but one which, even if it succeeded in the sense of those who now most urge it forward, would be productive of the most fatal disasters. The Radical or *ultra* movement party is, I am persuaded, in every way the weakest and smallest party in the State. We see what it is in Parliament. In the constituencies generally it is not much stronger, and even among the masses I believe that, taking towns and counties together, it is not, even numerically,

a majority. But supposing it as two to one, I take it to be quite plain that, considering the fearful odds of wealth, concert, possession of arms and acquired authority, it must be incalculably inferior even in physical force, so that if it were to come to *fighting*, the Radicals would be trampled like mire, and the country deluged with their fugitive blood. Now, if *I* think thus, can any one believe that the Tories do not rate their own strength, in this conflict of *extremes*, at least as highly? and if by turning them out, and refusing the middle term of the Whigs, it was once brought to a conflict of extremes, can any one doubt that they *would fight for* it, and be triumphant in that fight, not only over their immediate adversaries, but over all the more sober advocates of reform for heaven knows how many generations?

Being, therefore, of opinion that the return of a Tory administration would not accelerate the triumph of reform but only the *conflict* of *extreme parties*, in which the whole mingled body of reformers would be miserably defeated, I confess I look upon the removal of the present Government *with this certainty* as to the character of their successors, with far different feelings from those of partiality to individuals, or concern for placemen, or expectants of place. For myself, it is well enough known that I never cared about place, and it happens that, at this moment, I do not think I have a single friend to whom the acquisition or retention of an official station is a matter of any anxiety. In my humble sphere I cannot be supposed to have much sympathy with the feelings of individual Ministers, and there is hardly one among them, indeed, with whom I have any intimate personal relations. I have no motive to extenuate their faults, or apologise for their blunders. But yet, till I can see a chance of their having other successors, I must look on their continuance in power as of vital importance to the interests of constitutional freedom; and the advent of Tory successors, especially if effected by the defection of more ardent reformers, as of worse augury, not only for our liberties, but our national

tranquillity and union than anything that has occurred since the days of the Conquest or the Restoration.

For the extension of the suffrage, I incline to think it dangerous in the present state of information and disposition among those who are now deprived of it: and cannot but fear that the pressure of *inevitable* poverty would soon lead a Parliament elected by a majority of persons without property, to such indigested and impracticable schemes for the relief of that majority, as would amount to a practical *pillage* of those who were more fortunate, and to innovations which must be resisted and end in bloodshed. I should, therefore, be against the advocacy of such an extension, on its own merits, unless so limited and guarded as to give no satisfaction to those it is meant to pacify. But even if I thought differently, I should, for the reasons already given, be against urging it at present for the adoption of the Government, when it is manifest, not only that no Government could carry it through, but that by proposing it they would lose the power of carrying anything else.

In one part of the striking letter you read to me I cordially and entirely concur, and that is in the utter reprobation of all avoidable war, and the duty of a perpetual and zealous vigilance to rebuke the least tendency to a recurrence to that most fatal and corrupting arbitrament of national dissensions, and I earnestly pray and trust, that neither in this affair of Canada nor in any other, the pages of the Edinburgh Review may ever be made the vehicles of any apology or palliation of the infinite horrors and abominations of such a system. Of that case, of course, I know nothing; but my impression is, that if a decided majority of the colony is for independence, they ought to have it, and that the time is gone by when the mother country (and here we are but step-mother) would be justified in asserting her *mativa potestas* by taking the life of her child.

I do not know why I have scribbled all this to you, except that you wished to have my sentiments under my

hand. I daresay they are of no weight with anybody, but in the circumstances in which you asked for them, I felt that it would be shabby, however prudent, to withhold them.—Ever faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Beaudesert, December 29, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send the remainder of "Education Bill."[1] It is a subject of the last importance, and on which the Government are entirely agreed, the only difference between J. Russell and myself being as to the education franchise, and on that, rather a prudential objection than one on principle. What makes this article of more importance now is the misconceptions of some good educators, and also the *vile insidious* conduct of a part of the Press, which, from happening not to know that J. Russell and myself were all last Autumn arranging the matter, and had come to a perfect understanding respecting it, have been nibbling and carping as much as they durst. You will see I allude slightly to this at the close. There are no more articles on the way than these two.[2] You see I have spoken warmly of Holland, for whom my affection is unabated, and whom I respect as much as I can any public man who is under the sway of his wife and his childish fondness for place. A rigid adherence to the rule I laid down to myself against associating with the Government in private, has cost me more pain as regards him than anyone else, except J. Russell and Melbourne. The rest I really have exercised my public virtue upon, at a very small expense of private feeling. For these, a very long friendship (in Melbourne's case, one of a peculiarly intimate kind, and for above thirty years), has been somewhat painful to break through, *but it was necessary.*

I assure you, my excellent friend, you give yourself needless trouble in persuading me of your feelings towards me, which I am as fully persuaded of as I am of the

[1] Art. 7, January, 1838.
[2] "The Education Bill" and "Tests and Toleration."

peculiar difficulties of your position. Nor do I see any insuperable obstacle to my instructing, or trying to instruct the people, on points not involving disputes with the Government, always supposing no dishonour to accrue from such things being said as I formerly alluded to (Lord Grey's Government not being honest, and Malthus being neglected by all but Lansdowne, when I alone had promoted him). Such things as these are bad in every way, but they also operate to make it *mean* in me to pass them over, and continue using a channel polluted with such filth.

To show you how little I differ with you in the main, pray recollect that, so far from any Radical extremes, I am attacked by them now for the education test, even at public meetings, and that I have never gone so far as Lord Spencer did, in the House of Commons, on the Ballot. Indeed, I stand where I did at Edinburgh, in 1834, and have of late again and again expressed my dislike of extremes, and of hasty and crude legislation, just as I then did, but my still greater dislike of the stand-still policy, just as I then did,—though all this is misrepresented both by Radicals and Tories. I perceive, however, that calmly-reflecting men do me justice, and you will soon perceive it also—I mean, when Parliament meets. On this I may add one word. Did it not require all Empson's meanness of spirit to go out of his way to praise Durham last July for having taken the moderate line, without a single word to indicate a recollection of that very line being his only ground of attack in 1834?[1]

When I wrote t'other day, I was mainly anxious about Peace. You speak of the Review having always been Whig. True, but still more has it always been for Peace, even when Whigs, spoilt by place, as now, forgot Peace and became war-makers. My fixed opinion is that nothing could save our character from destruction, *were a word of war to escape us*. The Government are in a grievous

[1] This refers to Lord Durham's speech at the Grey Dinner at Edinburgh, in September, 1834.

scrape, but they have got into it *against all warnings*, and must get out of it as they can. For God's sake, let that question alone. Their stand-still declaration did them infinite harm, but it is of a passing kind compared with this.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

Endorsement on the above Letter.

"I had written Lord B. fully a day or two before, proposing that he should limit his contributions to subjects which he could discuss *without assailing the Government*, and not involving calls for further *organic changes*, as I felt it to be my duty, as well from regard to my own convictions as to the opinions of my associates, to reject all articles of that kind, and further mentioning that I would take Lord Jeffrey's opinion on the differences between us. Substantially, Lord B. agrees to my proposal, so our disputes will, I hope, *end*." M. N.

Beaudesert, January 1, 1838.

My DEAR SIR,—I return Lord Jeffrey's letter. You mistake me when you suppose I expected anything of an unfair or virulent attack in the Edinburgh Review as far as you were concerned. But seeing the over-acted zeal in behalf of the Government for the time being which animates some; well recollecting what Empson said of Malthus, and also of the dishonesty and feebleness of Lord Grey's Government, as soon as it was out, and never till then; remembering, also, the old and somewhat fulsome panegyrics of M'Culloch upon the Tories and anti-reformers, whom we, the Whigs, were daily opposing (I allude to his eulogies of Huskisson and Robinson long, long before there was any junction with the Liberal party), I really thought it very possible that attacks might find their way into the Review, very much without your knowledge, and wholly without your approval. I hope, also, you will not be angry at me for saying that I positively am unable even to guess to what you allude when you say "you have exposed yourself to rebukes and sneers and breach of friendship by the line of conduct you have

followed in regard to me." I really must deny all this, and I do so without the least blame of you, because I do not know any occasion on which the Review was called upon to say one word about me. Since I went out of office (unless, perhaps, it might be where Empson went out of his way to flatter Durham), I do not recollect my public conduct ever having come in question, so as to make it otherwise than ridiculous for the Edinburgh Review to have said one word against me, for I was supporting the Government which it supported, and was the very means of enabling that Government to keep its ground during 1835. How, then, could any creature call upon you to attack me? and, if any such demand has been made since I have opposed the Government, surely the Edinburgh Review never could have been expected to take a part which even the Ministerial newspapers have not been so indecent and so indiscreet as to pursue—I, therefore, cannot even guess to what you allude. That any one whose friendship was worth having, could break with you because you did not attack me, is incomprehensible. Let me add that those sensitive persons who are so angry at this neutrality towards me, are wofully reckoning without their host (if they really are friendly to the Review) when they suppose that there would be any benefit to either its character or its circulation by attacks on me. Depend upon it, the Liberal part of the public would turn with great disgust from such a sight. Do these men really suppose that the slanders of the *Courier* newspaper, and one or two others, *notoriously* to be traced to my having *judicially* been called on to reprobate gross misconduct, *in one case* amounting to dishonesty—do they think that these are a safe criterion of the sense of the Liberal public? Truly that would be a very grievous mistake. I'll go no further than this. These men may be assured that such attacks would have been followed within a week by a demonstration on the part of every friend of education, law reform, and slave emancipation, such as to open even their eyes.

I presume your last remark refers to my book on Natural Theology. On which let me say, I feel, and always have felt, most sincerely your very friendly and considerate conduct. I have, however, never seen any but very favourable accounts of it in the many magazines and reviews I have happened to read. The Quarterly Review I have heard of, and not read, being informed by Dr. Turton (who expressed some contempt of it) that it was the work of a Dr. Crombie, owing evidently to personal spite, my offence being that *his* book was not mentioned by me, which it *could not* have been, its existence not being known to me till the second edition of mine was published, and no part of it having been seen by me till the third was sold; the Doctor's great grudge, however, having been that six thousand of mine were immediately sold, and few or none of his, I believe, *yet sold.*

As to Lord Jeffrey's letter, it seems to me to be upon another subject entirely, and upon matters you and I have not been lately corresponding. My last letter, read to him by you as I wished, related to Canada and Peace, and only mentioned Reform incidentally. His letter is an argument to show that the Radicals cannot make a Government, and that the Whigs are better than the Tories. I entirely agree with him. But I must also add, that if this argument, of the Tories being worse than the Whigs, is to be pressed into the service of every cause, however rotten, the Whigs will soon be as bad as the Tories. I see no one thing that may not be defended by such an universal nostrum. As for the *dangers* of extending the suffrage, and letting in the rabble, I beg it to be observed that I never have said one word in favour of any extension that does not limit itself by either property or intelligence. My Education Test is specifically applied to exclude ignorant and unqualified politicians; and, though some ultra-liberals may call it visionary, no one who considers it for a moment can fancy that it leads towards anarchy, or the bloodshed adverted to by Lord Jeffrey. He also misapprehends the risks the Liberal

cause is now in. These arise, not from the Radicals, but from the Tories. Government being weak naturally, and having only strength by the Liberals backing it, when this force is gone, they are at the mercy of the Tories. But, then, if the Liberals want to keep out Tories, and take to the worst of Tory courses, namely, flagrant injustice and civil war, I see no good likely to arise to the country, and much damage to our character as Liberals. Pray mention these mishaps to Lord Jeffrey, with my best compliments.—Yours truly, H. B.

Pray do set Lord Jeffrey right as to my wishing to make any attack on the Government. I really am confident that our only correspondence has arisen on leaving out a *subject*, not on leaving out any attack. As to even attacks, he seems wholly to have forgotten those which both he and I wrote on the Whig party, when out of office, and also when in office, in 1806. What I complain of is, that many subjects of fair discussion are left out for fear of hurting the Government indirectly—not that the Government is not attacked.

Endorsement on the foregoing Letter.

"This letter was not answered till 21st January, owing to my being unwell. I then informed Lord B. that he had completely misunderstood me; that no one ever asked me to attack or insert attacks on him; that the supposition was absurd; that I had been blamed for allowing him too great an ascendency in the Review, and that I had exposed it to some risks from a deference to him that I thought due, and a desire to retain his aid, where proper." M. N.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, January 10, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I can easily conceive how you will have perpetually recurring difficulties with Lord Brougham, but the Review is too useful an instrument to be thrown away. He may coax or bluster, but he will not break with you. In your situation I would reject all personalities and

extravagant opinions, but refuse nothing in itself reasonable or plausible, because it went beyond the doctrines hitherto maintained in the Review. Great allowance must be made for his situation. After all the services he has rendered to public liberty, it is a cruel state to be in a manner proscribed by all his former associates, and it is no alleviation to his mind that he has incurred this misfortune by his own faults. He has often fallen before, but has always risen again with renewed vigour, and I have no doubt he will again make himself a formidable person, but I fear he will be more used than trusted. We have had no quarrel, but I never see him nor hear from him.—Yours faithfully, J. ALLEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Belgrave Square,
January 24, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I write in answer to your letter on Lady Charlotte Bury's vile work.[1] My mind is made up, and on much reflection. We cannot pass over it. I have long seen that to this it must come, and on the whole I am glad of it. I wrote some remarks, severely reproving the readers, as well as publishers, of private slander, showing that every waiting maid was thus bribed to betray her trust for 20*l.* Jeffrey declined the subject, and I acquiesced, because the evil had not reached a great height. I foresaw it would, however, and that the time must come for resistance. It is now come, and in peculiarly favourable circumstances, for we have not a mere nameless newspaper writer, but a woman of rank. So attack this we must. I purpose to undertake it thus: the general subject of the abuse and prostitution of the Press; then, these publications, and the infamy of the authors, booksellers, and readers, who abuse, wince, and encourage them, feeding foully on other people's defamed characters, and dreading all the while the exposure of their own. Next, the remedies, legal and social. Lastly, the Princess of Wales. I

[1] "Diary, illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth."

shall tell the *real* story,—Lady C. having, from her ignorance of good society, been always a dupe, and always, however, a malignant relater. I shall give some most curious illustrations and facts, and I shall give a correct copy of the celebrated perorations of both Denman's speeches and mine, which never were published, though much talked of, and not a little misrepresented. I think I can do this in thirty or thirty-five pages, but it is such a paper as would be read if forty. I can safely answer for that.—Yours ever, H. B.

London, February 21, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have lost no time since last night relieved me of my favourite progeny—the Slavery speech—my περι στεφανου, to compare great things with small. So this morning, having a holiday, owing to the levée, from judicial business, I sat down and wrote twenty pages more of the grand article. I hope you will esteem the portraits of old Charlotte and Whitbread worthy a place in our little gallery. I am sure at least they are like, which in portraits is something. To-morrow you will have as much more, and that will make about three sheets. Half a one more will complete the work, being in all between fifty and sixty pages, quite enough in all conscience. Again, pray keep all to yourself, except Lord Jeffrey.

I was so nervous in my yesterday's speech,[1] from the extensive pains I had taken, and the general anxiety it excited, that it seemed as if I had never begun to speak before. But I believe I succeeded, at least I hear the most extravagant praises, and the most unjust. I executed all the passages I intended, but those about visitation of God and Milton's death are nowhere, I perceive, given, and they produced more effect than anything but the prayer. I had worked too much at the article while I was preparing the speech, so that, I fear, both were the worse for it.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

[1] "On the Immediate Emancipation of the Negro Apprentices."

London, February 28, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—The printing is really very good and correct, considering the hurry and blots of my M.S. I am correcting and improving it considerably, and you are quite right as to Canning. I give him a whole page more, with a good and descriptive Latin quotation, and a remark on his *liberal* connection, which is but just to the Whig party and to him. His daughter (Marchioness of Clanricarde) is a great ally of mine, and though a little of an alarmist (never having become a reformer), she is the cleverest woman I almost ever knew, and the most accomplished; indeed, quite worthy of her parentage. She went over the whole article with me, and has suggested much that is good. The two sentences I sent for insertion were hers, and capital they are, full of discrimination and sense. I told her that the portrait of Canning was too much light and had no shade for relief, that I did not wish her to suggest shades to her father's picture, but meant to make Lord Seaford[1] do so, he having been his bosom friend, but very candid, and now a stout Whig. Between them we shall soon have it well finished. I am rather inclined to think the *Press* portion of the paper the best. It is certainly the most valuable. Your praise of the article is, I fear, very much the result of your unvaried and unwearied kindness for the author. Were it not so, I really should think in good earnest of what has always been my chief ambition as to literary character (after eloquence, of course)—I mean the rank and station of an historian. I have some little knack of narrative, the most difficult by far of all styles, and never yet attained in perfection but by Hume and Livy; and I bring as much oratory and science to the task as most of my predecessors, nor does the exceedingly flimsy and puerile works of Alison, &c., deter me from my favourite subject—French Revolution. I shall think well before I undertake it, but also before I give it up.—Yours ever sincerely,

H. B.

[1] Charles Rose Ellis, created Baron Seaford in 1826.

London, March 7, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—Slave Trade being over last night, I got up betimes this morning, and finished at length our long, but, I believe, not tedious article.[1] My speech, contrary to all my fears of a comparison with the last, was beyond all former example, successful. I never certainly had such testimonies from men and women too, and I think the Government repent now their extreme folly. I had beaten them two to one, but for Wellington not being ready to take the Government, so he came to their rescue. But a vote of censure on Slave Trading, met by a Government with no negative, but only a previous question! and that charitably interposed by the leader of their adversaries! It is unexampled, and their fate is sealed. I have split the Tories into two parties, and one will do as I like on all fair occasions. H. B.

JOHN ALLEN.

March 12, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—There is only one person, I should think, who would take the trouble to review the very worthless book with which you are to commence your next Number, and he, I admit, has very just reasons for undertaking so disagreeable a task. But I beg of you to be on your guard against him. You know one of the great defects of his character is to over-value the immediate object he has in hand; to be carried away by the passion of the moment; and, under that impulse, to say and do what he has reason afterwards to regret. His passion at present is to punish Ministers for their neglect of him, to turn them out, and to annoy them by all the means in his power. Take care therefore, that, in vindicating his royal mistress and her friends, and in exposing those who persecuted her when alive, and have traduced her since her death, he inserts nothing, by way of illustration or comment, that can wound the feelings of any one who is no way connected with the affair, but may nevertheless, at this

[1] "George the Fourth and Queen Caroline," April, 1838.

moment, have incurred his indignation. Excuse the liberty I take in giving you this advice, but knowing how apt he is to infuse into everything he writes the spirit that animates him at the moment, I should have been wanting in duty both to you and to him, if I had not urged you to take more than usual caution in revising what is sent to you for publication. The majority of 29, say the Tories, has given a year's respite to the Ministry, unless they fall into some egregious blunder in the course of it. The line taken by the Duke of Wellington on Lord Brougham's motion against Lord Glenelg, convinces me that he does not wish for a change of Ministry at present, because he does not feel himself strong enough to form a stable Government in place of the present one.—Yours truly, JOHN ALLEN.

LORD JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, March 17, 1838.

MY DEAR N.,—I return your proofs, which have not been seen by any eye but my own, and I thank you very heartily for the pleasure they have given me. It is a very remarkable paper,[1] and will produce, as it ought, no little sensation. The characters have the copiousness and the colouring of Clarendon, with a great deal, too, of his generous candour, on some points, and the traces of his deep partialities on others; and there are bits *excavated* with the sharp style of Tacitus. The moral is good throughout. But more people will go along with the invective on the Royal husband than the apology for the injured wife. Even if she had fallen into the hands of a kind man—like our late gracious William, for instance—I doubt whether Caroline would ever have enacted the part of an English Queen with propriety, or been acceptable to English ladies. These characters are the striking things in the work, and stamp it with the gravity of an enduring history. The least satisfactory part is that directed to the book reviewed, which is scarcely dissected and exposed

[1] "George the Fourth and Queen Caroline."

enough to bear out the unmeasured reprobation with which it and its author are visited. But, I suppose, its notoriety, and the general assent of all readers, was relied on.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

JAMES (afterwards SIR JAMES) STEPHEN.

Downing Street, March 7, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—If I were to answer your enquiry by informing you that, since I last addressed you on the subject of a review of Mr. Wilberforce's Life, I have, contrary to my expectations, had on my hands the business arising out of two revolts in Canada, a new struggle with the West Indies, and an impeachment, or something very like an impeachment, of Lord Glenelg, and that, in addition to these hindrances, the tardiness of the printer has prevented my even yet seeing the last 400 pages of the book[1] to be reviewed; and if, from these facts, I should draw an apology for a breach of my promise, you would not, perhaps, declare it an offence absolutely unpardonable. But I state the facts only with a view to my excuse if my paper, when it reaches you, shall fall far below the expectation which you may have formed. With more leisure, I could have compressed it into a shorter compass, but never having had to myself more than two hours to give to it at any one time, and having, in fact, written it in a multitude of *interstitial* half hours, I have but very imperfectly executed my own purpose. It is a curious and interesting work, not, I think, very skilfully executed, but well calculated to convey a very correct impression of every part of Mr. Wilberforce's character, with the exception of that which constituted one of the most remarkable, though not perhaps the most important of the qualities which distinguished him from other men. If you knew him, you will be aware that he was the most perfect, and, at the same time, the most natural and unconscious Actor who ever appeared off the stage. He had such histrionic powers when he was in his usual health and

[1] "Life of Wilberforce. By his Sons."

spirits, that, into whatever society he fell, the eye of every person present was gradually fixed on his countenance and watching his gestures. So homely a person, and so eloquent a demeanour, were scarcely ever united. The charm which this imparted to his religious conversation, and, indeed, to his whole character, is of course incapable of any intelligible description in words, and I surmise that the readers of these volumes will suspect his friends of idolatry, because they will not discover what was the spell under which they were placed. Nevertheless, it is my honest opinion that the book is worthy of much praise, and I have ventured to bestow a little. For this I must ask a vote of credit, as I cannot send the volumes for your perusal, though I will endeavour, if possible, to do so in sufficient time to enable you to form your own opinion on their merits, before you are committed to any judgment respecting them.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

March 22, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I return the proofs,[1] with the correction of various errors, the responsibility for which must be divided between your printer and myself, although I suspect that mine is the heavier share of the burthen. I am very much indebted to you for the confidence with which you have been pleased to treat me on this occasion, and I trust you will find that I have not abused it by introducing a word which would jar with the ordinary tenor of your work. Indeed I have but little temptation to do this, for there are not many subjects on which I do not in general subscribe to its doctrines. Party politics, or rather personal politics (for we are fast approaching the state in which the avowed principles of most public men are too much alike to explain the violence and acrimony of their dissensions), are not indeed matters with which I am accustomed to interfere, or respecting which I take any great interest. As a looker-on, I am pleased to see the gradual prevalence of the opinions which have been

[1] "Life of William Wilberforce," April, 1838.

making their way for the last half century, and I should class myself among Whigs, if one were not averse from the use of a nomenclature which has lost all its meaning, except that it continues to supply the combatants on either side with watchwords.

On the subject of religion, it would be absurd, even if it were possible, to be silent in writing even a few pages on the life of a man so peculiarly characterised as Mr. Wilberforce was by the universal dominion of Christianity over his whole system of thought and action. I have, therefore, not scrupled to give great prominence to this topic, nor have I supposed that you would object to publishing a paper which attributes to the religious principle the extraordinary influence which, beyond all doubt, it did exercise over his mind. I have not, of course, forgotten that the Edinburgh Review is a work in which such topics can be mentioned only in an incidental manner, and that it is not the appropriate place for doctrinal much less for hortatory theology. Yet, being firmly convinced of the injustice of the opinion which would attribute to its authors either hostility or indifference to the religious principles of the great body of their fellow-countrymen, I have thought myself at liberty to write in the character, not of a sectarian (for there is no temper which I more dislike or would more wish to avoid), but in that of a Catholic (I do not mean a Roman Catholic) Christian, who assumes that his readers concur with him in the general recognition of the authority of the sacred writings. Will you permit me to use the freedom of saying that there are many of those who are accustomed to read the Edinburgh Review, to whom it will be agreeable to receive now and then some more distinct intimation than usually reaches them, of the consent of the conductors of that work to the cardinal principles of our common faith. If I can be of any use to you hereafter in occasionally sounding that string, I should be very happy to be so employed.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

Nice, April 26, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—We left Paris on Thursday morning early. We had all dined with the King and Queen the day before, and passed a very agreeable day. He is really one of the pleasantest men I know, and though I am far from approving all he does, no one can witness the great capacity which he shows for affairs, and not admire him. His position has been the most difficult any man ever was in—all but an impossible one. He has himself alone and wholly unaided, nay, always opposed in every quarter, made it not only tenable but comparatively easy. He is also, by inclination as well as situation, friendly to peace and order. We travelled through two days and two nights of as severe cold as I ever endured anywhere. Sometimes snow for hours, nay, for leagues it lay on the ground half a foot deep, though not on the road, yet in all the fields. Our only comfort was found in the uniformly excellent fare at all the inns, great and small, a peculiarity of France, for I never was in the meanest ale-house without finding an excellent dinner at all hours of the day and night. At Lyons we arrived safe at six on Saturday morning, just an hour too late for the steam-boat. Had the weather and roads been better, we should then have gone through France between Thursday morning and dinner on Saturday, that is, from Paris to near the Mediterranean, and above 560 miles. As it was, we stopped all Saturday at Lyons. My companions, who do not sleep in a carriage as well as I can, went to bed, but I felt so little fatigued that I wrote letters, and read all the morning. Next day we were a-foot again. Lyons is a magnificent town in situation, in the beautiful confluence of the Rhone and Saone. In the boat I continued my night's rest for three or four hours, and after trying to remain on deck an hour or two longer, was driven below by the intense cold which a wind almost tempestuous brought from the snowy Alps, and which seemed rather to increase than diminish as we were carried down the rapid river at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, and were thus going

through a degree of latitude every five hours. Before seven, being delayed two hours or thereabouts by this wind, we reached Avignon, and dined at an excellent table d'hôte. I should have mentioned that, as the French are essentially a *culinary* people, so we had a restaurateur on board, and could breakfast *à la fourchette*, or dine by a carte, as at Paris. I only ate an omelette, as I chose to sleep two or three hours in the day, taking an extra quantity in expectation of travelling all the following night. But my two companions dined, or something very like it, and astonished me with afterwards dining at the table d'hôte. At nine we set out, and travelled all night and next day in a cold little less than on the Rhone. We find the whole of this fine country in dismay. The unexampled cold for ten days at an advanced season had destroyed their mulberries (silk is one of the great staples), and caused alarm for their vines. The olives, however, all look well. We dined at Brignolles, and as we approached Cannes (where my little property lies) I came to be recognised as a friend and neighbour. We determined on crossing the Estrelles, an Alpine pass, in the night to save time, and a more perilous journey never was made. I, who knew its precipices, did not like it much, but my two friends were still more astonished at it. However, we arrived safe, and the climate was changed. Next day we passed in seeing my chateau, not one stone of which I had ever seen. I was, therefore, a little anxious about it. However, nothing could be more satisfactory. I never saw a better, not to say, a finer country house. Fine exterior, magnificent rooms, four and five on a floor, staircase such as I never saw in any house, beautiful terraces on the roof, orange groves, almond trees, vineyards, and a fine pine forest behind, of which part belongs to me, and the rest I am in treaty for. Then I dip my feet in the blue Mediterranean, my groves reaching to its edge. I found our hay harvest got in, peas nearly over (first crop), cherries set, apricots fit for tarts, artichokes ripe, and green almonds at the dessert. Truly the climate is itself again,—sultry and

delicious beyond description,—the sea the colour of deep blue.—Yours ever, H. B.

Brussels, May 15, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have now reached my journey's end very nearly, for I leave this early to-morrow by the railway to Antwerp, and embark there in the steam-boat, so as to be in London on Thursday morning, and in the House of Lords, debating the Poor Law for Ireland on Friday. I had a severe cold the last two days of Paris, and was even stopped five or six hours. The change of temperature in one night had been 30°, *i.e.*, from 82° to 52°. I came here by Compeigne, stopping at that magnificent palace, the finest the King of France has, and in the noblest forest scenery. It is a prodigious forest, with rides through it in all directions. Lord Sefton used to spend three weeks there every Autumn, enjoying the rides and forest scenery without stint. The palace is a noble one, and the terrace as fine a thing as I ever saw. We travelled all Sunday night, and got here early next day, my cold not being so much the worse for it as I had feared. The cold here is really more intense than I remember it in January and February when I was last here, and it has a broiling sun to make it worse. I went to Laken, the King's country palace, which is a very fine one, and had a long and very satisfactory interview with him on English as well as Continental affairs, which throw much light on some recent events at home. I afterwards dined with him, and I never saw a finer Court or entertainment. It is singular what accidental connection I have had with his family. He dined with me in 1831 (the last dinner, I believe, he was at in England), and sat down Prince Leopold. During dinner came the despatch-box, with the offer of the Belgian crown, or rather, the final ratification of his election. I immediately handed it to him, and saluted him as his Majesty, which all the company called him the rest of the evening. He was very gracious, and invited us all over to see him

here. It is a rare thing to happen that your guest while at dinner becomes a King. The other odd incident is this: when Princess Charlotte died, the Whigs, knowing I was acquainted with the Duke of Kent, got me to write, and urge his losing no time in taking a wife, to keep out the Duke of Cumberland, whom they then disliked and feared far more than they have since done. I have his answer acceding to our request, stating his difficulties, chiefly pecuniary; but when he came over, he presented me to the Duchess, and good-humouredly observed that I had had a hand in the match. He afterwards expected me to assist his *Lottery Bill*, and was extremely angry when I not only refused, but threatened to oppose and throw it out, so he withdrew the Bill, and never could bear me afterwards. All this Melbourne knew when he had the baseness to speak of my courtier-like qualities. I have kept the house to-day, to drive away my cold, and shall only go out to dine with the English ambassador. The Queen here had heard from her father and mother (King and Queen of the French) all about my journey to Cannes. She is an agreeable person for a Queen, but has not her mother's perfectly finished manners, though resembling her.—Yours ever sincerely, H. B.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, May 6, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I showed your letter to Lord Holland, as you desired me. He advised me to send it to Lord Melbourne, who returned it next day with the enclosed, which satisfies me that I did right in sending it to him.[1]

[1] *South Street, May* 3, 1838.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—Many thanks for this letter. I beg you will assure Mr. Napier that I am not at all dissatisfied with the mention made of me in the article in the Edinburgh Review. It is, as Brougham says, the statement of a fact. It is, if I remember, not correctly stated, but facts seldom are.—Yours faithfully, MELBOURNE.

The following is probably the passage referred to by Lord Melbourne:—"Steady to the principles of his leader, Lord Dudley offered the most uncompromising resistance to all Parliamentary Reform; attacked with extraordinary vehemence and the most distinguished ability the Bill of 1831; and alone, or almost alone of his party, held by its peculiar creed, when, happily

Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella seemed to me a very good book, but not being able to undertake it myself, I thought of Gayangos, a Spanish gentleman, very well versed in Arabic literature, and in the history of his own country, who was induced by Lord Munster to come to England, in order to make a translation of an Arabic account of the Moorish occupation of Spain, and of their final expulsion from the Peninsula, to be published at the expense of the Society for Translating and Publishing Works of Oriental Literature. I had heard him say that he had thoughts of reviewing Prescott's book, and of sending his review to the Quarterly. I wrote to remind him of what he had said, and to suggest that he should transfer his intended article to the Edinburgh. You will see from his answer that he is willing to undertake the task.[1] I have been reading a very pert and anti-liberal work by Plumer Ward, which you mentioned to me some time ago, and if I have a few days' leisure at Holland House, I shall write a short article[2] on it. It contains virulent attacks on Mackintosh, Fox, and Lord John Russell, which call for some animadversion on the part of their friends. It is full of gall and bitterness.—Yours truly,

J. ALLEN.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

Dunglass, Dunbar,
May 23, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—The letter of the Duke of Wellington, to which I alluded when I last saw you, is in the tenth volume of his Despatches [p. 61—66]. It is addressed to Don Diego de la Vega, Infanzon. It is a singular letter to be written by any man, but truly wonderful as coming from a soldier, and engaged as he was. I rejoice exceedingly to hear that you propose to give an article on these

for the country, Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg had joined with the 'brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus,' in deserting their colours, and ranging themselves under the banners of Reform."

[1] Art. 5, January, 1839, by Gayangos.

[2] Art. 7, July, 1838. "Mr. Plumer Ward on the Revolution of 1688."

Despatches. I think you might, with great effect and advantage to the Review, adventure on a series of articles.[1] The topics are so varied and extensive, and withal so very interesting, that it will be quite impossible to give anything like an idea of this vast mine of wisdom, information, right feeling, right principles, to say nothing of the particular interest of circumstances, in one article, or even in two or three. Each volume might well afford the highest talents full exercise to exhibit properly. I am, indeed, well convinced that you would be doing the country a high service by such a series of articles; and if you got hold of a thorough-bred good hand to execute the task, you will repay some portion of the mighty obligation under which the Duke has placed us all. I wish I felt at liberty to tell you the very important and arduous share which Colonel Gurwood has had in this great work. He has encountered and overcome very many difficulties in quarters where they might not have been expected, and throughout he has shown great skill, talents, and a degree of address worthy of all praise. I have been in constant and intimate communication with him from the very first, and know well the prodigious advantage which has flowed from his management. But you may readily conceive that much of what I know on this subject is of a nature merely to be hinted at. Gurwood's devotion to the Duke is something quite amiable, and it has enabled him to go through with his task in a manner no other man alive, I believe, could have gone through it.—Ever truly yours,

BASIL HALL.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, June 8, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I think the Coronation will interfere so little with anything that it should have no influence on our proceedings. But by no means would I

[1] The late General Sir George Murray wrote two Articles on the Duke's "Despatches:" the first, on his "Indian Despatches," in the Number for October, 1838; the second, on his "European Despatches," in the Number for July, 1839.

have any inexpedient hurry. I am only sure of one thing that, in twelve months, I could not have finished the Introductions[1] better, perhaps not so well. I quite agree as to Roscoe.[2] But mark the reason. Worth and merit of a moral kind are the main topics, and, above all, his raising himself. He was a pot-boy at a very low skittle ground when he was sixteen or seventeen! Did any one ever rise before from such a depth to be an elegant Italian scholar? If Mackintosh had been of this kind, I should have certainly said more. But observe, *he* is praised to the echo, and I have also softened some of the dark parts. However, I am sure he himself would not have refused to admit the fairness of it all. No praise can be higher than what is given to his speech on Foreign Enlistment, and his exertions on Law Reform and his *Vindiciæ*. To say that he was no debater, was an over-praiser, and wanted political courage, is really to say what all know, and what could not be suppressed. I have in two main points done him justice, namely, his ill-usage in 1830 and 1831, and, above all, his political virtue and steadiness, which all *good Whigs* deny, except Holland House. Lord Grey and Co. never could bear him. But I will say more of him in the revise, as you seem to think it too cold. Observe, I was no friend at all of his. Holland and Lansdowne were his sworn friends, and they treated him as they always do their friends. I have, however, given the true apology for them, having altered that passage in the proof. My fairness towards the vile clique of the present Government, whose treatment of me has been the very *ne plus ultra* of ingratitude, baseness, and treachery, is more than I can well justify to my own pride. However I punish them daily in Parliament, and that may suffice. I believe they are sick of the light, and of all but place.—Yours ever, H. B.

Chateaubriand and Chatham together will not exceed

[1] Introductions to the collection of his Speeches, which he published at my Father's suggestion.

[2] My Father remonstrated with Lord Brougham for being too favourable to Roscoe, and unfair to Sir James Mackintosh, in one of these introductions.

two sheets. Chatham is so fine a subject, that I may run it to twenty-four pages, but I reckon rather on twenty. The Holland House people are really not fair judges of him. He destroyed the character of Lord Holland, and they believe him mad, so did George III, and so you may call every man of original and irregular genius.

London, June 22, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have now the satisfaction of sending the close of Talleyrand and of the article. The word is used really because I feel it, for I feel that I have at length given a real and striking likeness. I was in despair last night when I began the only difficult part—his conversation, but I wrote a page or two, and was better pleased than I had expected. This morning, at my usual hour for hard and difficult work, I have completed it, and having reflected on it, and retouched it, I am confident it will do. The last two lines halt a little, and I authorise you, *if you please* (being doubtful) to change it thus: "that illustrious Republican's [Carnot] stern, inflexible, and undaunted virtue." This praise is just, and it is, I assure you, necessary to avert the storm of Parisian indignation which the defence of my poor old friend Talleyrand will occasion. I dread to see Arago after it. I leave it to your judgment, if it should not close the Number.[1]—Yours ever, H. B.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, May 9, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose that one of the penalties of your office is the having to tolerate much ill-timed and needless discussion about contributions to your work. I am a little scandalized to have subjected you to this impost on the present occasion. The best atonement I can make is to say, that (barring unforeseen accidents)

[1] For July, 1838. Lord Brougham's two Articles were "Character of Lord Chatham," and "Chateaubriand on the Congress of Verona," with the "Character of Talleyrand," which he inserted at my Father's suggestion.

I will send you as many or as few pages on *Whitfield*[1] as you shall be pleased to receive, by about the end of next month. I never read a line of Whitfield's sermons which did not appear to me within the reach of the most ordinary capacity. But he addressed himself to the sensitive rather than to the rational nature of the sensitivo-rational beings to whom he spoke. I take him to be one of the great examples of the truth, that the quantity of motion may compensate for the deficiency of matter in producing momentum in the moral as well as in the physical world.

I shall be very thankful for a separate copy of the article on Lord Bacon. I knew Macaulay in his infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood; and his intellectual growth at each of those stages has been not merely rapid but regular. He has always been improving; and in the paper on Lord Bacon, he shows powers of a far higher order than in any other of his writings. It is the most considerable performance of its kind which has appeared in my day, and would have conferred a lasting place in English literature on him, had he written nothing else. His scorn for the mystical, and his honest determination to write nothing which he does not fully understand, and which he cannot make intelligible to his readers, seem to me to have injured his estimate of Bacon's character. He leaves out all mention of the *gaseous* part of it, which Coleridge and his disciples would have employed themselves in an attempt to fix, by combinations of words conveying no meaning to the many, and but a half meaning to the few. But in his contempt for this kind of pretension, Macaulay has, I think, made the great Philosopher too much into a mere promoter of inventions for improving the condition of mankind in what relates to their lower faculties. His Bacon, or rather his Baconian system, is (in the pet phrase of Coleridge and Co.) rather too sensuous. It is, however, a noble paper, and the more so as the glare of his earlier style is so much subdued, without the

[1] "Lives of Whitfield and Froude," July, 1838.

loss of any of its vivacity or even of its learning, which is now to be detected through a decorous veil instead of challenging the admiration of his readers.

Do you ever visit this city within which I am a close prisoner? If so, I should think myself very happy in being allowed to become personally acquainted with you. —Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

June 25, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I happen to be exempted by many favourable circumstances from any solicitude on pecuniary subjects, and in writing the paper on Mr. Wilberforce proposed to myself nothing more than the gratification of giving utterance to the deep affection with which I regard his memory. At the same time, I am so well aware of the wisdom of relying on no services which are not paid for in hard cash, that I fully acknowledge the wisdom of your rule to decline gratuitous assistance, and readily acquiesce in being paid for what I have done. But I do not feel myself to be acting like an honest man in accepting *such* a recompense. It appears to me to be at least twice as much as, upon a just estimate of the value of the commodity, you ought to pay for it. May I, without impertinence, inquire whether the remuneration given to a contributor is a deduction from the reward of the editor, or from the profits of the bookseller? For the latter I have no bowels, but for a man whose profession is either wholly or partly literature, it is quite impossible not to entertain a different regard. In plain terms, if this money comes out of your pocket, I must request you to permit me to receive it in payment for two articles, and not for one. If your bookseller pays it, then I am but one of a shoal of fishes who feed upon a great whale, whose instinct will sufficiently protect his own oil.

I am, as you too truly say, a man of business, and with such a business on my hands as I believe very few men besides myself have to encounter. I have, however, managed, by working up some odds and ends of time, to

put together a paper for you of which I will send you the first part by to-morrow's post, if I can so soon obtain a legible transcription of it. I am compelled by a chronic inflammation or weakness in my eyes to dictate everything I write, and as dictation produces great diffuseness, the task of erasure and abridgment reduces my manuscripts into an appearance which would defy even a printer's acumen. I must, therefore, have a new edition of what I have written.

Macaulay is in great force. I am sorry to say that he has become almost reproachfully fat, but the evil is compensated for by an obvious improvement in another direction. A long course of study and reflection in India has manifestly added to the composure of his mind, and rendered him a wiser man without detracting anything from the brilliancy of his talents. I wish with all my heart that you would seduce him away from London to Edinburgh for a few months, and place him beyond the reach of the innumerable temptations under which he is labouring here to resume a political life. I welcomed him with a long sermon in favour of the entire devotion of his remaining days to literature; but he tells me I am the only one of his friends who holds that opinion.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, June 14, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—I must be concise: for I am, as you will easily suppose, plentifully supplied with employment of various kinds. A few days will, I hope, give me the command of my time.

I did not need your letter to satisfy me of your kindness, and of the pleasure which my arrival would give you. I have returned with a small independence, but still an independence. All my tastes and wishes lead me to prefer literature to politics. When I say this to my friends here, some of them seem to think that I am out of my wits, and others that I am coquetting to raise my price. I, on

the other hand, believe that I am wise, and I know that I am sincere.

I am so much distracted by various matters, so unsettled, and so unprovided with books, that I fear that I may be unable to do anything for your next Number. I will, however, set to work on Sir William Temple as soon as I can get my library through the Custom-house. I have a good many thoughts in my head, of which something may be made.

I received your letter about Bacon three weeks before I left India. I could, I think, defend my doctrines as to what Bacon did for inductive philosophy. But I will not enter on the subject now. We shall, I hope, have many opportunities of talking it over, and getting at the truth wherever the truth may be. Lord Brougham's objections arise from an utter misconception of my whole argument, and every part of it. I am glad that his Lordship has taken to writing more spirited and taking articles than he has furnished for a long time. But really he ought not to be suffered to insert abuse of Lord Glenelg and Lord Palmerston in the Edinburgh Review. However, I do not at all blame you. You must have, just at present, a sufficiently difficult game to play.

I shall be curious when we meet to see your correspondence with Wallace. Empson seemed to be a little uneasy lest the foolish man should give me trouble. I thought it impossible that he could be so absurd; and, as I have been in London ten days without hearing of him, I am confirmed in my opinion. In any event you need not be anxious. If it be absolutely necessary to meet him, I will. But I foresee no such necessity, and, as Junius says, I never will give a proof of my spirit at the expense of my understanding.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Clarges Street, June 26, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—I assure you that I would willingly and even eagerly undertake the subject which you propose if I thought that I should serve you by doing so. But,

depend upon it, you do not know what you are asking for. I have done my best to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do. There are extensive classes of subjects which I think myself able to treat as few people can treat them. After this you cannot suspect me of any affectation of modesty. And you will, therefore, believe that I tell you what I sincerely think when I say that I am not successful in analyzing the effect of works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated. But I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. I leave it to yourself to make the comparison. I am sure that on reflection you will agree with me. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of great works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's Laocoön, such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister, fill me with wonder and despair. Now, a review of Lockhart's book[1] ought to be a review of Sir Walter's literary performances. I enjoy many of them—nobody, I believe, more keenly. But I am sure that there are hundreds who will criticise them far better. Trust to my knowledge of myself. I never in my life was more certain of anything than of what I tell you: and I am sure that Lord Jeffrey will tell you exactly the same.

There are other objections of less weight, but not quite unimportant. Surely it would be desirable that some person who knew Sir Walter—who had at least seen him and spoken with him—should be charged with this article. Many people are living who had a most intimate acquaintance with him. I know no more of him than I know of Dryden or Addison—not a tenth part so much as I know

[1] "Life of Sir Walter Scott."

of Swift, Cowper, or Johnson. Then, again, I have not, from the little that I do know of him, formed so high an opinion of his character as most people seem to entertain, and as it would be expedient for the Edinburgh Review to express. He seems to me to have been most carefully and successfully on his guard against the sins which most easily beset literary men. On that side he multiplied his precautions, and set double watch. Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies and morbid irritabilities of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind—from the faults of a man of the world. In politics a bitter and unscrupulous partisan—greedy of gain—profuse and ostentatious in expense—agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler—perpetually sacrificing the perfection of his compositions, and the durability of his fame to his eagerness for money—writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden in order to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his own extravagant waste or rapacious speculation. This is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works. But I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle. Now, these are opinions which, however softened, it would be highly unpopular to publish, particularly in a Scotch Review.

But why cannot you prevail on Lord Jeffrey to furnish you with this article? No man could do it half so well. He knew and loved Scott; and would perform the critical part of the work—much the most important—incomparably. I have said a good deal in the hope of convincing you that it is not without reason that I decline a task which I see you wish me to undertake.

I am quite unsettled. Breakfasts every morning—dinners every evening—and calls all day prevent me from making any regular exertion. My books are at the baggage warehouse. My bookcases are in the hands of the

cabinetmaker. Whatever I write at present, I must, as Bacon somewhere says, spin like a spider out of my own entrails, and I have hardly a minute in the week for such spinning. London is in a strange state of excitement. The western streets are in a constant ferment. The influx of foreigners and rustics has been prodigious, and the regular inhabitants are almost as idle and curious as the sojourners. Crowds assemble perpetually, nobody knows why, with a sort of vague expectation that there will be something to see, and, after staring at each other, disperse without seeing anything. This will last till the Coronation is over. The only quiet haunts are the streets of the city. For my part I am sick to death of the turmoil, and almost wish myself at Calcutta again, or becalmed on the Equator.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, July 4, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—As to Macaulay, I only know that he left his party, which had twice given him seats in Parliament for nothing, while they were labouring for want of hands in Parliament, and jumped at promotion and gain in India. But what think you of his never having called on me since his return? Yet I made him a Commissioner of Bankrupts in 1827,[1] to the exclusion of my own brother. I gave his father a Commissionership, to the exclusion of the Whig supporters, and I gave his brother a place in Africa to the exclusion of a friend of my own. Yet, on returning from India, he suffers his fears of giving offence at Holland House to prevent him from doing what he never feared to do when I was in office. As he is the second or third greatest bore in society I have ever known, and I have little time to be bored, I don't at all lament it; but I certainly know that he is by others

[1] "In January, 1828, Lord Lyndhurst made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy."—"Life of Lord Macaulay," i, 138.

despised for it, as he is pretty sure one day to hear. That you have done anything very adventurous in encountering the wrath of the Macaulay party, I really do not much apprehend. That he has any better right to monopolise Lord Chatham, I more.than doubt. That he would have done it better, I also doubt: for if truth, which he never is in search of, be better in History than turning sentences, and producing an effect by eternal point and glitter, I am assured that the picture I have done, poor as it is, may stand by any he or Empson could have done. But that is a trifle, and I only mention it to beg of you to pluck up a little courage, and not be alarmed every time any of the little knot of threateners annoy you. *They want to break off all kind of connection between me and the Edinburgh Review.* I have long seen it. Their fury against the article in the last Number knows no bounds, and they will never cease till they worry you out of your connection with me, and get the whole control of the Review into their own hands, by forcing you to resign it yourself. A *party and a personal* engine is all they want to make it. What possible right can any of these silly slaves have to object to my opinion being—what it truly is—against the Holland House theory of Lord Chatham's madness. I *know* that Lord Grenville treated it with contempt. I know others now living who did so too, and I know that so stout a Whig as Sir P. Francis was clearly of that opinion, and he knew Lord Chatham personally. I had every ground to believe that Horace Walpole, a vile, malignant, and unnatural wretch, though a very clever writer of Letters, was nine-tenth of the Holland House authority for the tale. I knew that a baser man in character, or a meaner in capacity than the first Lord Holland existed not, even in those days of job and mediocrity. Why, then, was I bound to take a false view because Lord Holland's family have inherited his hatred of a great rival?—Yours ever, H. B.

London, July 20, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—You shall certainly have an article on Temple for the October Number. Perhaps I may be able to furnish another paper; but that is matter for future consideration. The prospects of the Review seem to be good, and I will do my best to help you. The new Number is, I think, a highly creditable one, particularly by comparison with the last Quarterly.

As to Brougham, I understand and feel for your embarrassments. I may perhaps refine too much. But I should say that this strange man, finding himself almost alone in the world, absolutely unconnected with either Whigs or Conservatives, and not having a single vote in either House of Parliament at his command except his own, is desirous to make the Review his organ. With this intention, unless I am greatly deceived, after having during several years contributed little or nothing of value, he has determined to exert himself as if he were a young writer struggling into note, and to make himself important to the work by his literary services. And he certainly has succeeded. His late articles, particularly the long one in the April Number, have very high merit. They are, indeed, models of magazine-writing, as distinguished from other sorts of writing. They are not, I think, made for duration. Everything about them is exaggerated, incorrect, sketchy. All the characters are either too black or too fair. The passions of the writer do not suffer him even to maintain the decent appearance of impartiality. And the style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through a single paragraph. But the effect of the first perusal is great, and few people read an article in a Review twice. A bold, dashing, scene-painting manner, is that which always succeeds best in periodical writing. And I have no doubt that these lively and vigorous papers of Lord Brougham will be of more use to you than more highly-finished compositions. His wish, I imagine, is to establish in this way such an ascendancy as may enable him to drag the Review along with him to

any party to which his furious passions may lead him,—to the Radicals, to the Tories, to any set of men by whose help he may be able to revenge himself on old friends, whose only crime is that they could not help finding him to be a habitual and incurable traitor. Hitherto your caution and firmness have done wonders. Yet already he has begun to use the word *Whig* as an epithet of reproach, exactly as it is used in the lowest writings of the Tories and of the extreme Radicals, exactly as it is used in Blackwood, in Fraser, in the Age, in Tait's Magazine. There are several instances in the article on Lady Charlotte Bury: "the Whig notions of female propriety" —"the Whig secret Tribunal." I have no doubt that the tone of his papers will become more and more hostile to the Government; and that in a short time it will be necessary for you to take one of three courses, to every one of which there are strong objections,—to break with him,—to admit his papers into the Review, while the rest of the Review continues to be written in quite a different tone, or to yield to his dictation and let him make the Review a mere tool of his ambition and revenge. The last you will not do. It is exceedingly desirable that the Review should maintain one character, and should not, on great questions, be divided against itself. And it is also exceedingly desirable to avert or postpone as long as possible a breach with Brougham. I do not know that it is possible to act, under all the circumstances, better than you are acting. I will only offer one suggestion. The great services which Brougham is now rendering to the Review are so far from being a reason for neglecting to obtain reinforcements from other quarters, that they are a very strong reason for making every exertion to prove to him and to the public that the Review does not depend on him alone.

As to Brougham's feelings towards myself, I know and have known for a long time that he hates me. If, during the last ten years, I have gained any reputation either in politics or in letters, if I have had any success in life, it

has been without his help or countenance, and often in spite of his utmost exertions to keep me down. It is strange that he should be surprised at my not calling on him since my return. I did not call on him when I went away. When he was Chancellor and I was in office, I never once attended his levee. It would be strange indeed if now, when he is squandering the remains of his public character in an attempt to ruin the party of which he was a member then, and of which I am a member still, I should begin to pay court to him. For the sake of the long intimacy which subsisted between him and my father, and of the mutual good offices which passed between them, I will not, unless I am compelled, make any public attack on him. But this is really the only tie which restrains me, for I neither love him nor fear him.

With regard to the Indian Penal Code, if you are satisfied that Empson really wishes to review it on its own account, and not merely out of kindness to me, I should not at all object to his doing so. The subject is one of immense importance. The work is of a kind too abstruse for common readers, and can be made known to them only through the medium of some popular exposition. There is another consideration which weighs much with me. The Press in India is a mere newspaper-press, and is quite unfitted for the discussion of a subject so extensive and requiring so much thought and study. This Press, too, such as it is, has fallen entirely into the hands of the lower legal practitioners, who detest all Law reform: and their scurrility, though mere matter of derision to a person accustomed to the virulence of English factions, is more formidable than you can well conceive to the members of the Civil Service who are quite unaccustomed to be dragged rudely before the public. It is, therefore, really important that the members of the Indian Legislature and of the Law Commission should be supported against the clamorous abuse of the scribblers who surround them by seeing that their performances attract notice at home, and are judged with candour and discern-

ment by writers of a far higher rank in literature than the Calcutta Editors. For these reasons I should be glad to see an article on the Penal Code in the Edinburgh Review. But I must stipulate that my name may not be mentioned, and that everything may be attributed to the Law Commission as a body. I am quite confident that Empson's own good taste and regard for me will lead him, if he should review the Code, to abstain most carefully from everything that resembles puffing. His regard to truth and the public interest will of course lead him to combat our opinions freely wherever he thinks us wrong,

There is little chance that I shall see Scotland this year. In the Autumn I shall probably set out for Rome, and return to London in the Spring. As soon as I return, I shall seriously commence my History. The first part which, I think, will take up five octavo volumes, will extend from the Revolution to the commencement of Sir Robert Walpole's long Administration, a period of three or four and thirty very eventful years. From the commencement of Walpole's Administration to the commencement of the American War, events may be dispatched more concisely. From the commencement of the American War, it will again become necessary to be copious. These at least are my present notions. How far I shall bring the narrative down, I have not determined. The death of George the Fourth would be the best halting-place. The History would then be an entire view of all the transactions which took place between the Revolution, which brought the Crown into harmony with the Parliament, and the Revolution which brought the Parliament into harmony with the nation. But there are great and obvious objections to contemporary history. To be sure, if I live to be seventy, the events of George the Fourth's reign will be to me then what the American War and the Coalition are to me now. All Mackintosh's papers are safe in my keeping, and very valuable they seem to be.

Whether I shall continue to reside in London seems to me very uncertain. I used to think that I liked London.

But, in truth, I liked things which were in London, and which are gone. My family is scattered. I have no parliamentary or official business to bind me to the capital. The business to which I propose to devote myself is almost incompatible with the distractions of a town-life. I am sick of the monotonous succession of parties, and long for quiet and retirement. To quit politics for letters is, I believe, a wise choice. To cease to be a member of Parliament only in order to become a diner out, would be contemptible; and it is not easy for me to avoid becoming a mere diner-out if I reside here.—Ever yours,

T. B. M.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, July 24, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many of Brougham's remarks on Talleyrand are just. It is very true that the vicissitudes of fortune he had experienced had not improved the natural kindliness of his disposition, but they had given him a timidity of character which made him fitter to be an instrument than a conductor of others. His temper was placid, but I have seen him thrown off his bias by disagreeable intelligence, when he expected the reverse, to the degree of starting from his chair, and stamping on the floor with his feet. He was quick in discerning what must be done, and had often the credit of devising measures when he had merely seen before others that they could not be helped, and that it was useless to oppose them. In his old age, he had a strong tendency to the family feelings and aristocratic prejudices he had imbibed in his youth. In his portrait of Lord Chatham, Brougham has kept out of sight the *charlatanerie* that leavened his otherwise lofty character; and though I agree that we have no proof that he was ever actually insane, I think there was a nearer approach to madness in his second administration than Brougham seems disposed to admit. Lord Bute's letters referred to by Brougham are decisive proofs of his intimate connection with Leicester House at

the time he forced himself into office. How came he in three years so completely to forfeit their friendship? I suspect that, when once firmly fixed in the saddle, he neglected and perhaps affronted those who had helped him to the *louping on stane.*—Yours truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, July 28, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I assure you that if it was painful to write your letter, it is also unpleasant for me to read it, because it shows me you are vexed at something I wrote. I never intended to give you the least uneasiness, and anything like a sarcastic feeling was the last in the world that was in my mind. I thought the act of not letting Macaulay do an article on Lord Chatham, was nothing out of the way, and said so, because it was not pleasant to be stated as the cause of your doing anything violent towards another, especially towards one to whom the Review owes far more than to any one except those who *begot and nursed* it, *e.g.*, Jeffrey. The other part of your letter is more difficult to answer. The Edinburgh Review is the Whig journal certainly: but just take the late case of a grossly illegal order[1] having been issued, violating all neutral rights, and leading to war with Austria and Holland. Here all the principles were outraged which the Whig party, both under me in 1812, and on every other occasion, till Tories became their leaders, had most stoutly maintained. No journal so much, and so creditably distinguished itself as ours did in all that great controversy. The best articles of those days were on this question, said at least to be so by the Holland House set themselves, who regretted my coming into Parliament in 1810, because I could no longer write such articles as those on Neutral rights, and the law of Nations; but Jeffrey also wrote some. Well, the Whigs in 1835 chose

[1] Instructions to Her Majesty's cruisers on the Coast of Spain respecting neutral vessels carrying warlike stores.

rather to have Tories for their leaders than me. They give me up to gratify Melbourne, who ratted twice, Palmerston, who never was a Whig, and one or two more. They are now under those Tories, and they fly in the face of all their own and our principles, and when attacked, they have not one word to say for themselves, but fall to quarrelling with each other. Are *we* to join in their apostacy? Don't say I am sarcastic if I add, that you say, *we are*. Tying yourself to the set says this, and more than this, because it says, you are to help them in their need, and that the more they are in the wrong, the more you must assist them. But surely away goes all the weight and power of the Review. Their conduct on the Slave Trade (not slavery, but African Slave Trade) is as bad. They resisted my motion. They damned themselves for ever with the Abolition party. They themselves allow that, on a Dissolution, they would now lose fifty or sixty. That is to say they are in the hands of the Court, and the Court by throwing them off any hour, could become all powerful in Parliament with a Tory majority. A fine position for *Whigs* to be in! a pretty tenure for their office to be holden by! Yet so it is. Truly, if we cannot reclaim them—if they are so besotted, as Melbourne plainly is, with a little Court favour—it would be prudent in a journal of high *popular* character not to get into the same boat with them. Rely on this, it cannot last thus. Whigs led by Tories, is too unnatural a thing to endure, or to be endured.

It is cheering (though melancholy in another view) to find Holland every now and then breaking out, and, disgusted with the trammels he is forced to be in in order to keep his place, every now and then cheering free and sound doctrines, and in an ecstasy whenever I am able to support them, and to support them—not on Melbourne and Co.'s miserable Tory grounds—but on the old Whig grounds of his uncle. The papers are professional liars. They misrepresent what they know, but much they misunderstand. Yet their lies cannot last long. *E.g.* the

Morning Chronicle charged me with always attacking *an absent friend!* meaning Durham. Yet it knew full well that Durham and I had been enemies ever since 1834, and never had exchanged even a bow, far less a word.

Now, as to principle and consistency, I appeal to the four volumes of Speeches (your child, I may call it). Which of them all, I proudly and confidently ask, can show their speeches for thirty years, that is, their whole public life, and such an unbroken, unvarying adherence to the same principles on all subjects. If any one desires to know who has changed—I or the Whigs—I point to my speeches. But during the same period, Melbourne is Whig, Trimmer, Tory, Canningite, Whig again, *ultra* Whig, Tory, and Courtier! The others are not worth mentioning, but show me wherein my present course differs one jot from the former Whig creed. *They* have abandoned it—not I.—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, August 14, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—Your old friend Wallace and I have been pretty near exchanging shots. However, all is accommodated, and, I think, quite unexceptionably. The man behaved much more like a gentleman to me than he did to you. Perhaps time has composed his feelings. Perhaps he felt acutely how ridiculous he had made himself on the former occasion, and was desirous to retrieve his character. He had, at all events, the advantage of being in good hands. He sent me by Tom Steele—a furious O'Connellite, but a gentleman, a man of honour, and, on this occasion at least, a man of temper—a challenge very properly worded. He accounted handsomely enough for the delay, by saying that my long absence, and the recent loss in my family, prevented him from applying to me immediately on my return. I put the matter into Lord Strafford's hands. I had, to tell you the truth, no notion that a meeting could be avoided. For the man behaved so obstinately well, that there was

no possibility of taking Empson's advice, and sending for the police: and, though I was quite ready to disclaim all intention of giving personal offence, and to declare that, when I wrote the review, I was ignorant of Mr. Wallace's existence, I could not make any apology, or express the least regret, for having used strong language in defence of Mackintosh. Lord Strafford quite approved of my resolution. But he proposed a course which had never occurred to me—which at once removed all scruples on my side—and which, to my great surprise, Steele and Wallace adopted without a moment's hesitation. This was that Wallace should make a preliminary declaration that he meant, by his memoir, nothing disrespectful or unkind to Mackintosh, but the direct contrary; and that then I should declare that, in consequence of Mr. Wallace's declaration, I was ready to express my regret if I had used any language that could be deemed personally offensive. This way of settling the business appeared to both Lord Strafford and Rice perfectly honourable: and I was of the same mind. For certainly the language which I used could be justified only on the ground that Wallace had used Mackintosh ill; and, when Wallace made a preliminary declaration that he intended nothing but kindness and honour to Mackintosh, I could not properly refuse to make some concession. I was much surprised that neither Steele nor Wallace objected to Lord Strafford's proposition. But as they did not object, it was impossible for me to do so. In this way the matter was settled—much better settled than by refusing to admit Wallace to the privileges of a gentleman. I hope that you will be satisfied with the result. The kind anxiety which you have felt about me renders me very desirous to know that you approve of my conduct.—Yours ever,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, September 1, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—You shall certainly have a long article on Temple by the middle of the month. I think that it

will take. But heaven knows. Much better writers than I often deceive themselves on that point. The half-dozen people who remain in London are curious to know how you in the North intend to receive Lord Brougham.[1] To be sure, he has done wonders this session. A mere tongue, without a party and without a character, in an unfriendly audience, and with an unfriendly Press, never did half so much before. As Sydney Smith says, "verily he hath a devil."—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, September 12, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send off the paper on Temple. I think that it will take. But that is a point about which wiser men than I am have often found themselves mistaken. I hope to see Empson to-morrow, and to hear from him a good account of you. He has hinted to me that Brougham has been plaguing you. Really that man is the devil.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

I wish I could think of something for the next Number that I could write without much reference to books. When I write from my own head, I go very fast indeed. But when I have to compare a dozen volumes every line that I write, I make but slow work of it. The article on Temple is, I can assure you, by no means easy writing. I hope that it may be found easy reading.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, August 22, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now finished the article, and though I did it in four days, I am, on the whole, tolerably at my ease about it. It consists of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Melville (with a delicious sketch of Scotch Tory jobbery), and Erskine. I could not do Jenkinson (Liverpool), because it would have been quite impossible to avoid denouncing him and his Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen, and how can we Whigs ever *now* open our mouths on such a subject, when the

[1] Lord Brougham did not go to Scotland.

Government defends a Bill sentencing fifteen men to death if they venture to come to their own country, and without even giving them any notice! So I have left out Liverpool, and ended with twelve or thirteen pages on Party. I believe this article to be better than the former, though nothing in it is so piquant as Eldon and Leach. But I am sure the bringing down Fox to a common level as a statesman will not please the zealots of party. However, I have exalted him to the skies as an orator, a debater, and a man, and I have given Pitt a very severe judgment indeed. This was quite deliberate. I began by reading calmly the exhortation addressed to me in 1810, by Frere and Canning, in the Quarterly Review, and my deliberate judgment confirmed my previous sentence.—Yours truly, H. B.

Brougham, August 31, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I really am more astonished at your letter, and the misapprehensions it contains, than I ever, I may say, was with anything in my life. If the luckless paper, which has given you all this uneasiness, and which I wish I had flung in the fire, and shall most willingly do, if it can relieve your mind, contains the "severe personal attack on Lord Melbourne" which you mention, L. Edmunds must have inserted something in copying it, for assuredly I never did attack him personally, and I will venture to say, if you ask him if he so considers it, he will laugh loud enough to be heard from London to Edinburgh. But, seriously, *can* any Government be in such a state of jeopardy as this, that when its chief gives a *critical* opinion on a man dead forty-two years ago, this is not to be examined?[1] Why, three persons, two of them Whigs and one Tory, complained of that absurd opinion not having been refuted on the spot!

[1] This refers to what Lord Melbourne said of Burke in the Irish Tithes Debate of August 3rd. Lord Melbourne, however, so far from being inclined to laugh, was at the pains to intimate to the Editor that, though his opinion of Burke might be open to criticism, a violent or contemptuous attack might seem to indicate hostility to his Ministry.

If there is any offensive expression in it, I will erase it. Nay, I have not the least desire to name Melbourne at all —let it be only a person in "high station, whose abilities give weight and interest to whatever he may state"—as complimentary as you please. Why, he one day described Dr. Robertson as a very *florid* writer, and given to *fanciful* statements! perhaps choosing the expressions most inapplicable to that great writer. Are all liberals, therefore, to make this trash their critical creed?

Then, as to the other parts,—we will, if you please, first dispose of what you say about *resigning*. That is so absurd—excuse me for saying so in a perfectly friendly sense—that it can't be listened to. You are, however, quite right in saying that my connection with the Edinburgh Review ceases with yourself. But I gravely doubt if the Edinburgh Review would survive you much longer, and for this reason. Depend upon it a *new* Edinburgh Review would be instantly started, *eo nomine*. I will undertake for it that Empson will have a competitor, and a more formidable one than he and his clique may perhaps be aware of. I should myself spare no pains, no funds, no entreaties, no labour of body or of mind to make the new Edinburgh Review at least a very formidable competitor; and though, no doubt, his excellent father-in-law[1] might give him a helping hand, I doubt his inclination to let family connection countervail old friendship. Therefore, the question is reduced to a far simpler and more manageable one, namely, whether the present article shall appear or not, and we may now come to that point at once. If any expressions or sentences are such as you think give *just ground* of complaint, out they go, with all my heart. But I really must say that to write such an article, and leave out the dissertation against Party—in the present state of the world and condition of the people, the most important of all subjects, and one immediately and unavoidably suggested by that article—seems, with my strong and conscientious opinions, impossible.

[1] Lord Jeffrey.

You surely could not suppose that I, or any man of common sense, would now sit down at the end of near half a century from the chief events, and thirty-two years from the death of the men, and misrepresent the facts of Pitt and Fox's conduct at the end of the American war, or even during the French war and Addington's peace, merely because Lord Holland is Fox's nephew, and the Whigs sometimes call themselves Foxites? These things are now matter of History. Surely, a baser thing cannot be than to pretend you are writing history, and to lie, or colour, or suppress, for party purposes. It was reckoned base enough in the time of Hume and Smollett—the Jacobite times. Men are more virtuous and more rational now. I conscientiously believe that Fox was to blame in his coalition with North. I as firmly believe that the Whigs were wrong in breaking with Pitt to make the Duke of Devonshire's uncle Chancellor of the Exchequer, and also that they were wrong, and acted in a merely factious spirit in running down Lord Lansdowne. I say this, not because Lord Lansdowne's son is now in office, but because it is *the truth*. I as firmly believe that Pitt was wrong in 1804, and I have said so, because it is true, and not because I am a Foxite, which I may be, and yet greatly blame his conduct in particular cases, as I told Fox himself on Lord Ellenborough's being made a Cabinet Minister, when he replied, drolly enough,—"I like to be supported when I am *in the wrong*." Again, surely I am to be at liberty to give Pitt the praise due to his extraordinary eloquence, and to Melville the praise due to his good humour and his talents for business. If not, the time is not yet come for speaking truth, and therefore, the time is not come for continuing our Gallery. But I venture to affirm that a more paltry or provincial party spirit never yet was shown than the Whigs would display, were they to take offence at a historical paper for speculating candidly and impartially on the characters and the transactions of thirty and forty and fifty years back. If you say that I have examined the conduct of the Whigs

as party men, and ascribed more to interest than pure principle, I am sure I have done the same by the Tories, and my observations are meant to show the *nature of the thing*, and to blame the system, not the men. As for Pitt, I have attacked him for the very things and in the very words I used in 1810, and which created so much annoyance to Dudley, Canning, Frere, and all Pitt's friends. No doubt Palmerston won't relish this, but it is the truth, and must be told, and Holland and J. Russell will, of course, like it all the better. But to make all the Whigs except Sheridan (whom the Whigs hated personally, perhaps justly) gods, and all the Tories devils, seems impossible.

I have no objection to leave out the offensive expressions as to Canada. But surely it is a disgrace that a liberal journal should not dare to express its opinion on the outrage committed of passing a Bill of Attainder against sixteen men, without even hearing them or summoning them. The Edinburgh Review loudly denounced the Bill against Queen Caroline. It forms the subject—the main subject—of all the attacks in the *former Gallery*. It is the gravamen of the charges against George Fourth, Liverpool, Eldon, and Leach. That is clear; yet, in that case, Counsel were heard for six weeks against the Bill. Is it *decent*, I ask, is it doing ourselves justice, merely because that was a Tory measure, and this a Whig one, to say not one syllable against this, when, in fact, it is a thousand times more violent, because it passes in two hours a Bill of Attainder against sixteen men and hears none! I ask this of any reasonable or fair man. Don't confound this with the nine others who confessed. That is the trick of party. The objection is not to the *illegality* of the act,—but, suppose it legal,—to the doing so gross a piece of *Jeddart justice* as punishing without trial men who are absent and have never confessed, and some of whom, it is *now admitted*, were only absent on business, and against whom no charge of Treason was ever made. Indeed, when Durham disposed of 400 cases in one morning, what but

mistakes could happen? All this I beg of you candidly to reflect on, and, above all, with a view to a possible event —the Whigs going out and the Tories coming in, and urging our example. Do you really believe that the very partisans you speak of would not exactly support the Government as much as if there were a Bill to banish me to the Isle of St. Kilda? I know that not one word is said in this article, except the first pages, in which Melbourne does not heartily concur. They are his opinions. He scouts the Whigs far more than I do, and joined in all Dudley's attacks on them far more bitterly than I can. Nay, he to this day publicly recurs to these opinions on all occasions, and he is the man I should name who, of all men, most uniformly deals his blows equally around him against all parties.—Yours ever, H. B.

Brougham, September 13, 1838.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I hope and trust all is right now. There cannot be a doubt that my dissertation on Party is merely what Jeffrey twice over said in as strong terms. But never mind, and take it out. Surely, surely, there cannot be the slightest possible objection to a mere sentence or two of moralising at the end of the Gallery. All the world allows a man to say a word or two on Party. No one objects to it in the tone you and your friends do. But out let it go, and send me the dissertation.[1] I am sorry you did not let some of your people attack my motives. I should have enjoyed nothing so much as the opportunity of defending myself, and all at Melbourne's expense. Minto gave me one golden opportunity, but all my *red hot shot* remains to be fired. Depend upon it, there is no great comfort ever accrues to those who try their hands upon my back. So don't check any such propensities, though of course it never would do to have them displayed in the Edinburgh Review. I will look at the

[1] With the omission of the dissertation on Party, and the attack on Lord Melbourne, the "Political Characters" were published in the Number for October, 1838, to which Lord Brougham also contributed Article 4—"Memoirs of Sir William Knighton."

Hanmer book.[1] But, if so many subjects are *tabooed*, it is not so easy, and far from comfortable. I can say nothing on Party, yet must treat of its use and abuse practically. I can say nothing against the Whigs, and yet must speak of all their most jobbing characters—and so of other subjects. However, I will *try* how I move in shackles, and, *if I can*, I will dance a hornpipe as you and your Whig zealots desire. H. B.

Brougham, October 2, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Review came yesterday morning. The large article ["Political Characters"] will do very well. I have read but little of it, as some one here ran off with it to devour. Macaulay's [Sir William Temple] is an excellent paper, only he *does* take a terrible space to turn in. Good God! what an awful man he would have been in Nisi Prius! He can say nothing under ten pages. He takes as long to delineate three characters of little importance as I have to sketch ten, the greatest in the whole world. I really wish you could give him a hint; and as it is the only, or almost the only thing he wants (*some* bread to *all his sack* is another and a sad want), he may well bear a hint. We all grieve much at your not-forth-coming-ness, as Bentham called it, but hope next year to be more lucky. Won't you come by steam and see me at Dover? I believe I mentioned that I had done four more portraits, namely, Lord Mansfield, Loughborough, Thurlow, and Gibbs. The latter alone I knew, but all are like, for I have heard Holland and George IV take off Thurlow and Loughborough, and Erskine was Mansfield to the life. A man told me, if he shut his eyes when Erskine was taking him off, he really thought he heard Lord Mansfield. Besides, I have given a regular portrait of the English set of *mere* lawyers, who despise Mansfield, and I grieve to say half our Bench have sate for that likeness, and will be angry enough. I do this in Gibbs's sketch.—Yours ever, H. B.

My six weeks here have not been idle certainly, for I

[1] "Correspondence of Sir T. Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons."

have also finished four long Dialogues on Instinct, and a full abstract and commentary on Cuvier's Osteology and Geology, and other matter, for my concluding volume of Natural Theology. Pray attend to my theory of instinct. It is full of novelty, and there are some mathematical novelties of importance. I shall go to Cannes in November. My chateau is all finished, and seven rooms finely furnished. I am treating myself to a fine gateway, as, except my entrance-door and staircase, there are no ornaments about it.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 8, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have just received your letter, which has performed a circuit by Liverpool. I am truly concerned to have so indifferent an account of your health; and it is my earnest wish to spare you at present, as far as possible, all vexation and anxiety. I should gladly furnish an article on politics, but for one very sufficient reason; and that is that I am not yet sufficiently well informed respecting late events to write on them at a distance from books, files of newspapers, and men capable of giving me information. I was on the sea from January to June. I arrived in England profoundly ignorant of all that had passed since August, 1837. In the crowd and bustle of the late London season, I could hardly find leisure to study anything at all. It was not till I had sent you my paper about Temple that I sate down to gather information as to the history of the year which preceded my return. My sofa is at this moment covered with enormous piles of old newspapers, in which I have been reading the events of the Canadian insurrection. As an instance of the extent of my ignorance, I may mention that, till within the last few days, I had never heard of the reprimand given to O'Connell by the Speaker, in conformity with the orders of the House, one of the most remarkable and exciting events of the late session. You will at once perceive that it is quite impossible for me, under these circumstances, to

venture on discussing the present state of politics. When I have made myself master of them, I shall be glad to render any assistance in my power to the Ministry. In the meantime, I wish you would try whether Sir George Grey can do anything of that sort for you. You can easily get at him through Stephen.

I think of writing an article on Panizzi's edition of Boiardo, with some remarks on the romantic poetry of the Italians generally. This I can do as well, indeed better, on my journey than in London. I will try to send it off by the middle of December, or earlier. If I find that I cannot manage it, I will give you timely notice. When I come back, I will fall on Lord Clive. I think I can promise a tolerable paper on that subject.

I set off on Friday. I cannot at present tell you with certainty what my route will be. I earnestly hope that I shall find you on my return quite able to stand any degree of bothering from Brougham or anybody else. His last article is excellent, better, I think, than its predecessor; but I am not sure that it is likely to produce quite so great an effect. The Number seems to be generally approved, as far as I can judge in the present empty state of London. —Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Florence, November 4, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER,—I arrived here the day before yesterday in very good health, after a journey of three weeks from London. I find that it will be absolutely impossible for me to execute the plan which I mentioned to you. I have not been able to read one-half of Boiardo's poem; and, in order to do what I propose, I must read Berni's rifacimento too, as well as Pulci's Morgante; and this, I fear, will be quite out of the question. The time which I have allotted for my journey is so short, the objects of interest which surround me are so numerous, that I really have not a moment for books except at my meals, and, even then, I am forced to read books illustrative of the sights which I have seen, or which I am about to see. The day is not

long enough for what I want to do in it. And if I find this to be the case at Florence, I may be sure that at Rome I shall have still less leisure. However, it is my full intention to be in England in February: and on the day on which I reach London, I will begin to work for you on Lord Clive.

I know little English news. Indeed, from the time when I left Paris, to the time of my arrival here, I was without any information at all, except what I picked up from our Consul at Marseilles when I called on him about my passport. Here we have an English reading room, and I steal a quarter of an hour in the day from marbles and altar-pieces to read the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*. Lord Brougham, I have a notion, will often wish that he had left Lord Durham alone. Lord Durham will be in the House of Lords with his bitter, vindictive, pugnacious spirit, and with his high reputation among the Radicals. In oratorical abilities there is of course no comparison between them. But Lord Durham has quite talents enough to expose Lord Brougham, and has quite as much acrimony, and a great deal more nerve than Lord Brougham himself. I should very much like to know what the general opinion about this matter is. My own suspicion is that the Tories in the House of Lords will lose reputation, though I do not imagine that the Government will gain any. As for Brougham, he has reached that happy point at which it is equally impossible for him to gain character or to lose it.

It will, as you well know, give me great pleasure to hear from you; but I am not so selfish as to wish you to exert yourself to write till your health is quite re-established.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

JOHN ALLEN.

November 20, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—In reading Brougham's article in your last Number, I regretted that he had not written it as he would have done ten years ago. His character of Tierney seemed to me the most just and true. I was surprised at

his portrait of Windham after having read, as he must have done, the diary Windham has left of his private thoughts and reflections.[1] His praise of Burke seemed to me exaggerated, and must, I think, have originated in some notion that Lord Melbourne had undervalued him. His description of Fox's oratory must have been written at the time from the impressions of the moment; but in confuting Mackintosh's comparison of Fox to Demosthenes, he seems to me to have misunderstood the point of view in which Mackintosh considered and compared them; and his animadversions on the coalition with Lord Grenville are neither true nor consistent with what he formerly thought. I have no doubt you will continue to have great trouble with him, while he continues in his present mood. I have some thoughts of Lister's Life of Clarendon. Having reviewed the late Lord Ashburnham's book,[2] I was averse to returning to the same subject, and declined it when proposed to me. But an article in the last *Quarterly* (most unfair to Lister) has turned my thoughts to it again. In my article on Ashburnham, I had shown from dates that Clarendon had given a false impression of Montrose's negotiations with the Scots before the King's flight to Newark, and Lister, though the biographer of Clarendon, had acquiesced in my detection of Clarendon's story. The reviewer (probably Croker) falls foul of us both, and attempts to show that Clarendon was substantially correct, and that the Scots had entered into engagements which they shamefully violated and denied. I should like to set this to rights, but tremble at so great an undertaking as a general review of Clarendon's character and conduct, and before I engage in it, should like to know what Lister[3] himself means to do.—Yours truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

[1] A portion of Windham's Diary was published in 1866 under the editorship of Mrs. Henry Baring.

[2] "Ashburnham's Narrative and Vindication," Art. 2, October, 1830.

[3] Mr. Lister answered the Quarterly in a pamphlet which Mr. Allen used as a text for his Article on "Charles the First and the Scottish Commissioners," in the Number for April, 1839.

London, December 13, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I find Melbourne is very anxious to have the contradiction in the next Number, which I freely promised him. But, though it will be only six lines of a note, it can only be brought in if there is an article on the Speeches. Never mind the speeches at large, give a few lines on them in general terms, and to that append the Note I will send. I am anxious on this head, as he was much pleased with what I promised on the subject, and if nothing is said, he will think it was all wind.[1]—Yours ever, H. B.

Grafton Street, January 22, 1839.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I cannot divine your meaning about a note of mine to the "Letter to the Queen" coming out before the Review. I am sure there *must* be some mistake. What you say of an attack of mine on "my old colleagues" being hard, though I was right, is so gross a fallacy that I have resolved upon publishing an exposition of *their* conduct to and *attacks* on me. When I find a person of fair judgment (I mean candid) and of sound and acute faculties, so misled by the silly cry, "why attack old friends," I see it is full time to come forward and undeceive the world. Is *all* the ill-usage to be on one side? Who began? *Your* doctrine is just this gross practical bull: a person who has been ill-used has no right to attack those who ill-use him, because they once were friends. Is not that just as strong against them as me? Am I bound to submit to any ill-treatment from *them*, and all the worse, *because I made them*, and kept them

[1] This refers to a misrepresentation of Lord Melbourne's conduct respecting Parliamentary Reform, in the fourth volume of Lord Brougham's Speeches, which Lord Brougham undertook to correct in the Edinburgh Review; but as that would seem to proceed from the Editor, he offered to insert the correction in his forthcoming *Dialogues on Instinct*. Lord Melbourne answered that he preferred the Edinburgh Review, which would be more extensively read. Accordingly, the promised contradiction was made by the Editor in a "Note on Lord Brougham's Speeches," in the Number for January, 1839, "on the authority, and with the full concurrence" of Lord Brougham himself.

in after they cast me off, to please one spiteful individual, not now much better liked by them than I am? I utterly deny your principles: they are not my morality at all. I hold that men are not to be spared merely because they are in office. I also hold that their conduct to me makes ten thousand times more attacks absolutely my right, and even duty to myself. Then, have you entirely forgotten my defending and supporting them one whole Session? my remaining in the country another, at their desire in writing expressed, saying it was their only chance of keeping their places? This I said to their faces last July, and printed with my name. Not one durst contradict it. No—no. Depend upon it you shall soon be undeceived, and believe me I am not the person to be tamer than public duty requires under ill-treatment, and *mean, double-faced treachery.* As for Melbourne, *he knows from me,* and admits that I have a right to abuse him by the hour and by the volume.—Believe me, truly yours, H. B.

I only hope and trust some fool may charge the Letter on me. I shall at once say that, whether I am the author or not, is quite immaterial, but that I disdain to disclaim my own opinions, however coarsely stated.

Gallery.[1]

I am in much trouble about it. The account of Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, Gibbs, Grant (Sir W.), and Lord North, lies written, copied, and corrected in the drawer beside me. But, then, I should be asked to emasculate it every three or four pages in order to suit the palate of the ministerial toad-eaters who call themselves Liberals and patrons of the Review, and I hate any more correspondence of an embarrassing kind with you. For instance: how can I explain Lord North's conduct, and do justice to his character in the American War (possessing his correspondence with George III, which proves him to have been against it, and yet kept his place) without

[1] The "Portraits" were continued in the Number for April, 1839, which contained another Article by Lord Brougham, "False Taste—Dr. Channing."

blaming such conduct, but at the same time showing it to be what Pitt and Fox, and much more, the present men have all along done too?

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, February 10, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am here again, quite well, and fit for vigorous work, and glad to hear that you are much better. I have bought Gladstone's book on *Church and State*, and I think that I can make a good article on it. It seems to me the very thing for a spirited, popular, and, at the same time, gentlemanlike critique. I have begun on it. I will fall to work on Clive as soon as I have done with Gladstone. But probably you will not want two papers from one hand for next Number.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

3, *Clarges Street, February* 26, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have been working for you all the morning, and have only a few minutes to write. I can now promise you the article in a week or ten days at furthest. Of its length I cannot speak with certainty. I should think it would fill about forty pages; but I find the subject grow on me. I think that I shall dispose completely of Gladstone's theory. I wish that I could see my way clearly to a good counter theory; but I catch only glimpses here and there of what I take to be truth.

I am leading an easy life; not unwilling to engage in the Parliamentary battle if a fair opportunity should offer, but not in the smallest degree tormented by a desire for the House of Commons, and fully determined against office. I enjoyed Italy intensely—far more than I had expected. By-the-bye, I met Gladstone at Rome. We talked and walked together in St. Peter's during the best part of an afternoon; and I have in consequence been more civil to him personally than I should otherwise have been. He is both a clever and an amiable man, with all his fanaticism.

As to politics, the cloud has blown over; the sea has gone down; the barometer is rising. The Session is proceeding through what was expected to be its most troubled stage in the same quiet way in which it generally advances through the dog-days towards its close. Everything and everybody is languid; and even Brougham seems to be somewhat mitigated. I met him in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields the other day when I was walking with Ellis. He greeted me as if we had breakfasted together that morning; and went on to declaim against everybody with even more than his usual parts, and with all his usual rashness and flightiness.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

March 19, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send back the proofs of the article on Gladstone. Pray let me have a revise. You will see that I have made greater alterations than is usual with me. But some parts of the subject are ticklish. I have taken the trouble to turn over the Apostolical fathers, Ignatius, Clemens, Hermas, in order to speak with some knowledge of what I was talking about. I am truly glad that you are satisfied. The paper will make noise enough I have no doubt. I had hoped to see you before Easter, particularly as Brougham sets off for France on Monday; and I wish that you could time your visit so as to avoid being plagued by him. You say nothing of your health. I hope that your silence is to be favourably construed.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

March 20, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I forgot in the hurry in which I wrote yesterday to notice what you said about Lord Brougham. I think your conduct more than irreproachable. I think it highly praiseworthy, and so I shall always say. Your duty to the Ministers is not your only duty; and, if it were, it has been very sufficiently performed. You have succeeded in making Brougham, in his literary capacity, neutral; nay, in obtaining from him very powerful assist-

ance to a work which is the most useful engine of the Whig party. Suppose that he had sent his sketches, with all and more than all the matter which you cut out, to the *London and Westminster Review*, would the Government have gained by that? You know my feelings about him, and my opinion of him. But I am convinced that you ought to keep him while you honourably can, and to take care that, when a separation takes place, he may be most unquestionably in the wrong.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

London, March 16, 1839.

MY DEAR N.,—I am sorry that your arrival among us is likely to be deferred so long, and that you should have been so bothered and misrepresented about your relation with Brougham as Editor of the Review. I am a good witness for you in this, sure enough, and a willing one, and more than a willing one. I am certain no man alive could have fought a more stand up fight, and on sounder principles with better judgment, or in better faith than you have done. I have said this as often and in as many places as I could say it, without an apprehension that I might be betraying a confidence you had been placing in me. I will now declare it more openly, loudly, and everywhere. In the very difficult course you have had to pursue, with so many considerations and forces pressing on you, the interests of the Government and old Whig party, the interests of the Review, the claims of Brougham, not merely personally on yourself, but on the Editor of the Review, whoever that Editor may be, I do not think that anybody could have shown more temper and firmness, more honesty and discretion. It is my sincere opinion: and be assured that you shall have the benefit of it in all quarters where the knowledge of my opinion can have any influence. It is mere justice to you, independent of all personal friendship.—Yours ever, W. E.

London, July 4, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am sorry that you had set your heart on a paper from me. I was really not aware that you expected one, or I would have written earlier to tell you that it would be quite impossible for me to do anything of the kind at present. I mean to give you a life of Clive for October. The subject is a grand one, and admits of decoration and illustrations innumerable.

I meant to have spoken on the Education question, but the Ministers pushed up Vernon Smith[1] just as I was going to rise, and I had no other opportunity till Goulburn sate down, having thoroughly wearied the House. Five hundred people were coughing and calling for the question; and though some of our friends wanted me to try my fortune, I was too prudent. A second speech is a critical matter, and it is always hazardous to address an impatient audience after midnight.

I do not like to write for the Edinburgh Review on education, or on other pending political questions. I have two fears—one that I may commit myself, the other that I may repeat myself. I shall keep to history, general literature, and the merely speculative part of politics, in what I write for the Review.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

London, July 22, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I write in very great haste to mention to you that Charles Buller, the M.P., has expressed to me a great wish to be admitted among the contributors to the Edinburgh Review. Now, I really think him an exceedingly clever fellow, with much more depth than appears at first sight. His faults are flippancy and levity, and a disposition to make a jest of everything. This turn of mind, under some restraint, is, as you well know, by no means ill-suited to the business of reviewing. The connection would do us no discredit, for he is really an able and rising man. He told me that he wished to try his hand on some of the late theological publications from

[1] The late Lord Lyveden.

Oxford. I did not conceal from him my apprehension that his constitutional vivacity might appear too strongly on such a subject, and might shock serious people. He seemed quite sensible of the danger. If that subject does not suit, he will easily find another. I promised that I would mention his wishes to you. I have been indisposed; not, however, seriously. As business is now slack, I am going for a week into Somersetshire, to my sister. As soon as the House rises, I shall hasten to Edinburgh.[1] I have begun a paper on Clive, and like the subject much.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, August 10, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—Why Charles Buller should have omitted to answer your letter I cannot imagine. I can only assure you that he has taken no offence; for he told me with every appearance of satisfaction that you had written to him in the most courteous manner, and thanked me for having been the go-between. I suspect that his silence springs from mere indolence and procrastination, the real causes of much that is attributed to resentment and insolence. I explained to him, when first we talked on the subject, that the Edinburgh Review was friendly to the Melbourne Ministry, that you had positively refused to suffer even Brougham to attack that Ministry, and that a licence which had been denied to so old and so important a contributor could not be extended to anybody else. Buller perfectly understands this. An article on the late session would not do for him. He has taken such a course on several questions that he could not defend the Government without assailing himself. The sort of subject which would suit him best would be a volume of travels in the United States, an absurd biography, like Sir William Knighton's, the crazy publications of the teetotallers, and so forth. His levity is such that he can never counterfeit seriousness for ten minutes on the most important subject.

[1] Macaulay had been returned in May as one of the Members for Edinburgh on Mr. Abercromby's elevation to the Peerage.

And when he speaks with real force both of argument and language, as he often does, he always destroys half the effect of his performance by laughing at himself and his cause. If he could feel or affect earnestness, he would be one of the most rising men in the House. I am proceeding slowly with Clive. I hope to be at Edinburgh within ten days.—Yours ever, T. B. M.

Edinburgh, September 2, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I start to-night by the mail. Every hour of my remaining stay is so much occupied that I can scarcely find time to write a line. Next time that I come hither, I shall, I hope, find you in Castle Street; and we shall have better opportunities of seeing each other than on this occasion. I shall work on Clive as hard as I can, and make the paper as short as I can. But I am afraid that I cannot positively pledge myself either as to time or as to length. I rather think, however, that the article will take. I shall do my best to be in London again on the 18th. God knows what these Ministerial changes may produce. Office was never within my memory so little attractive, and, therefore, I fear I cannot, as a man of spirit, flinch if it is offered to me.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, September 20, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I reached town early this morning, having, principally on your account, shortened my stay at Paris, and crossed to Ramsgate in such weather that the mails could not get into the harbour of Dover. I hoped to have five or six days of uninterrupted work, in which I might finish my paper for the Edinburgh Review; but I found waiting for me—this is strictly confidential—a letter from Lord Melbourne, with an offer of the Secretaryship at War, and a seat in the Cabinet. I shall be a good deal occupied, as you may suppose, by conferences and correspondence during some time. But I assure you that every spare minute shall be employed in your service. I shall, I hope, be able at all events, to send you the article [Lord

Clive] by the 30th. I will write the native names as clearly as I can, and trust to your care without a proof. My historical plans must for the present be suspended, but I see no reason to doubt that I shall be able to do as much as ever for the Edinburgh Review. Again, remember, silence is the word.—Yours ever, T. B. M.

London, September 24, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—Thanks for your congratulations, though I am not sure that they ought not to be exchanged for condolences. What you mention is a great relief to me. I have been working hard, and should probably have sent off the paper [Lord Clive] in three days; but it would have been huddled up, and it could not have been printed to my satisfaction. I hope now to make it an interesting article. I will send it pretty early, as I should like to have it by me some weeks in proof, and to show it in that shape to Trevelyan and Macleod, whose judgment on Indian subjects is worth a great deal more than mine. —Ever yours, T. B. M.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, August 10, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is not my habit to leave any letter unanswered for twenty-four hours. My neglect of your last communication must be set down to the same cause which renders me less observant than I could wish, of all the offices of private life—I mean the inordinate demand made upon me by duties of another kind. If, when we met in London, I had but possessed the gift of second sight, and could have foreseen all that has since occurred under this roof, I should have thought it as presumptuous to undertake a surgical operation as to engage for a review. Day by day, ever since, have I been drudging at a low average of ten hours daily for the Government, and to make matters better, my three most effective assistants have been disabled by sickness. If I could hazard on paper an account of the political arrangements which

have contributed to increase, and which are still augmenting my official turmoil, you would admit that I have apologies enough and to spare; first, for leaving your note unanswered, and now for supplicating for the most distant possible day which you can afford me, for the completion of my promise. However, it is a shame to be faint-hearted about writing a few pages on the life and works of a man [Richard Baxter] who actually published more than 200 folio and quarto books. The difficulty of gaining some acquaintance with them, and of compressing all that is to be said into the proper limits, is, after all, the real difficulty. I am panting for the end of the Session, because though it will leave me still a prisoner, I shall then have my cell much more to myself, and more at your service. Lord Brougham then also will be gone, and I shall not be compelled to be following the steps which he takes every other day with his seven-leagued boots. I doubt much the wisdom of having anything to do with Mr. Ward and his emigration doctrines. It is a dull subject, at least to me, and a very few sentences would really exhaust the whole of the very complete refutation to which his project is open. It is, that there is in no part of the globe, any vacant territory belonging to Great Britain on which the experiment could now be tried. Expect to hear of Ministerial changes, which will improve the composition, without changing, the constitution of Lord Melbourne's Government, and not before they are wanted. Your pecuniary missive has made its appearance through the agency of your banker, and would speedily be converted into bullion, if the Bank of England had any left. I am a person of enormous wealth, for I am out of debt, and am able to keep a margin more or less broad between my ways and means, and my annual Appropriation Act, which is more than my friend Spring Rice can do. He, I hear on all sides, is subsiding into a Peer,[1] and I believe it. You should make Lord

[1] Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was created Baron Monteagle.

Brougham send you a little of his superfluous health.—
Very truly yours, J. STEPHEN.

September 19, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—If my memory serves me, I promised that you should receive a manuscript from me by the 21st instant. I, therefore, in fulfilment of that promise, send you as much of the paper for which I am responsible as my copyist has been able to complete. If promises of this kind had not been obligations of the most sacred nature, I believe that I should have broken this engagement, for I have been living for the last six months in a tornado. When you advert to all that has happened in Parliament and elsewhere during that period about the Colonial World to which I belong, you will readily understand how very few have been the half hours which the utmost parsimony of time has left me for attention to anything else. I say this chiefly, or rather exclusively, to apologise for the manner in which I have executed my undertaking. There are greater difficulties in it than I had foreseen. The topics are so very serious, that it is scarcely possible to give them a sufficient relief, and Baxter's story is not one which can be told, nor are his writings such as can be commented on, without the risk of becoming more theological than befits a literary journal. However, I have done the best which in such scanty limits of leisure has been in my power. When you have read my paper, you may, for aught I know, conceive a distaste for it. If such should be the fact, I have only to ask that you would say as much without reserve. I dare say I have my full share of the vanity which seems inseparable from authorship in all its forms, but I give myself credit for self-knowledge enough to believe that others are better judges than I am of what I write, and if your judgment should be unfavourable to this performance, all I can say is, that I will with your permission at some future time try whether I cannot produce something better. Amidst all your annoyances, you shall not have

the vexation of being worried by any parental partialities of mine for my mental offspring. I think that the running title might be—"The Life and Writings of Richard Baxter."—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

August 26, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your frank and kind letter can in no way wound the *amour propre* of a much more touchy person than myself. It is very natural that you should wish to know in what way I shall treat the subject, and yet I can't answer you explicitly, for I have not as yet thought of my outline. I wish, however, to keep Whigs and Radicals on good terms with each other. I shall point out what the Whigs have really proposed and done. I must, therefore, touch on the Ballot as an open question, and defend it as such, without, however, touching much on the merits of the question, though implying approval.[1] I propose, if Lord Holland is in town next week, to call on him, and consult him as to the best topics to handle. If he is not in town, I should probably select Lord Normanby. With regard to Brougham, I saw at the first all the difficulty of that subject—difficult to leave him out—but impossible in your Review to blame him. He must, therefore, be condemned to silence. These are very general notions. In my article you may omit what you think impolitic, and you may correct style *ad libitum*. But you must not add opinions I do not entertain, or materially alter the general spirit. I am sorry I cannot be more specific. But I now leave it to you to decide.—Ever yours, E. L. B.

September 14, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you, by the Edinburgh mail, my article ["Defence of the Whigs"]. I am sorry to say it is fearfully long. This arises from my being specially re-

[1] Bulwer at a later period was hostile to the Ballot.

quested to enter at some length upon the Irish policy and the Jamaica Bill. As it now stands, if you get over the length, it is perhaps the most elaborate defence of the Whigs yet published, and will, I think, make some noise and do good. Lord Holland was out of town, and I have not seen Lord Melbourne. But I have been in constant consultation with other Ministers, and, I believe, there is not a sentiment the Government would object to. When I receive your slips, I will submit them to Lord Melbourne. At present, my writing is so bad, and so many mistakes will be made by the printer in the first proof, that I would beg you not to show the article till I have corrected it. And I would also beg you to keep my authorship anonymous.—Yours, E. L. B.

October 12, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are right in your criticism that my article partakes of the tone of a speech. The fault is, however, not that of carelessness, but design. I have fancied that political writing, when it embraces the trite and practical questions of the day, obtains a certain animation and life from the abrupt and *ad hominem* style that characterises an oral address, and have rather fashioned my mannerism in political writings on this notion. If it does not harmonise with the tone of the Review, it is easily altered in future. I don't think that another political article in January would do well. For I have exhausted all I have to say on the main questions of interest, and the bucket is dry, till the next Parliament pump into it again.

I should certainly like to avoid giving my historical article in the same Number as one that contains the all-eclipsing splendour of Macaulay. But, at the same time, the delay you propose would be disadvantageous, inasmuch as my thoughts and reading are pretty fresh on the subject now, and the drudgery of re-reading on a matter once got up is like lighting the ashes of yesterday's fire. However, I will settle this matter with you in

November, when I shall hope to have my mind and thoughts disengaged from subjects that now occupy it.

I have not yet received the Review. I, too, shall be curious to see if it produce any effect. We shall have two parties against it, and that which it benefits, *entre nous*, very seldom esteems highly anything that does not proceed from its enemies. The worst fault of the Whigs is an indifference towards the sources of aid and strength, which has some of the features of ingratitude.—Yours truly, E. L. B.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, September 9, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have written a longish pamphlet[1] since I came, namely, in eight and a half hours, the day I came. As I was in a fervour of composition, like Dryden on his Ode (to compare great things with small), I could not stop, but it rather exhausted me, for it was sixty pages of writing, and so I have been fallow since. To-morrow I begin, or rather, continue my article on Characters of Chatham's Time. Pray is not my *Principia* and *Instinct* to be reviewed? It should be done without any praise at all, even if it deserved it, but it should really have the benefit of being made known. The Instinct is full of original views and arguments. The Principia is the only deep and learned commentary on the greatest and most inaccessible work of man, and yet I undertake to say, it enables anyone to read and follow it. Cambridge men allow this, and are so mean as not to teach it because not written by a Cambridge man! The Cambridge and Manchester defeats are signs that the days of your friends are numbered.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

Brougham, September 22, 1839.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—This cover contains the last sheet I have written of the January article. I shall finish Bolingbroke on the road, as I want to elaborate it much more than I can do here on the wing. It shapes pretty

[1] "Letter on National Education to the Duke of Bedford."

well; but my ambition is to fill up the outline which Pitt so much desiderated (whom I have introduced sitting on the brink of the chasm, and lamenting it). In short, I want to do all but make a speech for Bolingbroke, and if my knowledge of his inimitable writings (which is as great as well can be, for I know them by heart, as much as I do Demosthenes), enables me to supply this want, and I should feel in the vein, I know not that I may not even attempt a speech for him. But even without that, you will perceive how long an article this will be. I corrected the Wilkes, Shelburne, Bute, and Co. last night, and I am quite clear it is the thing for this Number.[1] Pray add the enclosed Note. Really my good and reverend friend, W. Vernon Harcourt, has been running his lengths, and all because Watt was a Scotchman, and Arago is a Frenchman. Think of W. V. making his cursed quack-mob meeting at *Brumagem* (proper place) the scene of an appeal to the most vulgar national feelings. These *scientific* (God help us) assemblages are becoming a positive nuisance. I declared war on the evils they were inflicting on taste in scientific men in my Dialogues. *Now* they are going further, and *we* shall be called, in our Police capacity, to crush them. However, let them alone for the present.—Ever yours, H. B.

Note.[2]—Want of room compels us to postpone, to our next Number, a notice of a late address, by a worthy and reverend individual, at the Birmingham general meeting for scientific purposes. This address undertakes to decide, and somewhat peremptorily does assume to decide, upon a question of great scientific interest, namely, Mr. Watt's claims to be regarded as the first discoverer of the composition of water, that is (for no one claimed more for him) to have, in point of time, though unknown to Mr. Cavendish, made that important step. M. Arago, in his admirable memoir of Watt, and Lord Brougham, in his dissertation, inserted by M. Arago in that memoir, having distinctly

[1] October, 1839, "Public Characters."
[2] This Note was not inserted.

stated the evidence, which is that of dates and documents, Mr. Vernon, not satisfied with the scientific powers of the one of these academicians, or the powers of the other to deal with evidence, has somewhat dogmatically denied the whole of their inferences, and made an appeal of a somewhat popular cast against the claims of our illustrious countryman. The whole case shall be told in our next Number, both from the documents now before the world, and from others, of much importance, to which we have had access. It is enough for us to state at present that Mr. Vernon's whole theory rests on an assumption of fact absolutely groundless, and contrary to all the evidence, namely, that Dr. Priestley did not, until taught by Mr. Cavendish, ascertain that the weight of the water formed by the combination of the two gases is equal to the weight of the gases. This we undertake to prove wholly untrue, from all the evidence published and unpublished.

Brighton, September 28, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was hurried out of town by the most alarming state of my daughter, and could not answer one part of your letter. A. Black must have much mistaken me, or I must have very clumsily expressed myself, if anything I wrote to him could, for one moment, make him fancy I complained of the Review having omitted the *Speeches*. I was giving all the causes of their slow sale, of which he had pointed out only one, and I mentioned, or meant to mention this,—that the delicacy unavoidably arising from my known connection with the Edinburgh Review had operated to prevent a review of the work, as it had done many years ago, of my *Colonial Policy*. I assure you I never, for one moment, blamed you.—Yours ever, H. B.

My daughter is very ill indeed. I have hardly a gleam of hope. The utmost that can happen is a temporary restoration to a wretched state of health, and a continual exposure to sudden dissolution or worse. It is a catastrophe I have been accustomed to contemplate these twelve years

and more. But though my mind had long been made up on it, the blow is heavy when it comes at last.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, September 27, 1839.

MY DEAR N.,—I never for an instant believed the strange story of Brougham's death, feeling that it was quite impossible that *six* posts should have come from Carlisle to Edinburgh, without any tidings of such an event, and that it should have first come to us from London. I rejoice with you at the generosity with which his political opponents have generally suggested his epitaph, though I am perhaps less surprised at it. The English public is naturally generous and humane, and there was much in such a fate to soften all asperities. I rather think, however, that these kind-hearted people should be entitled to a *jus retractus*, or a *restitutio in integra*, on the failure of the *condition* on which their praises were given, like the worthy man who was persuaded to tender his forgiveness to an ancient foe who was said to be dying, and turned round after he had shaken hands, and said, "Remember, though, that *if you recover*, I retract my forgiveness." But, who would not mourn for Brougham? and who does not rejoice that the time is not yet come when the land is to be darkened by the extinction of so great a light? I wish to heaven its courses were better ordered. A glorious planet he might have been, but disdaining to be less than a sun, he has run the wild career of a comet, threatening all systems with disturbance—and what will the end be?

I am glad you are on so good a footing with Stephen. I wish somebody would tell him what are the truly beautiful and attractive passages in his writings. I do not believe he knows anything of it himself, and that he could really do the good as easily as the indifferent, thinking in his simplicity that they are all pretty much alike, though nothing can be so different. I would not take his judgment on living men as oracular, though I allow that it must be perfectly honest, and consequently valuable. If

he speaks of Huskisson as a statesman generally, and not merely as a master of finance, I think with you that he overrates him, and am persuaded that he is nearer the mark as to Lord John.

We of the Outer Temple must be ministering at the altar, you know, on 1st November, though I shall not move my household gods from their hearths here till the Monday after. Take care of yourself, and appear, when the door is opened, with oil enough in your lamp.—Ever yours,

F. J.

Craigcrook, October 20, 1839.

MY DEAR N.,—I wish you joy of your safe delivery of a new Number,[1] which, I think, is likely to live to be a credit to you longer than most of its race. It is really all good, though *Telford* is too long and detailed, *Marmont* careless and verbose, and Church Rates heavily learned, with little practical application. The *Education* is very good on the whole, though it scarcely hits hard enough. The defence of the Whigs is rather too much of a *Plaidoyer*, and approaches in some places to the tone of rhodomontade and cat-facing. The ten last pages, however, are vigorous, and the whole spirited and lively. Marryat is something too savage, though I think the case is made out, and the castigation makes pleasant reading. Are you prepared to hear that my favourite article is that on old Baxter? I think it very touching, eloquent, and amiable; and you may depend upon it that such papers are of inestimable value to the Review, not merely for the pleasure and edification they minister to pious persons like me, but from their taking

[1] Number for October, 1839:—

Articles	*Writers.*
1. Life of Telford	Brewster.
2. Church Rates	John Allen.
3. Duke of Ragusa's Travels..	Lord Brougham.
4. Public Characters	
5. Captain Marryat's Diary in America ..	Empson.
6. Education	Lord Monteagle.
7. Baxter	Stephen.
8. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary ..	Henry Rogers.
9. Defence of the Whigs	Sir E. L. Bulwer.

away from you the reproach (or suspicion) of infidelity or indifference at least to religion, and thus giving tenfold weight to your Liberal opinions upon other subjects, with the best and steadiest friends of liberality. It is so sweetly, and candidly, and humanely written, that all good people, I think, must love and reverence the author, and I hope you will try to get as much out of him as possible. But the most remarkable paper in the Number, considering *where* it appears, is the "Public Characters"—inferior, I think, in variety and force of colouring to any of the former series, but making strange amends (I should think) to the readers of the Edinburgh Review, by the ferocious attack on the *Government*, and the utterly extravagant laudation of the author, so thinly veiled and adumbrated by putting J. Wilkes for D. O'Connell, and Chatham for Brougham and Vaux! If the scope and object of the whole piece is not seen by every reader, a knavish speech will sleep in a foolish ear—with a vengeance. I am curious, and I confess rather anxious, to know how the insertion of such a paper, in such company, is viewed in high quarters. To be sure, the outrageous exaggeration of both parts of the parallel is so enormous, as to make what might have been (and was intended to be) mischievous, pretty much innocuous, and more ridiculous than anything else. Lord Chatham, the type of Brougham, and the said Brougham, gravely pronouncing Wilkes disqualified for the part of a statesman by the personal profligacy of his life and the obscenity of his conversation; and having the ineffable hardihood to add that all this was partly redeemed by his personal courage, and being on the whole a man of his word! Without ocular proof the thing would be incredible. And now, having given you this specimen of laconic reviewing, I must say a word to you on another subject. You are to have an article in next number, I understand, on Arago's Eloge of Watt, as is most natural, necessary, and proper. But the existing (or filial) Watt is in a great pucker and flurry lest you should take part against the paternal shade on the question as to the com-

position of water, and is most anxious to have that part of the subject carefully, and, in so far as possible, *favourably* handled. He says Brougham was anxious to do it, but that you had already entrusted the subject to another, and he fears that that other may be Brewster, who has (it seems) in some measure prejudicated the question in his *Encyclopædia*. Now I, without pretending to *know* the whole merits of the controversy, confess that I participate in those feelings, and am confident that you, both as a Scotchman and a friend of so many of Watts' friends, must also have a leaning in their favour, though you, no doubt, have a *judicial* function to perform, on which favour can have no influence. The short of the matter, however, is that I wish you, if you have no objection, to tell me *who* your reviewer is to be, and whether he is to be for or against Watt upon this question. If he is against him, I shall merely report to W. that you decline giving him any information, and that he may rely on justice being done; while, if he is in his favour, perhaps you would not object to my letting him know that you incline to think such will be the view of the matter. At all events, you may rely on my silence and discretion as to whatever you may please to communicate; and though I should rather like to relieve the fat man, I really take no very eager interest in the matter. From the slight review I have taken of the subject, I incline to think that Priestley has fully as good a title to the discovery as either Watt or Cavendish.

I have been unwell and in Stirlingshire since I saw you. But we shall all be gathered together soon now, and I hope you have laid in health enough for the work which lies before you.—Ever faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, October 18, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on your "safe delivery from the great pain and peril" of bringing your last Number to the birth. On the whole it seems to me a very good and interesting production. I must not say so

of the whole, as I am responsible for a part. As, however, there is no interval with you between the successive periods of gestation, your anxieties, or at least your forethought, must be overtaking you again; and my immediate object in writing is to enquire whether, with a view to the future, I can be of any use. I have three different topics in my head. The first, which I myself like the best, is an account of the Life and Writings of Hugo Grotius; the second is a Review of the Works of the Author of "the Natural History of Enthusiasm;" the third would be more ambitious and difficult than any of these, being, in fact, an account of the great men who lived about the time of the Council of Nice, with some reference to what passed at that Synod. I have long since been accustomed to read about that passage of Ecclesiastical History, which is far the most interesting of any between the first and the sixteenth century; but I almost fear that this is too great an enterprise for a mere occasional reader. I propose these topics for your consideration, myself preferring the first, in order that, if you should think the offer worth your acceptance, I may forthwith lay aside all other reading at leisure times in order to prepare myself. I have another motive, which is to ask you to tell me with the frankness, which I am convinced you both love and practise, whether in the experiments I have made hitherto, I go further than suits you in announcing and insisting on my own religious opinions. I do not mean further than suits you individually, but than suits you in your Editorial character. Various circumstances have combined to give to all my speculations a kind of theological cast, nor do I think it would be in my power to shake off this habit except when I am using my official pen. But it has occurred to me that you or your readers or critics may judge that the Edinburgh Review is not quite the right place in which to indulge oneself on these themes, unless it be done more sparingly. On the whole, I suppose this to be an ill-founded apprehension; but I should be glad to be assured that such is the fact.

Whoever wrote the paper on Anglo-Saxon is, to my taste, a charming writer. Hating as I do the politics of the time present, I have hardly mastered either the paper on Education, or the concluding article in defence of the Whigs. I can see the hand of a friend in the matter of Captain Marryat, and a signature to the paper on Public Characters would be altogether superfluous.

You have no notion how admirable a Chief Lord John Russell is for a man to serve under. He is one of the very few men in the world who, in the exercise of great political power, is filling the precise function for which nature designed, and education qualified him. He is far better fitted for Statesmanship than for any calling to which he could have betaken himself, and, except Mr. Huskisson, he is the only Statesman I ever knew of whom I could say as much. As to Macaulay, he should repeat every morning Cowley's Poem, called the "Complaint," where the unfortunate aspirant for political honours receives a sound lecture from the muse as a deserter. However, let him do what he will, he will do it so as to excite admiration, except indeed he should betake himself to horsemanship. There is a story current hereabouts, that when invited the other day at Windsor Castle to ride with the Queen, he assented on condition that they would mount him on an elephant, that being, as he said, the only quadruped on whose back he had found himself for the last ten years. When he wrote his address[1] to you Edinburgh voters, the elephant must have gone down on his knees, for, all things considered, it was but a dispiriting performance.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, October 27, 1839.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—What you say of the Review having always been a party journal is true, and it is not true. A Liberal, a Whig, it always has been, and always

[1] Address to the electors of Edinburgh, October 1, 1839, on his acceptance of the Secretaryship at War.

must be; but the mere organ of a knot of men it assuredly never was, excepting for a few years. Look at all Jeffrey's dissertations against party, all my abuse of the Whig coteries and aristocracy, all the lectures on keeping to general principles and despising cliques of men, and you will agree with me. In 1808, Cevallos on Spain and the war generally, first made us conspicuous as Liberals, and called the *Quarterly* into existence in three months, an event sure to happen as soon as we took a bold line. But that very article,[1] I can assure you, offended Lord Grey

[1] "Don Pedro Cevallos on the French Usurpation of Spain," October, 1808. Respecting this Article there is the following entry in Cockburn's "Journal" (ii, 279) :—"On seeing, in the 'Life of Lord Jeffrey,' the importance recalled that was attached to the Article when it first appeared, Brougham claims that paper as his. But the truth is that his Lordship only wrote the first or second paragraphs, and that all the rest was by Jeffrey. Jeffrey told me so when I was going over the Review with him for the very purpose of identifying his Articles, and though he was warned that it had been ascribed to Brougham. Empson asked Macaulay if *he* had ever spoken of this famous Article to Jeffrey, and the answer is—'I will tell you what Jeffrey told me in the drawing-room at Craigcrook. I spoke of Brougham as the author. Jeffrey said that almost the whole paper was his own, and that he should have printed it as his own in the collection, had it not been that a passage near the beginning was Brougham's. Jeffrey told me the last pages were his own. I do not wonder that Brougham should claim them, for he never wrote anything approaching to them in energy or eloquence.'"

It will be recollected that, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Caledonia's goddess, in addressing Jeffrey, gives him a caution about Brougham :—

> "Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
> Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue;
> Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale,
> Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail,"—

an allusion to the Cevallos Article, which Lord Byron ascribed to Brougham. In a note on this passage, the editor of the edition of Byron's Works published in 1855, remarks (i, 435) :—"The Cevallos Article was written by Jeffrey, who never had the manliness, while he lived, to relieve Brougham of the odium." This censure of Jeffrey is not only without the least justification, in itself, but ludicrous in the face of the fact that Lord Brougham, so far from wishing to be relieved of the odium, as the editor calls it, of having written so remarkable a paper, actually claimed to be the author. What his share really was, it may be difficult to ascertain now. The conversations reported by Cockburn are not altogether conclusive, for Jeffrey himself added a material qualification when he told Macaulay that "the last pages were his own." Would not this imply that there were some pages that were *not* his? If the whole was Jeffrey's, except one paragraph, why should he specify certain portions as more peculiarly his own? It is with no intention to discredit Cockburn's testimony that I oppose to it another testimony, which is entitled to equal weight. In January, 1843, my father made the following answer to a question put to him by an old friend respecting this Article :—"Brougham was at the time residing, I think, at Drum, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I believe with the Rosslyns, the lady being then

and Holland House as much as it did the Tories. Next year, and especially the year after, we gave still more annoyance to the Whigs, against whom Jeffrey wrote what they termed a regular manifesto—"State of Parties."[1] In 1812, the Orders in Council and my lead in the Commons, made the Edinburgh Review somewhat more of a party journal. But I went out of Parliament for three years, and for three years there were no party politics in the Review. I returned in 1816, and a little more, but quite general politics came back with me. But still no *party*, further than the Liberal party, was concerned generally. It is quite true that, while I was Chancellor, I may be said to have used the Review as a Ministerial Journal, but that lay light on my conscience, because the Ministry were at issue with the Tories on great general measures.

But who is the Minister connected with the Review *now*, to extenuate the party service? and what are the great measures and principles on which the Government and the Tories are at issue now, as they were under my administration? Nothing of the kind can be named. It is a mere question of *ins and outs*, of keeping possession of office, and doing jobs for Edinburgh people. *You* hear no doubt a deal of these people, but all you hear is a mere echo of placemen and place-hunters who only want to keep in the men that have the giving away of good things. Depend upon it, the Review never was before in this position.

Now, to show you what liars you in Edinburgh have been giving your faith to, and how little I am hostile to Government, I will mention a fact or two. I held out the

a great favourite, and a mad politician; and he there began the Article, and wrote part, Jeffrey the rest; and the noted passage as to the mode in which Buonaparte directed his military combinations, and made attacks, was written by Brougham. It has been said, I know, but only *lately*, that the Article was written by Jeffrey; but at the time it was, as I recollect well, universally ascribed to Brougham *in toto*. On mentioning it to Jeffrey about a week ago, when talking of a republication of some of his reviews, he told me expressly it was a *joint publication*.

[1] Art. 15, January, 1810.

olive branch to Melbourne in the Lords after defeating him and his paltry army a whole Session in every way till I was sick of slaughter. *He felt it deeply*, and his nephew told a friend of mine that, when a person soon after spoke slightingly of my speech on that occasion, it threw him into a passion, and he expressed himself with the greatest warmth of me. Again, my Letter to the Duke of Bedford confirmed and extracted this. It was *my flag of truce*, and the irregular troops of the Government fired upon it. But he was *very indignant* at this, and I have had *direct and most feeling* communication with him since. It may or may not lead to any co-operation, but if it does, it at once emancipates him from the thraldom he most detests—*O'Connell, and the newspapers, and the jobbers*. The reason these rogues hate me is that they know my taking up the Government is the end of *their* reign.

However, I must add that another deception has been practised on you Edinburgh folks. A lie, daily repeated by two or three papers in London and one at Edinburgh, has deceived you all, namely, that the people of this country have no longer any care about me, and that my "useless, and worthless, and mischievous life" (such is their language these three years) was done for all purposes. Is it so? Look at the last week and tell. I assure you this room is filled with newspapers from all parts of the country; some crying *peccavi* for having ever attacked me, others thanking God they never had been seduced by the Treasury jobbers into such a course. Let this show the risk of men in a party giving up an old leader, because another happened for the hour to be invested with office. The Liberals having preferred the anti-reform, and Tory, and rat Melbourne to me, who never for an instant changed my course, have much to answer for. The chances are that their base place-hunting propensities will be their ruin. Melbourne himself, be you well assured, will one day throw them over, and then —— why, then you will not easily find me to trust you all a second time. For it is my most firm opinion that if a

scullion of the Queen's kitchen were Minister to-morrow, the Edinburgh Whigs would worship him (I speak with exceptions of course, and you among the first).

One word on O'Connell, and the covert attack through Wilkes. No doubt many of the topics apply to him, but it is the falsest thing in the whole world to pretend that that was their object. I had Wilkes and only Wilkes and Chatham in my eye, so help me God! But only see the baseness of those advisers of yours! They are all disgusted secretly with O'Connell; all heartily sick and ashamed of him; all ready to give him their puny, feeble kick on the instant they safely can, but as yet they fear he may turn out their patrons, and, therefore, are they so sensitive about the least attack. A direct personal attack in the Review, December 1830, never offended these good souls, never at all. Why? Because I was then in office! Praying devoutly for your *emancipation*.—Yours, H. B.

Brougham, October 31, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Before leaving this place, I have done the part of Bolingbroke which follows what you have got. The rest I did some weeks ago, but left it in town, and will forward it when I arrive in Grafton Street. The whole article is certainly of considerable interest, but I have not ventured as yet on making a speech for Bolingbroke, nor can I. It is far above my hand, and I believe above any other, unless I were to read B. for a year, and nothing else, and then practise another year, and this is too much.—Yours ever, H. B.

This is strictly between ourselves. Melbourne has at length confessed to a common friend, who demanded an explanation, that his only reason for not offering me the Great Seal in 1835, was that he felt, that while I was in that place, he himself must be a cypher, and he feels still more now how much that would have been the case. He at the same time admitted that there was no going on with me against him!

Grafton Street, November 19, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Now, God willing, I start for Provence the very beginning of December, and shall be away two months, perhaps more. My relations with the Government are less hostile by a great deal. They were, I find, quite stunned to find the sensation caused by my departure from this lower world. Their silly vanity, and the flattery of their sycophants, and the noise of their vile newspapers, had really made them fancy that I was utterly gone into oblivion. They have now found a marvellous difference, for they are obliged to admit that they, and all their people, might have died, and been quietly buried, compared with my decease. Indeed, I was myself astonished. The result is a kind of good feeling being re-established with all but a very few. With the bulk of the party, and with the Court, I am in charity. The Queen and Melbourne behaved very well indeed. They sent an express up to this house, who returned with the news that more than two thousand persons had been here, and that the street was still crowded. I dwell on these particulars to show you how little trust you are to put in the venal herd who supply the newspapers with paragraphs on public men. Never was there such an illustration of it.—Yours ever, H. B.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

E. I. C., November 4, 1839.

MY DEAR N.,—I have not heard from anybody a word about the Captain [Marryat], but my recollection of the pleasure which I owe the author of *Peter Simple* will have prevented me, I am sure, from saying a syllable more against his republican philosophy than that sort of affectation in an American traveller makes a positive duty. Macaulay thinks it an excellent Number. So does Denman. Indeed, I don't hear two opinions. Macaulay places Bulwer's article so high, that he says he is disposed to envy it. He and Jeffrey prefer it to Rice's. I don't wonder that Brougham is out of humour with these two

papers; but he can hardly be in his heart insensible to the extent of your consideration in his behalf. Baxter has been generally put down to Macaulay, who admires it, but not quite as much, I think, as Jeffrey and I do. I told him that Whishaw said:—"I hear there is a canting article on Baxter by Macaulay." Denman, too, took it for his. The tone might be cant in Macaulay, but it is sincere in Stephen. Macaulay or Allen will tell you of a letter which Brougham has written to Lord Holland about the hoax, charging it on some Government spy, that they might let loose their papers on him, and Tom Moore, their doggerel poet. The received solution is, that the subject and author are one, and that it is the effect of some drunken frolic which had celebrated the accident and escape. The sensation in London and Windsor was very great. The Lord Chancellor was at Windsor at the time. Lord Uxbridge had met Montgomery, and brought in the news, and Lord Melbourne, I am told, burst into tears.—Ever yours, W. E.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, November 4, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—In a week or thereabouts, I hope to send you the article on Clive. I have only a few stray minutes for such things now. I shall be quite content to be turned out, as I suppose we soon shall be. In the mean time we will fight as stout a battle as we can. Pray let me know if you hear of any opposition gathering at Edinburgh. I have received no intimation of the kind yet. Your last Number was excellent. Bulwer has done wonders.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Rothley Temple, November 14, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send you the paper on Clive. I have observed in glancing over it some inaccuracies of style, and some repetitions, which will easily be removed in the proofs. On the whole I think it will be interesting. Let me have a proof soon; I shall probably keep it long, as I

wish to show it to one or two people well acquainted with Indian affairs. Let me know when you shall want it again. I should like, as there will be ample time, to have a revise. I shall be in town again in three or four days, and shall probably be a close prisoner till I start for Edinburgh. I do not find that there is any talk of a contest. By the bye, a notion has struck me that an exceedingly droll paper might be written by some clever hand on the absurd stir which the Baronets have been making lately to obtain new dignities for their order. It would be a subject for as good a mock heroic poem as the Lutrin or the Rape of the Lock.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, November 26, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I will send the proofs back the day after to-morrow. I must have a revise. I am glad that you are satisfied, and much obliged for your criticism. The Bentinck whom I mean is Lord William, who, as the most eminently disinterested, humane, and liberal of Clive's successors, might, I thought, be fairly put at the top of the concluding climax. But as you think the sentence harsh, I will give it a turn. I am glad that you think there is no chance of an opposition at Edinburgh.[1] Brougham talks nonsense, I think, about the fourteen. But we shall not be in force on the Address. Nevertheless I am in good spirits. Indeed the worst that can happen, as far as I am concerned, is not formidable.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

November 28, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send back the paper on Clive. Remember to let me have a revise. I have altered the last sentence so as to make it clearer and more harmonious. But I cannot consent to leave out the well-earned compliment to my dear old friend [Lord William Bentinck] of

[1] Macaulay vacated his seat on being made Secretary at War, and was re-elected without opposition.

whom Victor Jacquemont said as truly as wittily, that he was William Penn on the throne of the Mogul, and at the head of two hundred thousand soldiers.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, January 8, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have, as you may suppose, suffered much of late, and this second blow has been on the whole the heaviest, for she was a very extraordinary person. I give you two instances. Her feelings were very strong, but she could so command them that, ten years ago, when my brother John died, she restrained all expression of grief, and the effort, though successful, gave a fit of tic-douloureux, from which she never after was wholly free. The other was nine years back, when she wrote a long remonstrance to me against taking the Great Seal, and sacrificing power to office. Few mothers would have disliked to have a son Lord Chancellor. If I had got the letter three days before, I certainly should have been decided by it, for I was very reluctantly prevailed on by Grey and Althorp declaring (as they had done to the King) that, unless I would take office, the Government of Wellington must remain, and the Whigs be out for ever. I shrunk from this responsibility, and have since experienced the nature of Whig gratitude.

I left Paris not much wishing to live out the journey, as I was ill at the time, and expected a fever from coming 600 miles, day and night. But being, I suppose, made of hammered iron, I got quite well, and landed here as well as I ever was, and am just setting out to go back all right. Apropos of death, Lord Wellesley, Carlisle, Denman, and myself have lately been making verses on that trite topic, which I had presented under a new form, and as some of them (not my own, of course) are very fine, I will send you a sight on condition of *return without copy*.

I have only had the Review while I was at dinner, and

have read end of Clive, and part of Watt.[1] The latter is, I believe, quite right, except in a few phrases. As to praise of Watt being exaggerated, that is impossible. I wish, instead of a bad speech of mine, the reviewer had quoted a good epitaph, as it preaches, and in Westminster Abbey, the "true word" as to fame. I am amazed at Macaulay praising Clive so immeasurably. He was a great, but a very bad man. All men know he was a robber, publicly, and a cruel, bloodthirsty man, and all *Indians* know that he actually *robbed* Orme, the historian, a nervous man, whom he throttled on the walk near the Ganges, and extorted ten thousand pounds.[2] George III always called him a "robber," and yet Macaulay cites him in his favour! I have his *own letters*, in his *own hand*, to the contrary.—Yours truly, H. B.

January 12, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have no heart to say one word on any subject of the last Number but one—I mean, one which absorbs all others—Macaulay's most profligate political morality. In my eyes, his defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. It is a most serious, and, to me, a painful subject. No—no—all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the lower empire,—all won't avail against a rotten morality. The first and most sacred duty of a public man, and, above all, an author, is to keep by honest and true doctrine—never to relax—never to countenance vice—ever to hold fast by virtue. What? are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public, and, therefore, atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God, where is this to end! What horrors will it not excuse! Tiberius's great capacity, his first-rate wit, that which made him the charm

[1] "Life and Discoveries of James Watt," by Sir David Brewster, Art. 6, January, 1840.

[2] This story rests on no good authority.

of society, will next, I suppose, be set up to give a splendour to the inhabitant of Capreæ. Why, Clive's address, and his skill, and his courage are not at all more certain, nor are they qualities of a different cast. Every great ruffian, who has filled the world with blood and tears, will be sure of an acquittal, because of his talents and his success. After I had, and chiefly in the Edinburgh Review, been trying to restore a better, a purer, a higher standard of morals, and to wean men from the silly love of military glory, for which they are the first to pay, I find the Edinburgh Review preaching, not merely the old and common heresies, but ten thousand times worse, adopting a vile principle never yet avowed in terms, though too often and too much taken for a guide, unknown to those who followed it, in forming their judgments of great and successful criminals. There is all the difference in the world between falling into this path blind, and choosing it with your eyes wide open, and defending it by argument. The worst of wrongdoers, in my view, is he who in cold blood justifies, and upon a kind of perversion of all principle, the doing of iniquity. A peculator, a cheat, a forger, a cut-throat—admitted—oh, but then a clever one, and a bold and a successful. Alas! if Macaulay's overweening conceit would only let him read what honest Adam Smith says, in his *Moral Sentiments*, of the evils of profligate systems of morals! It might awaken his conscience, and prevent him from being led away by the silly Empsons he lives among, and who admire nothing but sentence-making. Or, if he only knew the comfort of laying down his head to sleep, or may be to die, after writing forty years, and speaking thirty-five, and never having once said one word, or written one word, but in favour of the highest strain of public virtue! And then, how incalculably worse a practical profligacy like this is, when exemplified in Clive's instance, than all the theories Smith puts down with such force. In short, I really do think this a very bad affair, and you ought to *recant*, and preach the true word with all speed and all earnestness.—Yours, H. B.

Downing Street, March 6, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are a perfect model for all duns, a race hateful for their importunity, whereas you allow a debtor to forget that he has a payment to make. To say the truth, I have been for the last few days looking for a memento of a promise of mine, now some months old, to produce a certain amount of manuscript, of which Isaac Taylor was to be the hero. At intervals, I have filled several sheets of paper with my notions about him and his books, and very little remains but to have them copied out in a legible hand, after pruning away excrescences. My creed about Isaac Taylor is that he is a very considerable man, with but small inventive, but very great diffusive powers; possessing a singular mastery of language, but very apt to be over-mastered by it; too fine a writer to write very well; too fastidious a censor to judge men and things equitably; too much afraid of falling into cant and vulgarity to rise to freedom and ease; an over-polished Dissenter, a little ashamed of his origin amongst that body; but, with all this, a man of vigorous and Catholic understanding, of eminent purity of mind, happy in himself and in all manner of innocent pleasures, and strenuously devoted to the grand but impracticable task of grafting on the intellectual democracy of our own times the literary aristocracy of the days that are passed. To develop all this so as to produce anything like singleness and harmony of effect, is a much harder task than I had looked for, and I am willing to hope, in favour of my own self-love, that it is so hard as to be impracticable. Everybody seems delighted with the story of Lord Clive, which is quite natural, but I find that everyone regards it as completely new, for which I was not prepared. It is beautifully told by Orme. I hope that you are in possession of some more historical Asiatic Portraits from the same hand. There never was a game so ill played as that of the Conservatives this Session. By bringing out their Queen first, and having her immediately checked, they have enabled their opponents to lose several Pawns with

impunity. If they had commenced with these harassing majorities, their vote of Want of Confidence[1] would have fared better. I trust that you have improved in health and strength, and that you will come to London this Spring, not to see the doctors, but to extend and keep alive your acquaintance with us Londoners, who fancy ourselves collectively well worth the seeing. If you do come on any such errand, I hereby bespeak some share in your company.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

LORD JEFFREY.

London, April 7, 1840.

MY DEAR N.,—I got your letter yesterday, and the Review this morning, and I have read all the first and none of the last, with the exception of catching a sentence here and there, as I cut up the leaves of the most engaging articles. I have, as you suppose, been floating down the full stream of society, with little pretence of guidance or elation, and have hitherto fared very well. My old friends are very kind to me, and I do not feel strange among them. Sydney and the Hollands are in greater force, both as to health and spirits, than I have seen them for years, Lord H. *walking* pretty firmly, but with his feet (for the first time almost that I ever remember) in nice, close-fitting, jaunty shoes, and she full of smiles and dimples. Macaulay is in great force. I have been twice in his military den, and met him often at dinner. Even Sydney, I think, must admit that he converses more, and soliloquises less. Things are by no means secure, you must see, here, and I think there is even some nervousness about this China question to-night. Macaulay, I believe, will speak. I know he has been studying the papers, and speaks very well upon it in private. The general opinion is that he has not succeeded as a debater as much as was expected—too scholastic and purely argumentative, with too little playfulness

[1] On January 28, Sir J. Y. Buller moved a vote of Want of Confidence in the Melbourne Ministry. After a debate of four nights, there was a majority of 21 for the Ministry.

or personality. But he cannot fail in the long run; and the general opinion of his talents is as high as ever. I have seen more of Hallam and less of Rogers as yet than formerly. I have also met Guizot, who is very lively and agreeable, with great stores of all sorts of knowledge, and speaking English not only well, but willingly, which is a great mercy.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

London, April 13, 1840.

MY DEAR N.,—I have now read your Raleigh[1] with great pleasure, and I hope profit. I do not think you have quite escaped the common snare of biographers, partiality and over-admiration of your hero, whom I think you very satisfactorily make out to have been both a traitor and a pirate—*au reste, très honnête homme.* I think you overpraise his history too, considering how much of it is a mere *réchauffé* of biblical trash. However, he was a dashing fellow, no doubt, and would probably have been a better man in a better age. What I can least forgive in him is being truly loved by nobody, with all his gifts and graces. I recoil, I own, from men of that description, and can hardly be bribed, by any exploits or attainments, to pay them the tribute of my admiration. What pleased me most was your explanation of the wild romance of El Dorado, leaving it a dull and definite foundation of honest error and physical reality, and showing how much ignorant credulity and knavish exaggeration blew it up to the glittering bubble it now appears. There is much merit, too, in the way in which you turn to account the despatches of the last French Ambassador, from which I certainly have derived a great deal of new and valuable light. But the chief excellence is in the industry and judicious caution with which you have examined and tested the old and new materials you have brought together. Allen, who is a great authority in such a matter, told me last night that he thought it the most conscientious and *exact* piece of historical writing he had lately seen. I do not yet know what

[1] "Sir Walter Raleigh," April, 1840.

Hallam thinks of it. But if you pass muster with these two, you may defy all other critics. I have scarcely read any of the other papers, though I have looked into Stephen's,[1] which I foresee I shall like very much. I hear the concluding one[2] very much commended. At Holland House they rather thought it was Macaulay's, though, from the few pages of it which I have read, such a supposition is to me inconceivable. There is much more of Macaulay in some of your introductory sentences. You will be glad to hear that he made a great speech on China, the best, it is universally admitted, since his return from India, and in point of closeness and brevity, better than any in his first incarnation. The only thing which was thought to be still too rhetorical, and not quite parliamentary, was the peroration, which will generally be most admired in the reading. It did not altogether occupy a full hour, and in forty minutes had disposed of every part of Graham's elaborate harangue. He is in great force and spirits, and I hope will now speak oftener. I am leading a shockingly dissipated life; but I have no time to give you any account of it, having just returned at half-past three from a late, long, and loquacious breakfast with Dick of Dublin,[3] Sydney, and Sarah Austin. But I shall come to your confessional soon.—Ever yours, F. J.

T. B. Macaulay.

London, April 13, 1840.

Dear Napier,—I have read the article on Raleigh. Most interesting it is, and more impartial than, from some conversations between us, I expected. I find very little in it to which I should hesitate to subscribe. I have glanced at Brougham's paper. It does not appear to me equal to its predecessors. Stephen's is very odd, not without flashes of genius, but somewhat enigmatical. I can make nothing of Croly's book.[4] But I have a strong inclination

[1] "Works of the Author of Natural History of Enthusiasm."
[2] "Present State and Conduct of Parties," by Lord Monteagle.
[3] The late Dr. Whately.
[4] "Memoir of the Political Life of Burke."

to try my hand on Romilly's letters and memoirs, which are just about to appear. What do you say to this? Probably Brougham may demand this subject. If you think he will, and if you would find it disagreeable to refuse him, let me know.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

JOHN ALLEN.

Holland House, April 18, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your article on Raleigh is the most comprehensive and critical account I have met with of that extraordinary personage. It is impossible not to admire the extent and versatility of his talents, the originality of his views, the inventive and enterprising character of his mind. Yet with all these qualifications, and notwithstanding his misfortunes, I feel little pity or regard for him. He seems to me to have been a selfish, intriguing courtier, and to have been regarded as such by his contemporaries, till their hatred was converted into pity by his trial. Though a gallant soldier, he was at heart a buccaneer, and seems to have cared little on which side he was engaged, provided he could get money by it.

Brougham is to be at home, they say, on the 28th, and I have no doubt will be ready with the articles he has bespoke. You are quite right to keep him within bounds. He may bluster, but he knows too well the value of the Review to quarrel with the Editor, unless he could find another Review with equal circulation that would admit his articles, and in that case he would treat you as he has done all his other friends. He is not a malignant or bad-hearted man, but he is an unscrupulous one, and where his passions are concerned or his vanity irritated, there is no excess or dereliction of principle of which he is not capable. His review[1] of Walpole's character and conduct is more candid than I expected from him when discussing

[1] "Walpole and his Contemporaries—Pulteney, Windham, Bolingbroke," April, 1840.

the merits of a Whig; but, on the whole, I think this last series of characters more flashy, hasty, and exaggerated than any of his former ones, though the latter have the great defect of being written under temporary feelings, and, therefore, very different from what he would have written ten years ago. Everything he has done of the kind is full of blunders, and shows that they are hasty productions, without care or preparation. Very few of his characters, if any, are true likenesses.

To return to your article: the account of the visionary El Dorado is exceedingly curious. A delusion so general and so durable can be compared to nothing but the long-continued belief of the Christian states in Prester John. Your criticisms on Tytler are perfectly just. You have relieved me from an apprehension that Raleigh had acted a more unworthy part towards Essex than he appears to have done. He ought to have been acquitted on his trial, but I believe him to have been guilty. He hated Spain, but, like one of our own contemporaries, the present hatred was capable, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up the inferior serpents. Who knows but that some future biographer of Brougham may reject Hansard's report of his speech on the Jamaica Bill, by an appeal to his long-known and frequently expressed opinions against slavery?—Yours truly, JOHN ALLEN.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, April 16, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Lord Jeffrey is here, and we shall certainly ruin his digestion if you don't reclaim him soon. For the present he seems as gay as ever, as he certainly is a great cause of gaiety in others. He had the good nature to sit an hour in this room yesterday afternoon, and I only wish that it might be his fancy to indulge me in the same way every spare afternoon he has to pass in London. Macaulay is thought to have spoken excellently on the China Question, because on that occasion he kept

out of sight his all-knowingness, and addressed himself straight to the matter in debate—an achievement which the Dunces flattered themselves was beyond his power. Lord Palmerston also obtained great admiration. He seems satisfied to do this, as a speaker, once in every twelve months, and with reason, for his fame rests on the surer basis of having kept us out of war for the last ten years. I suppose that our present Rulers are now to be let alone until the Session of 1841. I am sure at least, that I hope so, not in the interest of a party, for I belong to none; or rather, I belong to all in turn; but, because, I am well convinced that at present no Government but the one we have, could stave off the most frightful confusion and disaster.

I take for granted, that you have an eye to Sir S. Romilly's Memoirs. I knew him very well, and partook of the profound respect with which all men regarded him. But I never could feel the admiration which it was customary to express of his powers. His whole exterior (including, not merely countenance, demeanour, and habits of life, but his career as a lawyer and politician), was so very imposing, and so full of the most perfect histrionic effect, that I think he had credit given him very liberally for interior qualities of corresponding grandeur. And, beyond doubt, he was a man of great abilities, with every generous feeling by which a public man should be prompted. But, as far as I could judge, he was not equal to great occasions, nor did he shine in the lighter every-day passages of life. He was in my judgment no very great orator, and there was not a grain of humour or wit in his composition. Neither do I think that he was much of a scholar or a philosopher, but he was the object of unbounded homage, and the world is apt to be as profuse in praise as in its censure. Still he was a very considerable man, and in domestic life, one of the best models of conjugal and parental affection I have known. So I hope that you will see to it, that he is reverently and cordially extolled. Lord Brougham would pronounce a more

eloquent, earnest, and discriminating eulogy on him than any man now alive.—Very truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

J. S. MILL.

India House, April 22, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is just possible you may have heard —though it is most likely you have not—that my connection with the *Westminster Review* has terminated. The Review has gone into other hands, and although I wish well to the new proprietors, and think they will conduct it creditably and usefully, I do not feel myself in such a manner bound to them that I should wish to exclude myself from the power of addressing a larger auditory. This is also the feeling of several of the best of my late coadjutors in the Westminster, to whom, as well as to myself, it would be agreeable, if you give any encouragement to the proposition, to establish a connection with the Edinburgh. I believe it is the feeling of nearly all Reformers that this is not a time for keeping up a flag of disunion among them; and even I, who have been for some years attempting, it must be owned with very little success, to induce the Radicals to maintain an independent position, am compelled to acknowledge that there is not room for a fourth political party in this country—reckoning the Conservatives, the Whig-Radicals, and the Chartists as the other three. Of a clear view of this fact, a natural consequence is, a different notion of what my own course ought to be. If I can hope to do any good, it can only be by merging in one of the existing great bodies of opinion; by attempting to gain the ear of the liberal party generally, instead of addressing a mere section of it. There seems no longer any reason why my little rivulet should continue to flow separate, little as it can contribute to decide the colour or composition of that great stream.

Among those contributors to the Westminster who would like to become contributors of yours, those who, I

think, would be of most use to you (besides Charles Buller, with whom, I believe, you are already in communication) are Robertson, the late editor, and writer of many articles, and George Fletcher, the author of two very interesting papers, one in the Number for December, 1838, on Heloisa and Abelard, the other (in the last Number) on Robin Hood. If you have not seen these articles, I am sure it would give you pleasure to read them, especially the former.—Ever yours truly, J. S. MILL.

India House, April 27, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit me in the first place to make my acknowledgments for the extremely kind and flattering manner in which you have received my proposition for becoming a contributor to the Edinburgh. You have done me only justice in supposing that the idea of any compromise of the principles of the Edinburgh Review never entered into my mind; it did not occur to me even to disavow such a thought. Of course I did not expect to have the same range of subjects as I had in a Review under my own exclusive control, nor to be allowed to commit the Review to opinions which would be obnoxious to its other writers and its supporters. I look for no other latitude than that commonly allowed by periodical works to the individual modes of thinking of their various contributors. There will be no difficulty in our understanding one another, since the principles of the Review are public property, and what I have written in the last year or two, or what I may now write will soon show you what are the points, if any, on which mine are irreconcileable with them. I am myself under an impression that there is very little of what I should now be inclined to say to the public in a Review, which would be at all in contradiction to the established character and purposes of the Edinburgh.

As you conjecture, it is only occasionally that I should find time to write for you, especially at present, as I am desirous of finishing a book I have in hand. But the

subject you suggest, my friend Tocqueville's book, is so very attractive to me that, if the other arrangement you mention should not take effect, I would make an effort to get an article ready on Tocqueville for your October Number. With regard to other subjects, one thing which I should like very much, and on which I should not interfere with any of your existing contributors, would be to write occasionally on modern French history and historical literature, with which, from peculiar causes, I am more extensively acquainted than Englishmen usually are. If I had continued to carry on the London and Westminster Review, I should have written more than one article on Michelet, a writer of great and original views, very little known among us. One article on his history of France, and another combining his Roman history with Arnold's, might, I think, be made very interesting and useful. Even on Guizot there may be something still to be written. I mention these things only that you may know the course my thoughts have taken in regard to future articles.—Ever truly yours, J. S. MILL.

India House, September 21, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your kind compliance, and more than compliance, with my wishes about the separate copies, and the power of reprinting, and to express the pleasure it gives me that you should have found reason to think favourably of my article.[1] Of course I cannot have the slightest objection to the omission of the sentence you mention, and I am only glad that it is the only one upon which you feel it necessary to exercise your editorial scissors. I was prepared to find that there were parts of the article in which you could not agree; but on the points you mention, I think a little explanation would remove most of the difference between us. I did not mean to class the power of combination as an element (except in a certain limited sense) of *fitness* for political power, but only as one of the causes

[1] "Democracy in America."

which actually *create* a political power, whether the parties are fit for it or not. And my argument requires no more. My remarks, also, on Tocqueville's opinion that democracy does not bring to the helm the fittest persons for government, were only intended to moderate the strength with which he claims admission for that opinion, and to suggest grounds of hesitation and further examination; not to contradict the opinion itself, for on the whole I, to a great degree, coincide in it, though not to the extent to which he carries it.

On the possibility of a mixed government, it is probable that you and I and Tocqueville would on explanation agree. I agree and have long agreed in all you say on the point, but he would say that one of the three powers always *could*, by constitutional means, carry any point it was in earnest about, if it chose to encounter the consequent odium, and that the other two could *not* unless aided by the *one* or by a portion of it.

About future articles, those which I have chiefly thought about, would require a good deal of reading and reflection; and considering that I have a book to finish, I could hardly venture to name any particular time for their being ready. They are mostly historical: for instance, one on the Romans and their history, *apropos* of Arnold's History and Michelet's; or, if you think the French Revolution not too stale a subject, I could write an article on Alison's book, or on the *Histoire Parlementaire*, that would perhaps have still something of novelty in its views.

I have been much pressed to write on the Report (or rather Minutes of Evidence) of the Committee on Currency and Banks, especially by Mr. Tooke, with whom I agree on the subject more than with anybody else who has written on it: but I suppose you would look to M'Culloch on that question, and even if he were not likely, as I suppose he is, to write on it himself, you would probably hardly think it fair to him to put in an article which would contain what he would consider heresies. Mr. Tooke

says he has no doubt the *Quarterly* would take it, and perhaps it would, but I think liberal writers ought to stick to liberal views, and my adhesion to the Edinburgh is in a certain sense political as well as literary.

Believe me, with much satisfaction at the new connection which is now formed between us,—Yours ever faithfully, J. S. MILL.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, June 12, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—An article this quarter is out of the question. You may reckon on me for October. *I* see that James is bringing out a new edition of an old history of William the Third's reign. I should be glad to try my hand on that, but Mrs. Austin[1] must have precedence. I have received a letter begging me to subscribe to a monument in honour of Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. I would willingly do so if I were satisfied that it would be a real ornament to the City, but we have already so many hideous public monuments that I am not disposed to add to the number. Having the honour of representing the most beautiful town in the empire, I am not willing to be art and part in spoiling it. If you know anything about this design, pray give me your opinion. I think that we shall stand this year, tottering as we appear to be. Yet it would not in the least surprise me if, even next week, we were to go out. As usual, you omit to tell me how you are, a matter about which I am much more curious than about the health of our venerable Mother the Kirk.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

September 17, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—I now see my way pretty clear to the end of my article [Ranke], and am not on the whole dissatisfied with the prospect. To treat so immense a subject, in truth, the history of all Christendom during a century and more, within the compass of a review, is not

[1] "Ranke's History of the Popes," translated by Mrs. Austin.

easy. But I hope to make the paper tolerably interesting. I do not think that I shall much exceed forty pages. I cannot positively fix a day yet. I shall try to finish my work within a week.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 14, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am glad that you are satisfied. I dare say that there will be plenty of abuse; but about that I have long ceased to care one straw. I have two plans, indeed three, in my head. Two however might, I think, be executed for the next Number. Gladstone advertises another book about the Church. That subject belongs to me, if I think it worth the treating, particularly as he will very probably say something concerning my former article. Leigh Hunt has brought out an edition of Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar. I see it in the windows of the booksellers' shops, but I have not looked at it. I know their plays, and the literary history of their time, well enough to make an amusing paper. Collier's controversy with Congreve on the subject of the Drama deserves to be better known than it is, and there is plenty of amusing and curious anecdote about Wycherley. If you will tell Longman to send me the book, I will see whether I can give you a short, lively article on it. My third plan cannot yet be executed. It is to review M. Capefigue's history of the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon. A character both of the man and of the government, such as the subject deserves, has not yet, in my opinion, appeared. But there are still two volumes of Capefigue's book to come, if not more; and, though he writes with wonderful rapidity, he can hardly bring them out till the beginning of next year. Have you seen the book? Guizot recommended it to me; and among the very bad books of that sort, it is, in spite of innumerable faults, the best—very much better certainly than either Bignon's or Sir Walter Scott's.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 29, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have received Hunt's book, and shall take it down with me to Southampton, whither I hope to be able to make a short trip. I shall give it well to Hunt about Jeremy Collier, to whom he is scandalously unjust. I think Jeremy one of the greatest public benefactors in our history. Poor Lord Holland![1] It is vain to lament. A whole generation is gone to the grave with him. While he lived, all the great orators and statesmen of the last generation were living too. What a store of historical information he has carried away. But his kindness, generosity, and openness of heart, were more valuable than even his fine accomplishments. I loved him dearly.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, November 13, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—Yesterday evening I received Gladstone's book,[2] and read it. I do not think that it would be wise to review it. I observed in it very little that had any reference to politics—very little indeed that might not be very consistently said by a supporter of the voluntary system. It is, in truth, a theological treatise; and I have no mind to engage in a controversy about the nature of the sacraments, the operation of holy orders, the visibility of the Church, and such points of learning, except when they are connected, as in his former work they were connected with questions of Government. I have no disposition to split hairs about the spiritual reception of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist, or about Baptismal regeneration. I shall try to give you a paper on a very different subject—Wycherley, and the other good-for-nothing fellows, whose indecorous wit Leigh Hunt has edited. I see that a Life of Warren Hastings is just coming out. I mark it for mine. I will try to make as interesting an article, though I fear not so flashy, as that on Clive.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] He died on the 22nd of October.

[2] "Church Principles considered in their Results."

October 20, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read a good part of the new Number [October, 1840], and I must write a few lines to warn you. Take care of the author, whoever he is, of the first article,[1] as he will assuredly get you and the side of the question he is on into serious scrapes. Only look at page 11.[2] Luckily for the Review people now-a-days seem never to think for twenty-four hours about anything they read. I remember the time when that passage, and one or two other things in the same article, would have made quite a hubbub about Lord Jeffrey's ears. But what I chiefly complain of, is the harm it will do to the right side of the question, the side which the article so very ably and honestly espouses. In all respects I agree with it, saving its being much too favourable to the middle as against the working classes; but as against the aristocracy, of course I am entirely with the writer, and, *therefore*, it is that I grew blind when I read that passage. There is not a reader of ordinary knowledge, even of the commonest things, who must not instantly see the kind of mental alienation (I can call it nothing less) under which a person must labour to forget the names of Cavendish, Howard, Bridgewater, nay, Lord J. Russell (not as an author, but political agitator), and scores of others; and then if he means anything by *untitled* aristocracy, it must be gentry, in which case, except a few stray phenomena, such as Watt, Davy, Arkwright, and Burns, which are the exceptions, all authors and ministers have been of that aristocratic class. However, I will assume him to have no meaning when he uses the word *untitled*, and that his proposition is confined to the *noble families*. It is utterly and absolutely without an excuse. They have *much more* than kept their proportion during the last hundred years,

[1] "Democracy in America."

[2] "In point of intelligence, it can still less be affirmed that the higher classes maintain the same proportional ascendancy as of old. It would be difficult to point out what new idea in speculation, what innovation or discovery in the practical arts, what useful institution, or what permanently valuable book, Great Britain has owed for the last hundred years to her hereditary aristocracy, titled or untitled."

and he says they have done nothing, nor even borne any part. The article would have been excellent with a dozen lines left out. Why Macaulay[1] is to tell the world dogmatically, not only that Popery is not weakened, or, I *suppose mitigated!!* and also that no one but a Christian can have the least reason to believe in a future state, is quite incomprehensible. Surely that last sentence might have been spared, especially as, like much of all he writes, it has no bearing on the argument, or on any argument. It is next thing to preaching Atheism. To many it has the same effect, and the profound ignorance of the subject is to be noted. When he dogmatically lays it down that natural theology has made no progress, has he ever heard of Cuvier? Why, one of the most extraordinary steps has been made by him—I mean by the inferences to which his discoveries lead—that was ever made in any branch of science. This is really quite clear to all but a handful of poor fanatics—Yours ever truly, H. B.

October 31, 1840.

My dear Sir,—As to Romilly I must still pause a while, chiefly on this account. There is an absolute necessity of making a general attack on this great and growing evil of the times—the making *deceased* persons public property without their consent, and making them commit offences without their consent. I will give two instances. Romilly's most secret thoughts, all his weaknesses, are unveiled by his eldest acting son, because he finds in his father's repositories a paper, or two papers, written partly for his own use, and partly for the perusal of his children. That he never meant them to be published, is clear to any one who knew him. But it is also clear from his own words in his Will, for he there gives directions as to what he wished published, namely, his *Law Essays*, and desires Whishaw and myself to decide as to them, giving reasons to guide us; but *not one word* as to the others. Then I may add the *prayer*. What right has his son to proclaim to the world that he was not a Christian? It was the very last thing

[1] Article on "Ranke's History of the Popes."

Romilly would have felt himself justified in doing, and that with a view to example. Yet no one reading that prayer entertains the least doubt upon the subject, nor indeed can. The other instance to which I refer is that of an offence made to be committed by Wilberforce—I mean in disclosing to the world what happened on Pitt's death-bed. The Bishop of Winchester tells this to Wilberforce under the strictest secrecy. This is stated by Wilberforce in the letter in which he relates it (as quoted in the Edinburgh Review,[1] and, I am sorry to say, quoted without any expression of blame, or even regret that the sons should have committed the outrage of printing the letter). Wilberforce may not have been even justified in privately writing this to a very intimate friend, but that is quite a different thing from a publication like this. And don't let it be said that Pitt's death makes the least difference, for Pitt was dead when the Bishop told W., and exacted the promise of secrecy. Now, if it be said the world is benefited by such information being communicated, I am sure, suppose it to be so, it has no right to the benefit unless it came by that benefit fairly. If Wilberforce had been guilty of felony, the world would have been benefited by his son informing against him, but no one could have endured the son's name ever after, and this is a less strong case in one respect that, strictly speaking, there is a duty to disclose crime, but there is none to disclose gossip. Surely the rule is plain, that no man's letters or other writings are to be published after his death which he himself—had he been alive—would not have wished, or at least allowed to be published, only making allowance for any difference arising from his being dead, *e.g.*, the publication not affecting any interest which expired with his life. Now, a calm, but a full discussion of this question seems quite a necessary part of any review, and my wish must be to keep it very general, so as to bear as little as possible on the Romillys,

[1] By Jeffrey, in his Article on the "Wilberforce Correspondence," October, 1840.

and this might hamper me. So I must reconsider the question. The publication of Wilberforce's letter about Pitt is a fully stronger instance than the other in some respects; but their giving to the world Romilly's secret feelings, and the thoughts he let pass through his mind, and very likely afterwards regretted, is really a grave offence. I see you have formed a very harsh opinion of the manner in which the *Quarterly Review* deals with the subject. When I read it I was agreeably disappointed, recollecting the great bitterness which the Tories used always to show towards Romilly, and I expected something much more severe. It seemed (as I recollect it) to be written with a kindly feeling towards R. which I had not expected. I shall, however, look at it again. I can't wonder that all of that party should feel Romilly's uniform hostility towards them, and which prevails with much personality through his journal (one of the reasons why I am sorry it is published), for it shows him to have been extremely warped by party feeling; and I am as sure as I am of my existence that if he had gone over it, *after an interval*, he would have mitigated it as he did many of his personal opinions about both Whigs and Tories, though he never would suffer Melbourne and one or two others to be named without severely condemning them.—Yours,

H. B.

November 1, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now read, with more care, the *Quarterly Review* on Romilly, and it is needless to say how utterly I disagree in the greater part of it. But I must in fairness own that, coming from an avowed enemy, we have no right to complain. I recollect when the King of Hanover (Duke of Cumberland) read the article in the Edinburgh Review on Lord Eldon and others (1838), he wrote to a friend, who showed me the letter, that, "coming from an enemy, the paper had gratified him exceedingly." He added that, of course, had a friend of Lord Eldon (meaning a political friend) written it, he

would have had a very different opinion. He is a very clever and clear-headed man, and this shows it. Surely we had no right whatever to expect that they whom Romilly had all his life so stoutly opposed, and who were treated by him with great harshness, should treat him as his friends would do, and at the very moment when a most injudicious act of his family was bringing out all his secret thoughts against them. Only place yourself in the same position, and suppose that Canning's private journals had been published,—the journals he may have kept while the bitterest enemy of the Whigs, and in every page of which there must have been some passage offensive to the feelings of the living and of the friends of the dead. Would any mercy have been shown to Canning's character and memory by any of the Whig party, either in society or in Reviews? Would the line have been drawn if only attacking Canning's executors, who published the papers, and leaving Canning himself untouched? Clearly and certainly not, and yet I am putting a very much weaker case, for we had joined Canning, and all political enmity was at an end; whereas the Tories and Romilly never had for an hour laid aside their mutual hostility. That the article in question contains some most absurd rather than unfair things, is certain; for instance, calling the prayer *pharisaical*, which is nonsense, for pharisaical means, not one who expresses himself satisfied with his lot, but with himself and his own merits—and so of other things. But I really must say that, had a proof of Canning not being a Christian been found in his papers, and had his family been so senseless as to publish it, I as entirely believe that the Edinburgh Review would have adverted to it as I believe that the sun shines by day. Let us not blind ourselves, and, by so doing, exaggerate in one direction and diminish in another. I am all along assuming that this is the import of the evidence, and can anyone doubt it? I dwell on it because it is the main ground of my objection to the publication. Here is a man, in secret and in absolute sincerity, pouring out his soul before his Maker,

and he makes not the least allusion whatever to any one Christian tenet. On the contrary, he speaks of prayer in a manner contrary to the doctrines of Christianity, and no note whatever is given (*nor can be given*) affirming that, notwithstanding this, he was a Christian. The case is quite clear. Now, why publish this? The pious strain of the letters and sketch were quite enough to prove how perfectly amiable and religious a man he was. All the benefit which his authority could have with Atheists and sceptics was gained by publishing these letters. What he says of the French Atheists was most fit to be published with this view. But what earthly good could be done by going further, and letting it be known that he had no belief in Revelation? I know that he himself had the greatest abhorrence of all publications against Christianity, and, surely, if ribaldry and sneering shake one man's belief, authority, and such authority as this, will unsettle a hundred. I am sure, for example, he would have been extremely indignant at that flippant and also absurd passage of Macaulay, to which I adverted in a former letter —the passage in which he, in a line and a half, knocks down the immortality of the soul, as if none but a Christian has any right to believe in it. Macaulay may possibly be a Christian himself, and so escape the consequences of his dictum; but he may depend upon it, first, that many who are not, believe firmly in the doctrine, and next, that the language of ninety-nine in a hundred Atheists on the subject always is, and always has been, exactly what he has used. What I meant by Cuvier was this—Macaulay speaks of no step having ever been made in Natural Religion. Now, I call it a step to have demonstrated, as Cuvier has done, that an interposition—a miracle, a suspension of the laws of nature, as we now see them, and always have since the race existed—did once take place subsequent to the creation of the world. That interposition is—the creation of certain species, and, among others, the human. Now, I know many have been converted from scepticism, if not from Atheism, both on the Continent and in England,

by this argument. I believe Sir P. Francis to have been among the number. I know he studied Cuvier the last three years of his life. I also have had many communications from converts since my Analysis of Cuvier was published two years ago.

All these things deserve serious consideration, though I don't know that they bear at all on the question respecting Romilly's life being reviewed by me, for, of course, whatever I could not defend or explain away (as regarded himself) I should leave untouched; further than that, justice might make it necessary to note his having had some strong prejudices, and also to lament his having belonged to the Commission, in 1806, about the Princess of Wales, which the publication, with its usual folly, brings forward. On this, however, great matter of extenuation is to be found in his official position, and possibly Pigott declined it from indolence. It is a serious loss to me, if I undertake it,[1] that I have lost the person whom I should chiefly have desired to confer with on delicate and difficult points, namely, Lord Holland, for the Chief Justice [Denman] knew Romilly so much less, that I shall not have the same help from him, though, as regards feelings for his memory, his will be all one could wish. By the way, Lord Holland has left me in his Will, what I prize much, the portrait of Romilly which is at Holland House, but you need not mention this, except to intimate friends.—Yours, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, December 4, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—It is of great importance that a really good paper on the Eastern Question should precede the meeting of Parliament. Now, I can procure you one from the very best quarter, written—but this I tell you in strict secrecy—at the Embassy in Paris, and revised by Palmerston. At least, I fully believe that, in a few days, I could send you such an article. Have you room for it?

[1] Lord Brougham did not undertake it.

I am just about to sit down to work hard for you. To-day I mean to go to the British Museum, in order to collect a little tattle about those *mauvais sujets*, Leigh Hunt's heroes. —Ever yours, T. B. M.

London, December 8, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—I shall work at my article whenever I have a leisure hour, but I fear that I shall hardly finish it in less than three weeks. I shall try to make it amusing to lovers of literary gossip.

I will not plague you with arguments about the Eastern Question. My own opinion has long been made up. Unless England meant to permit a virtual partition of the Ottoman Empire between France and Russia, she had no choice but to act as she has acted. Had the Treaty of July not been signed, Nicholas would have been really master of Constantinople, and Thiers of Alexandria. The Treaty once made, I never would have consented to flinch from it, whatever had been the danger. I am satisfied that the war party in France is insatiable and unappeasable; that concessions would only have strengthened and emboldened it; and that, after stooping to the lowest humiliations, we should soon have had to fight, without allies, and at every disadvantage. The policy which has been followed, I believe, to be not only a just and honourable, but eminently a pacific policy. Whether the peace of the world will long be preserved, I do not pretend to say; but I firmly hold that the best chance of preserving it was to make the Treaty of July, and, having made it, to execute it resolutely. For my own part, I will tell you plainly that, if the course of events had driven Palmerston to resign, I would have resigned with him, though I had stood alone. I loved and honoured and deeply regretted Lord Holland, but we must find, I am afraid, some other ground for the feeling which we entertain towards his memory than his public conduct during the last three months of his life. This is a painful subject, and I should not touch on it except in writing to one who appreciated

his noble qualities. I really do believe, however, that if he had lived to read the speeches of Rémusat and Thiers, he would have been completely converted. Look at what the late Ministers of Louis Philippe have avowed, with respect to the Balearic Islands. Were such designs ever proclaimed before, except in a crew of pirates or a den of robbers? Look at Mauguin's and Barrot's speeches about England. Is it for the sake of such friendship as this that our country is to abdicate her rank and sink into a dependency? I like war quite as little as Sir William Molesworth or Mr. Fonblanque. It is foolish and wicked to bellow for war merely for war's sake, like the rump of the Mountain at Paris. I would never make offensive war. I would never offer to any other power a provocation which might be a fair ground for war. But I never would abstain from doing what I had a clear right to do, because a neighbour chooses to threaten me with an unjust war; first, because I believe that such a policy would in the end inevitably produce war; and, secondly, because I think war, though a very great evil, by no means so great an evil as subjugation and national humiliation.

In the present case I think the course taken by the Government unexceptionable. If Guizot prevails—that is to say, if reason, justice, and public law prevail—we shall have no war. If the writers of the *National* and the singers of the *Marseillaise* prevail, we can have no peace. At whatever cost, at whatever risk, these banditti must be put down, or they will put down all commerce, civilization, order, and the independence of nations.

Of course, what I write to you is confidential; not that I should hesitate to proclaim the substance of what I have said on the hustings or in the House of Commons; but because I do not measure my words in pouring myself out to a friend. But I have run on too long, and should have done better to have given the last half-hour to Wycherley.

—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, December 28, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send you the paper on the Eastern Question. It has undergone Palmerston's revision, and he pronounces it very excellent. I should be inclined to soften a few passages here and there. My own opinion is that the article is, in the main, a very clear, able, and temperate paper; but you have, of course, the sole right to judge. I have, as I told you, secured you a retreat without possibility of offence; and in a letter which I received from Paris this morning, Bulwer speaks of it as a mere chance whether it will be in time or not. As to my article, I think it may be headed "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration." I hope that it may be amusing. It is neither profound nor brilliant. I see that the Life of Hastings comes out this week. I cannot promise you, however, another article for some time. You see that I am willing to work for you when Parliament is up, and you must take my excuses when we are sitting.—Ever yours,

T. B. M.

London, January 11, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have sent the revise to Bulwer at Paris. I have told him that the mention of his observations at Constantinople seemed to you, as well as to me, somewhat awkward, and hardly compatible with the preservation of his *incognito*, to which he attached so much importance; and that some hacking and hewing had consequently been necessary. I am not of your opinion respecting the paper. It is not very correctly written, even after having undergone your very valuable revision; but it is a well-reasoned, luminous, and temperate statement of the case of the Government.[1]

As to my own paper, if you are content, so am I. I set less value on it than on anything that I have written since I was a boy. I have hardly opened Gleig's book [Life of Warren Hastings], and I cannot yet judge whether I can

[1] Art. 9 of Number for January, 1841—"France and the East," by the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer.

review it before it is complete. I am not quite sure that so vast a subject may not bear two articles. The scene of the first would lie principally in India. The Rohilla war, the disputes of Hastings and his Council, the character of Francis, the death of Nuncomar, the rise of the empire of Hyder, the seizure of Benares, and many other interesting matters, would furnish out such a paper. In the second, the scene would be changed to Westminster. There we should have the Coalition, the India Bill, the impeachment, the characters of all the noted men of that time, from Burke who managed the prosecution of Hastings down to the wretched Tony Pasquin, who first defended and then libelled him. I hardly know a story so interesting, and of such various interest. And the central figure is in the highest degree striking and majestic. I think Hastings, though far from faultless, one of the greatest men that England ever produced. He had pre-eminent talents for government, and great literary talents too, fine taste, a princely spirit, and heroic equanimity in the midst of adversity and danger. He was a man for whom Nature had done much of what the Stoic philosophy pretended, and only pretended, to do for its disciples. "Mens æqua in arduis" is the inscription under his picture in the Government House at Calcutta, and never was there a more appropriate motto. He really was—I do not know that I quote quite accurately—

> "As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hath ta'en with equal thanks."
> *Hamlet*, Act 3, Scene 2.

This story has never been told as well as it deserves. Mill's account of Hastings's administration is, indeed, very able; the ablest part in my judgment of his work; but it is dry. As to Gleig, unless he has greatly improved since he wrote Sir Thomas Munro's Life, he will make very little of his subject. I am not so vain as to think that I can do it full justice; but the success of my paper on Clive has emboldened me, and I have the advantage of being in

hourly intercourse with Trevelyan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the languages, manners, and diplomacy of the Indian courts.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 25, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—If you could think of any peg on which I might hang an article on Vanbrugh and Farquhar, I should like the subject exceedingly. I think the new Life of Hastings the worst book that I ever saw. I should be inclined to treat it mercilessly were it not that the writer,[1] though I never saw him, is in some sense placed officially under me. And I think there would be something like tyranny and insolence in pouring contempt on a person who has a situation from which I could, for aught I know, have him dismissed, and in which I certainly could make him very uneasy. It would be far too Crokerish a proceeding for me to strike a man who would find some difficulty in retaliating. I shall, therefore, speak of him much less sharply than he deserves, unless indeed we should be out, which is not improbable. In that case, I should, of course, be quite at liberty. Bulwer's article is, as far as I can learn, universally liked. He has himself written to me in a tone of considerable irritation about the changes which have been made, and about some typographical errors. I have soothed him as well as I could, and have no doubt that his good sense and good temper will prevail over the sensibility of an author.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, February 9, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am really obliged to you for the kindness with which you acquiesce in my apology (most reluctantly made) for the non-completion of my promised contribution. I am prompted to go on by some things in

[1] The Rev. G. R. Gleig, then Chaplain-General to the Forces. Macaulay at this time was Secretary at War.

your two last Numbers.[1] I need not tell you how much I admire, nor how much I love the author of them. But I am one of the many (for I believe there are many) to whom they have given pain. I cannot but cherish the good old Protestant feelings of our ancestors, and am a little unhappy that there should be exultation at Rome (for such I hear is the fact) over a paper published in the city of John Knox, by a member of the British Cabinet. Then, again, I have a great veneration for the Puritans, although they did write and say some things not overwise about stage plays, and I do not like that they should be flung at. Now, all the revenge I desire is that of publishing, in the same journal, some notions of my own touching the Puritans of the Roman Catholic Church, and of showing that the body-corporate of the Edinburgh Review has a vivid perception of the deformities of the Roman Catholic system, and of the beauties of Puritanism, even when so deformed. In short, I want to be a little controversial, without one word of controversy; and to prop up, with however incalculably feebler a shoulder, what my inimitable friend has been a little rudely shoving down.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

Colonial Office, April 28, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Robert Wilberforce[2] is an honest, and learned, and good man. If my son were a clergyman, I could wish him no better guide during his novitiate. Robert has much to teach, and is glad to impart it. As a zealous and liberal Pastor, he gives an example worthy of all imitation; and as a Preacher, may usefully admonish a young man how unavailing in the pulpit are all other powers when detached from the power of exciting sympathy. For a person of his understanding and piety, he is unimpressive to an extent which provokes and re-

[1] Macaulay's Articles on "Ranke's History of the Popes," and "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration."

[2] Robert Isaac Wilberforce, elder brother of the late Bishop, and joint author of their father's Life, eventually went over to Rome.

wards an investigation of the causes of his failure. Of the ninety rounds of which the Newman-Catholic ladder is composed, he has not, I think, mounted more than half; and, notwithstanding the judgment of my friend at Rugby, I think that there is something to be said in favour of the earlier speculations of these reformers. In their reaction against the lower Evangelical party, they have rushed into extravagancies at which one must needs wonder. But they are a set of hard-working, deep-reading, self-denying men, and will not pass away without doing much good in their generation. As for Newman himself, I am sorry that his integrity should be impugned. I am convinced that a more upright man does not exist. But his understanding is essentially illogical and inveterately imaginative; and I have reason to fear that he labours under a degree of cerebral excitement which unfits him for the mastery of his own thoughts, and the guidance of his own pen.

I am very sorry that anything prevented your coming to London. Among other evils connected with it, is the spoiling a project which some of us had formed of giving you an Edinburgh Review dinner, none but contributors to be admitted, and Macaulay, of course, in the chair. Imagine what speeches would have been spoken, and how the "proudest day of your life" has been allowed to set in silence!

After the division[1] of Monday, the Government would seem to be in a dying state, but I do not believe it. The case I take to be this: they will not resign, and Sir R. Peel will not force them out. They know themselves to be in his power, but they also know that his wish and aim is not to use that power, but to owe his rise to their voluntary fall. The one party will not commit suicide, nor the other assassination. While they thus hesitate who is to inflict the deadly blow, it will perhaps not be inflicted at all—a strange game for the parties who are

[1] On the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill; the Government were defeated by a majority of 21.

playing it; a melancholy one for those at whose expense it is played.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, May 24, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I well know, or at least can well imagine, how important it must be to you to be in forwardness with your periodical payments to the public at large, I shall, as you propose, send you from thirty to forty pages of my MS.[1] I should apprise you, however, that, until you have seen the conclusion, your judgment must be more or less undecided. The subject touches indirectly but inevitably on some of the topics and feelings of the day we live in. My wish is, without preaching about it, at once to inculcate and illustrate the exercise of kindness and mutual charity, even towards those of our fellow Christians from whom we most widely differ; and to suggest the conclusion, that the real importance of our differences, though exceedingly great, is much less than our mutual animosities would seem to imply. This is to tread on difficult ground, and I can imagine that your views may differ from mine too far to allow you to introduce them to the world. Yet I hope not; for the conclusions to which I wish to point are so deeply fixed in my mind, by the observation and thoughts of many years, that I should regret to know that you in substance dissented from them. I cannot suppose a more decided Protestant than myself; but neither can I doubt that there is a Catholic Christianity which may flourish alike at Rome and at Geneva, and which, whenever it yields its proper fruits, produces some of the most interesting specimens, anywhere to be found, of human character.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, April 26, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—When I proposed two articles on Hastings, I was not aware of the strength of the objections to

[1] Article on the "Port Royalists."

that precedent. Neither was I aware that you would not object on such an occasion to an article of a hundred pages or thereabouts. I am decidedly of opinion that it would be better to dispatch the whole in one paper, which would be shorter than that on Bacon; but for this you must wait till the October Number, for the troubles of the session are but just commencing, and I despair of having a quiet day for writing during the next two months. I have arranged with Leigh Hunt for a paper on the Colmans, which will be ready for the July Number. He has written some very pretty lines on the Queen, who has been very kind to him, both by sending him money, and by countenancing his play. It has occurred to me that if poor Southey dies,—and his best friends must now pray for his death,—Leigh Hunt might very fitly have the laurel, if that absurd fashion is to be kept up, or, at all events, the pension and the sack. I wish that you could move Rogers to write a short character of Lord Holland for us. Nobody knew his house so well, and Rogers is no mean artist in prose.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, April 30, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—It is utterly impossible that I can furnish by July an article of the extent necessary for treating the life of Hastings. The research will be very considerable. I must read through several folio volumes, or at least turn them over; and at present I am in my office every day from breakfast till three or four in the afternoon. Then I go to the House, and I often stay there till midnight. All the chances of our party depend on to-night.[1] We shall play double or quits. I do not know what to expect, and as far as I am concerned, I rather hope for a defeat. I pine for liberty and ease, freedom of speech, and freedom of pen. I have all that I want—a small competence, domestic happiness, good health and spirits. If, at forty, I can get from under this yoke, I shall not easily be induced to bear it again.—Ever yours, T. B. M.

[1] The debate on the Budget lasted eight nights, and ended in a majority of 36 against the Melbourne Government.

Lancaster, May 13, 1841.

MY DEAR N.,—I have burst the numbing spell, you see, and broken out from the Circean enchantments. But I can tell you nothing of my experiences to-night, having just accomplished an easy journey of 240 miles in less than ten hours and a half, and write now to request that, if not very troublesome to you, you would have the last *Barnaby Rudge* sent to my house on Saturday, as I shall probably arrive too late that night to procure it for myself, and could not possibly live over till Monday without seeing it. You know, I hope, that Dickens and I have sworn eternal friendship. I have no news, only that the belief in *dissolution* instead of *resignation*, was getting stronger every day, while the estimate of the majority by which the Government is to be defeated in the pending debate, was also on the increase, having risen from 17 to 30 on one side, and from 25 to 40 or 50 in the computation of the Tories. If it should rise to the last, I do not see how dissolution can be ventured on, as I think such a step not only injurious to the party which takes it, but clearly unconstitutional in itself, when taken without any serious hope or chance of their getting an available majority in the new Parliament. However, there is a great clamour for it, and in very high quarters, and I shall not now be surprised if the experiment is tried.—Ever faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

Empson is still infirm, but, I think, improving; Macaulay in singular force, but languishing for emancipation—a *honesta dimissio*, on any terms; Hallam restored to youth and advanced to beauty; Rogers and Sydney flourishing in an immortality of both.

JOHN ALLEN.

May 25, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—When I found that Lord Jeffrey could not, placed as he is on the Bench, undertake the article you suggested [Character of Lord Holland], I applied to

Macaulay, who, after some consideration, agreed to do it, and afterwards told me that he had written to you to that effect, in consequence of which I put off writing to you, from day to day, till I am quite ashamed of my silence and apparent coldness in not thanking you warmly for the interest you took in Lord Holland's memory. I felt myself unequal to the task, and trust Macaulay will do justice to him, though with all Macaulay's brilliancy and fertility of illustration, I wish he had known Lord Holland at an earlier period, and taken part in the discussions to which the Protests[1] refer. We have now a crisis in good earnest, though, as Lord Lyndhurst remarked, as he went away from the gallery of the Commons, disappointed that he had not heard the word *resignation* uttered by Lord John, as yet *without a catastrophe.* The Tories reckon on a majority of two on Peel's resolution[2] of next Thursday, but it is of little importance what majority they now have, as the question of dissolution appears to be settled. It will now be seen whether the people have spirit, sense, and virtue to resist the threats, cajolery, and bribes of the Tory lords and squires, parsons and trading corporations, arrayed against them. I have been and still am in doubt whether it would not have been better to have resigned than to dissolve; but the die is now cast, and we must make the best of it. I should have less fear of the result if the Liberals were not so much divided by church questions, poor law questions, and Chartism. But, if they are wise, they will march under Lord John, who may now be considered as the real leader of the Whig party.—Yours truly,

JOHN ALLEN.

July 12, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for sending me Macaulay's article, which I have been very anxiously expecting. What is said of Lord Holland and Holland

[1] "Opinions of Lord Holland, as Recorded in Journals of the House of Lords, from 1797 to 1841"—the text of Macaulay's Article.

[2] Sir Robert Peel's resolution of Want of Confidence in the Government, was carried by a majority of one, and led to a dissolution on the 30th of June.

House is beautiful both in its conception and execution. He has been perhaps too severe on the first Lord Holland, and has taken his ideas of his conduct and unpopularity too implicitly from Horace Walpole, whose manuscript collections, copied by Mackintosh, he has been studying. What he says of the gradual emancipation of Mr. Fox from the false position of his early years, is quite true, as well as of the advantage Lord Holland derived from having Mr. Fox for his first instructor in political opinions, and of the disadvantage to him as a public speaker of never having sat in the House of Commons. Some of the Tories say that Peel will not have a working majority. I do not understand this, as it will consist of from fifty to sixty, which is double the number the present Government ever had. It is true that disappointments as to men or measures, or both, may lessen his majority, but the effect of these will not be felt for some time at least, unless he conducts himself imprudently, and gives unnecessary offence to his partisans. In the meanwhile, all the younger men of our party are delighted with the thought of being in opposition, and at liberty to say what they please without injuring their friends. It is quite clear that those who advised the dissolution were not aware of the state of public opinion.—Yours truly, J. ALLEN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Grafton Street, July 16, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—As generally happens, I liked the article on Lord Holland better the first than the second time I read it. There are some pieces of very bad taste, or rather, some very bad phrases, which are taken from the mawkish vocabulary of poor Leigh Hunt; but I am not alluding to these trivial things. Why does Macaulay call the first Lord Holland "a needy political adventurer?" Sir S. Fox founded a very considerable fortune and family. Above all, why is Charles Fox studiously praised as only a *great debater?* This is really "too bad." He was one of the first orators of his own or of any other age. A

most eloquent man, and not merely a rhetorician. However, I am so much pleased with the good feeling of the greater part, and the good writing of some parts, that I still like the paper as a whole. I wish Senior[1] (who is really a great acquisition) had said some things to save the measures from the damage they have sustained through the men that brought them forward, and the manner of bringing them forward. This might have been done without the least offence, or anything approaching to an attack on the present Government; but I hold it to have been necessary for the credit of the Review, and in justice to the policy itself. I think the Government will not go out till near the meeting of Parliament, if then. The folly of waiting till they are driven by force, would indeed be great, but I by no means hold it impossible, and I am pretty sure that for a month, or nearly so, they will hold on.—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, July 27, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—I do not know what Brougham means by objecting to what I have said of the first Lord Holland. I will engage to find chapter and verse for it all. Lady Holland told me that she could hardly conceive where I had got so correct a notion of him.

I really hope and expect to be able to send you an article on Hastings by the middle of September, or soon after. Keep the latest place open. I will try to compress my matter within ninety pages. It is a noble subject. I have got to the Rohilla war already.

I am not at all disappointed by the elections. They have ended very nearly as I expected. I can truly say that I have not for many years been so happy as I am at present. Before I went to India, I had no prospect, in the event of a change of Government, except that of living by my pen, and seeing my sisters governesses. In India I was an exile. When I came back, I was for a

[1] "Grounds and Objects of the Budget," Art. 7, July, 1841.

time at liberty. But I had before me the prospect of parting in a few months, probably for ever, with my dearest sister and her children. That misery was removed. But I found myself in office, a member of a Government wretchedly weak and struggling for existence. Now I am free. I am independent. I am in Parliament, as honourably seated as man can be. My family is comfortably off. I have leisure for literature, yet I am not reduced to the necessity of writing for money. If I had to choose a lot from all that there are in human life, I am not sure that I should prefer any to that which has fallen to me. I am sincerely and thoroughly contented.

But I must not run on talking about myself. My sister has carried away the Review, so that I have not read Stephen's article,[1] which everybody praises to the skies, and, I have no doubt, with perfect justice.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Brougham is quite right about Charles Fox—quite. He was, indeed, *a* great orator. But then he was *the* great debater.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, August 13, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—How time flies! a remark more true than original, but a truth which is for ever obtruding itself on one's notice. It occurs to me just now, because I have been revolving my engagement with you, and the means of fulfilling it, and am startled to find myself in the middle of August unprovided even with the raw material on which I propose to work. I mean a set of books, which a book-buying agent of mine has been seeking in vain. Indeed I employed two agents, one in London, another at Rotterdam and in Germany, but they have both been unsuccessful. I was not at all aware till now that there was any real difficulty in buying the letters, the poetry, and the tragedy of Grotius, or the works

[1] "The Port Royalists."

which were written in illustration of his life and writings not long after his death. So, however, it is, and I have as little power of helping myself in such a search as if I were in the sanctuary at Holyrood.

This disappointment has led me to turn my thoughts to a remark which you quoted from Lord Jeffrey in a note I had from you a few weeks ago, to the effect that I should do best to confine myself to that class of subjects which I have hitherto handled. I have therefore set on foot, through a different agency, a search for a different set of books, which I believe to be more easily procured. They are a body of Memoirs relating to the more eminent of the Jesuits, and especially to such of them as acted in the character of confessors to the Crowned Heads of Europe. If I can succeed (and I believe there will not be much difficulty) in importing these volumes, I am convinced that they will be found very fertile in matter of a curious kind. I believe that the character of the Jesuits has been much misunderstood and traduced. It is at least clear that their corporate character is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of mankind, illustrating many weighty truths, and suggesting many hard and interesting problems. My bookseller tells me that I shall know in a few days the results of his enquiries abroad. If they bring back the materials I want, would you object to the topic itself? As far as I can judge from what I hear, your readers have taken in good part what has been served up to them about Jansenists. They would be very unreasonable people if they should object to be told something on the other side. But the word "Jesuit" has passed into such opprobrium that it seems almost an act of hardihood to suggest anything on their behalf. As for adding to the load of invective, there is really no use in it, nor is it a task which falls in with my taste or inclination. By the way, I hear of a very curious importation into England of a vast collection of manuscript volumes, containing the reports made for a long series of years to the Pope, from the Inquisition in

different parts of Europe. The books are said to have been part of Bonaparte's plunder from the Vatican, which in 1815 was restored to a faithless agent from Rome, who secreted them, and whose heirs have now sold them. I cannot make out where they are, although there is no doubt of their having arrived here. I would give a good deal for the possession of them for a short while.

I have been inquiring on all sides about Lord Jeffrey, but can hear nothing. My solicitude for his health and life is stronger than I could feel for almost any man with whom I have associated so little. Pray let me know whenever you can find two minutes' of leisure, how he is, and if you should happen to see him, I could wish you to assure him of the earnest and affectionate interest I entertain in whatever affects his happiness and comfort. Senior has set off for Germany, leaving behind him, I believe, much manuscript for you. His last paper was, I think, a little too long, and perhaps towards the conclusion a little dry and hurried. But the commencement I thought exceedingly good, and so the paper appeared to me as a whole. He is one of my intimate and habitual associates, and I tell you for your use that he is one of those men whose minds will bear deep probing, and prove the richer the deeper you go into it,—no common praise, as far as my knowledge of mankind extends. Macaulay has taken, or is about to take, rooms for himself in the Albany, and seems much happier in the prospect of leaving the Cabinet than, I believe, anyone is at the prospect of entering it. I have not seen much of his colleagues lately, as they have been dispersed; but I believe them to be on the point of receiving extreme unction, or rather of making a last confession with a view to it. Pray tell me that you are better, or rather that you are well, if you can say so with truth. If you are well, however, you are not to be forgiven for not coming to London. There are several of us here who would be the better and the happier for an opportunity of talking away an evening with you.—Most truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

Grafton Street, August 7, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I lose not a moment to say, in answer to your letter, that I am inexpressibly shocked to see by your mention of Jeffrey that he supposed "some alienation had taken place." I cannot conceive how anything on my part could have given him such an impression, except my never writing. But I have for many years past never written to anybody unless when obliged by business (including, of course, judicial business), or when, being so obliged, I got into some correspondence on political or other matters. Sometimes old friends write to me on these subjects, and I, of course, answer their letters. But the endless correspondence I am obliged to have with people I know little about, and on public matters, disinclines me to write more than is necessary and unavoidable, and I delegate even of that as much as I well can. It is true I have seen little of Jeffrey when he came to town, but the last three or four seasons I was either abroad or just going, and I don't think he came to town in 1837. I can truly say that there never in all my life crossed my mind one single unkind feeling respecting him, or indeed any feeling but that of the warmest affection and the most unmingled admiration of his character, believing and knowing him to be as excellent and amiable as he is great in the ordinary, and, as I think, the far less important sense of the word. There is not the shadow of foundation, therefore, for the notion.—Yours ever, H. B.

Grafton Street, August 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—The debate having, as I told you it would, come to a close so as to allow the Government to resign to-day,[1] they may be counted as out. The majority was 91 I understand. The Irish tried to job to the end and

[1] Parliament re-assembled on the 18th of August. An Amendment on the Address was carried in the Lords by 72, and in the Commons by 91. The Melbourne Ministry resigned on the 30th. Sir R. Peel then formed a Government, of which Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham were Members.

protract it, as an Irish Lord Lieutenant of a county and a Judge were understood to be dying. But I suppose an intimation was given to them that they would get nothing by driving over the resignation to next week (to the injury of public business, already sufficiently damaged), for that the appointment would not be filled up. The most disgusting thing by far in the whole of this has been the tenacity of official life. I don't mean in the leaders, for they would most willingly have been out long ago, but the underlings and the expectants. They were ready to tear any one in pieces who spoke of doing what every honourable feeling required; and Melbourne and others, but he especially dreaded being deserted and abused by such people, and gave way just as they had done on the Dissolution. I believe they are now convinced that, had they acted like men in the whole affair, first, in going out long ago, next, in going out last Spring instead of dissolving, lastly, in going out on the result of the elections being known, they would ultimately have lost not one supporter, and would now have stood in a very different position. It will take a long time and much prudent conduct, and also much courage and real public virtue to regain the ground they have lost, even if the party were to hang together, which, with their feeble means, is next to impossible; for in the House of Lords they are nothing, Lansdowne being the only one who can do anything at all, or whom the House would listen to out of office; and in the Commons they are out-debated by a prodigious superiority, lately augmented, as I understand, by one very good and one considerable accession.

From all this it results that there will very likely be a new fusion of parties, for of one thing the Whigs, I believe, are now pretty well aware, that the Radical and half-Radical part of them will never again help to raise them to place without a *full share of it;* and as this seems quite impossible in the present state of things, there will be no place-seeking party of any weight; consequently, the exclusion of the Liberals from office will be in all proba-

bility of long duration. By firm union among themselves, they may force the Tory Government into proposing many Liberal measures, and making others more liberal than the Tories would wish. But I see little prospect of driving them out. For nothing short of greater changes in the Reform Bill than can be carried for a long time, will ever give the majority to the Liberal party. I do hope and trust that, at all events, *now* we shall have some regard paid to principles and measures, and hear no more of what has been so ruinous,—"Anything to keep out the Tories." The risk we run is that the present Government people, when in Opposition, may at once quarrel with those who go further than themselves. Coalitions with the new Government being utterly out of the question, beyond a little ratting of individuals, if such quarrels take place, the whole Liberal party will be reduced to impotence, and fall into contempt until some violent proceeding of the Tories (highly improbable) shall rally them again. The miserable retainers of the Government, I forgot to say, are still, even after the utter destruction of the Ministry by these two votes, clinging to hopes of some Court cabal saving them. I can assure you that there is as much chance of the moon coming down.—Yours, H. B.

Kingston Hill, September 13, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think you have misunderstood me, or I have very ill expressed myself, if you suppose that I think this a proper time for any attack upon the late Government—the regular Whig party. Certainly not. I am, on the contrary, for letting them down as easily as possible. But there are considerations not to be overlooked, and among these the first clearly is, to avoid sacrificing the cause of Liberal opinions, and allowing them to be damaged by being made a mere makeweight in the game of a party. Every credit, even all praise, should be given to the Whigs for having taken the course they took on free trade. A full acknowledgment should be made of the good which

this, however late and however imperfect course, did to the cause. But then it ought to be most distinctly stated that the *cause* was not defeated at the elections, and that the country has not returned a verdict against it. This is both necessary in common honesty, and to save the cause of Liberal principles. How can any man of common honesty pretend to believe that the late Government are suffering as martyrs to the free trade question? How can any man with a grave face affect to say that they were turned out of office because they took up the Corn Laws? Why, every man in and out of Parliament knows, as well as he knows their names, that the Government was gone and utterly destroyed when they took up the Corn Laws to *save* themselves. It is not so certain, but I think it not much less so, that, had they taken up that and such other questions before they were beaten and undone, and so gained favour to themselves as well as done real service to the question, they would have made a very different figure when they came to dissolve. I don't say that, or anything could have saved them; but, at all events, the defeat would have been much less decisive. But is it not quite clear that good and no harm must result from setting the case fairly and honestly before the country—extolling as much as you please the late Government, and extenuating their faults; but still explaining how it is that the great principles in question have suffered an *apparent* defeat? There is no occasion to say anything at all harsh: quite the reverse; but surely it is a duty to Liberal principles to have it made clear why they have not prevailed. I should go a great deal further, and say that the objection was to the men, and not to their measures, or at least only to their measures as being too late and too little. I am sure that your not saying so will never keep the notorious truth from any one's eyes. But say that or not, at all events, I strongly recommend you to avoid everything that sacrifices the principles, and I am quite sure they may be saved without a word being said of which the men can possibly complain. After all, this is rather important for

the character of the Review than anything else, because through other channels the truth is but too well known, and it is only the *zealots* of the landed interest who can believe the late elections to have turned upon the question, and not upon the party. As for the attempt to make the whole pass for a sacrifice made by the Government, and an act of self-devotion, I doubt if ten people in England can be found silly enough to swallow it. In my opinion, you will do an unwise thing to suffer any threats of mere partisans to deter you from the right course.—Yours ever,

H. B.

October 15, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been extremely pleased with such parts of the October Number as I have read. Macaulay's long paper [Warren Hastings] is admirable, bating some vulgarity, and his usual want of all power of reasoning, and the whole appears to be very substantial and instructive, and I don't think it at all deficient in interest, or even entertainment. Depend upon it none will complain but such as want to see the Review made a mere quarterly newspaper, and these are no friends of the Review, but of themselves and their jobs. My firm belief is that the most effectual, indeed the only effectual service, which the Review can render to Liberal principles, is by keeping up its own character, and maintaining a high authority, by the intrinsic value of its articles, by the very sparing advocacy of the common topics of the day, and, above all, by a strict and judicial impartiality.

This leads me to what you say of the late judicial promotions [in Edinburgh]. Now, observe, I don't say Hope's promotion[1] is what I should have desired. I am clear another course would have been much better. I mean, putting a great Lawyer at the head of the Court, and letting Hope succeed hereafter. I also think that doing so would have been a most creditable thing for the

[1] John Hope was appointed Lord Justice Clerk, on Boyle succeeding Hope's father as Lord President of the Court of Session.

new Government, and in every way the thing to have done. But it does not follow that it would have been the ordinary or obvious thing, still less that the not doing it is a very great offence, for it is only that they have not gone out of their way to do an act of uncommon public virtue. I am assuming that Jeffrey, or Moncrieff, or Fullarton—probably Moncrieff, owing to Jeffrey's health—must have been the man, and all three being known political adversaries. Does any human being believe that *we* should have done such a thing in their place? I am sure—I know we should not. If Hope had been a manifestly incompetent person, or if he had not been for a long time in the very first practice at the Bar, the case might have been different. But assuredly the Government had a fair ground for the appointment, and as certainly Peel has it to say that, when judicial places could not be satisfactorily filled from among his own partisans, he never failed to take political adversaries. You are not to be told that he promoted six as stout Whigs as any in the Parliament House, and it is in vain to say that they had no choice at all. They took no doubt better men among the Whigs than they passed over among the Tories, but they were not quite driven to the wall, and we (*except myself*) certainly never, either in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, or in any of the Colonies, appointed one single man who was not a staunch political adherent. The truth is, we were not wholly free to act as we chose. The pressure from without, the insatiable greed of our followers, the base fury of our clamorous and sordid Press, raised a perfect hurricane about us as often as anything was suspected of going in a wrong direction, any of "our ain fish guts going from our ain sea maws." You can have no idea of the fury that I excited by making judicial appointments without regard to party. I did it constantly, however. During the last six years, the Government, having had really no majority, was at the mercy of its supporters and its adversaries alternately—of its supporters as to patronage—of its adversaries as to measures.

Hence not a single promotion could be made out of the party, nor a single measure that the enemy disapproved of adopted. The thing has been unavoidable, yet one consequence no doubt is, that when the Tories come in, they recur to their older practice, because in so doing they are only continuing our later course. You will, however, I suspect, soon see exceptions to this—at least here; and you were only prevented by an accident, an inadvertence, from seeing a signal exception in Scotland. Be assured of this—I speak from knowledge. Rely on it, nothing could benefit the Government more than an entire disclosure of all the circumstances. As for the late President not having resigned before, it was extremely wrong, *if* he was unfit to do his duty. However, be that as it may, no one can say he has not a good right to retire now after thirty-seven years' service on the Bench, and I never yet heard that a judge was under any obligation to retire before he chose, provided he could do his duty. You are right in conjecturing that I alluded to Rutherfurd,[1] when I said the late Government would have done as bad or worse. With his Kirk views, I should have regarded his promotion as most mischievous. I have an interest perhaps in his being removed from the Bar, for I must say that, able man as he is, and good lawyer, the pain of hearing him speak is not a trifling addition to the annoyance of hearing Scotch appeals. It is something hardly to be borne.

I have not time (nor would you have patience) to enter on the other subject of your letter, further than to say, that I differ with you *toto cælo* upon the conduct of the late Government about Corn Laws. They have done that question all but irreparable injury; and far from being a sacrifice to it, they made a mere job of it, catching at it when they were sinking, and well nigh pulling it down with them.—Yours, H. B.

[1] Then Lord Advocate, and afterwards a Judge of the Court of Session.

East India College, October 29, 1841.

A thousand thanks, my dear Napier, for your most kind and entertaining letter; and though writing (next to shaving) fatigues me more than anything else, I cannot resist the pleasure of gratifying you by the exhibition (*longo post tempore visum*) of my amiable caligraphy. I hope, too, that I may at last say that I am something better. But my progress is most lamentably slow. I cannot presume to solve Brougham's enigma, but suspect that it is a bit of invention and self-glorification, founded probably upon *his* having suggested to Lyndhurst that Moncrieff should be Justice Clerk instead of Hope, and that Lyndhurst knowing that the thing was settled, would be complaisant enough to say that it was a capital notion, and that he would press it upon Peel, and afterwards to report that he had unfortunately had no opportunity of urging it till it was too late! There obviously is no Whig Judge or lawyer so clearly superior as to render a *signal exception* from the rule of party preference, intelligible. I know Brougham has a spite at Rutherfurd, which explains *his* complaints of his style of pleading. But I confess you surprise me when you say that the complaint is general. There is a tone of assumption that were better omitted, but on the whole there is no advocate to whom I listen with so much pleasure. With all this, I fully agree with you in the real kindness, and even tenderness of that extraordinary person towards those who do not cross the path of his ambition. He has written me the most cordial letters, offering me his chateau in France, and deprecating all notion of resignation *hoc statu*, which I feel, I hope, as I ought.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

PROFESSOR J. D. FORBES.

Edinburgh, November 1, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have lately returned from Switzerland,

where I spent the autumn in examining, chiefly in company with Mr. Agassiz, the evidences of the Glacier Theory, now in vogue. I have since taken much pains to make myself acquainted with the history of the subject, which seems not to be very accurately or generally known. If you should think that a sketch of the whole matter would be acceptable to the readers of the *Edinburgh*, I would put my notes, which I have lately been revising, into the form of a review. I ought to state, however, that, as it would be necessary to explain the subject from the beginning in a clear and popular manner, and afterwards to examine in some detail the somewhat startling, but deeply interesting conclusions deduced by the Swiss naturalists, such an article must be of some extent, and cannot be separated from reasonings strictly scientific. My intention, as well as my wish, would be to render the whole as intelligible as possible.—Ever yours truly,

JAMES D. FORBES.

Edinburgh, November 3, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I went to Switzerland on a previous invitation from Mr. Agassiz, to satisfy myself on every particular respecting the Glacier Theory from immediate observation. During several weeks, first among the glaciers themselves, afterwards at his home at Neufchatel, I was continually in his society, with our energies, thoughts, and conversation directed almost solely to this subject. We made our bed on the ice together, and spent our days in examining its mechanism. Afterwards, in the Jura, I studied along with him the traces of the supposed ancient glaciers. Perceiving the zeal and warmth of imagination of my friend, I lost no opportunity of comparing his assertions directly with facts, and when I found his arguments insufficient (which sometimes happened), of endeavouring to find better proofs for myself, in which I sometimes succeeded, sometimes not. I then examined the whole literature of the question, so far as I could obtain access to it in the libraries of Agassiz and other

Swiss naturalists, and I have both conversed and corresponded with several of the most eminent of the opponents of the theory, especially in Paris. Such having been the course which I pursued for the satisfaction of my own mind, without a single thought of authorship of any kind, it occurred to me, as the mass of evidence increased, that it would be useful in systematising my own knowledge, and that of others, to *review* (in the original and true meaning of the term) the labours of those ingenious men, point out where it seemed to me that they had not fully established their conclusions, and, if possible, the means of doing so. Such a contribution, I conceived, did not partake so entirely of the character of *originality* as to make me wish it to appear with my name in a body of scientific transactions, although it might very properly be made the subject of oral communication to such a meeting as the Royal Society, which perhaps I shall yet do. I, therefore, resolved to inquire whether you might think such an analysis and criticism on a subject the most popular of any in science (modern geology), could find a place in a Review which has not unfrequently admitted articles much more abstruse; and the reason of my insisting so much upon the *space* required, was that I proposed to unite with the scientific details an attempt to convey a vivid picture of the scenes daily presented to those who made their home amongst the glacier solitudes [1]—Ever truly yours,

JAMES D. FORBES.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, September 20, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send you the greater part of my paper on Hastings, more than two-thirds—I should think near three-quarters—of the whole. The rest shall follow, if possible, the day after to-morrow. I am in a situation of the greatest discomfort. My chambers are not quite furnished, but all my books are there; and to write a paper like this requires the help of a whole library. Pray

[1] "The Glacier Theory," Art. 2, April, 1842.

let me have proofs as early as possible, and let me beg that the proofs may have ample margin. The last were cut so close, on account of postage, I suppose, that I could hardly make any correction more important than a comma. I am particularly anxious about this, because I fear that the style of the paper which I now send will require much retouching.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, October 30, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have received your letter, and am truly glad to find that you are satisfied with the effect of my article [Warren Hastings]. As to the pecuniary part of the matter, I am satisfied, and more than satisfied. Indeed, as you well know, money has never been my chief object in writing. It was not so, even when I was very poor; and at present I consider myself as one of the richest men of my acquaintance; for I can well afford to spend a thousand a year, and I can enjoy every comfort on eight hundred. I own, however, that your supply comes agreeably enough to assist me in furnishing my rooms, which I have made, unless I am mistaken, into a very pleasant student's cell.

And now a few words about a poor devil who wants money a great deal more than I ever did—Leigh Hunt. He wrote to me yesterday in great distress, and inclosed a letter which he had received from you, and which had much agitated him. In truth he misunderstood you, and you had used an expression which was open to some little misconstruction. You told him that you should be glad to have a *gentlemanlike* article from him, and Hunt took this for a reflection on his birth, manners, and way of life. He implored me to tell him candidly whether he had given you any offence, and to advise him as to his course. I replied that he had utterly misunderstood you; that I was sure that you meant merely a literary criticism; that your taste in composition was more severe than his, more severe, indeed, than mine; that you were less tolerant than myself of little mannerisms springing from peculiari-

ties of temper and training; that his style seemed to you too colloquial; that I had myself thought that he was in danger of excess in that direction; and that when you received a letter from him promising a very *chatty* article, I was not surprised that you should caution him against his besetting sin. I repeated, in the strongest manner, as I am sure I safely might, that the expressions *vulgar* and *gentlemanlike*, which seemed to have gone to his heart, were not used with the smallest reference to his morals or manners, but purely to his diction. I said that I was sure that you wished him well, and would be glad of his assistance; but that he could not expect a person in your situation to pick his words very nicely; that you had during many years superintended great literary undertakings; that you had been under the necessity of collecting contributions from great numbers of writers, and that you were responsible to the public for the whole. Your credit was so deeply concerned that you must be allowed to speak plainly. I knew that you had spoken to men of the first consideration quite as plainly as to him. I knew that you had refused to insert passages written by so great a man as Lord Brougham. I knew that you had not scrupled to hack and hew articles on foreign politics which had been concocted in the hotels of Ambassadors, and had received the *imprimatur* of Secretaries of State. I said that, therefore, he must, as a man of sense, suffer you to tell him what you might think, whether rightly or wrongly, to be the faults of his style. As to the sense which he had put on one or two of your expressions, I took it on myself, as your friend, to affirm that he had mistaken their meaning, and that you would never have used those words if you had foreseen that they would have been so understood. Between ourselves, the word *gentlemanlike* was used in rather a harsh way; and considering that poor Hunt has more than once been attacked for really ungentlemanlike conduct, and is naturally sore on that point, I am not much surprised that he was hurt. As to advice, I advised him to tell you that, whatever pain your

letter had given him, he felt that he had no right to complain of purely literary criticism; that it was too late for him to unlearn a style and to learn another; that if he were to aim at a sort of writing different from that which use had made natural to him, stiffness and dulness would be the necessary result; but that, as you thought that the interests of the Review required that he should adopt a less colloquial manner, he would attempt, without abandoning the easy and familiar way of expressing himself to which he was accustomed, to avoid everything which even an unduly fastidious taste could designate as vulgar. Now I have told you what has passed between him and me; and I leave you to act as you think fit. I am sure that you will act properly and humanely. But I must add that I think you are too hard on his article.[1] That it is the better for your corrections, I do not in the least doubt; but I assure you that I generally hear it spoken of as a very pleasant paper. And only yesterday a woman of very great taste and talent, who did not in the least suspect by whom it was written, said that it was just the sort of light, amusing reading that was wanted to relieve the general gravity of the Edinburgh Review.

As to the Vicar of Wakefield, the correction must be deferred, I think, till the appearance of the next Number. I am utterly unable to conceive how I can have committed such a blunder,[2] and failed to notice it in the proofs.

If any subject for a short article occurred, I might write something for the January Number; but I think that Farquhar and Vanbrugh will hardly do. However, if you can think of any text for such a review, I will consider of it. But to go back on a publication reviewed last Christmas is against your rules.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] "Pepys's Memoirs and Correspondence," October, 1841.

[2] In his Article on Warren Hastings, Macaulay remarked:—"It would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by the Vicar of Wakefield"—a slip for "History of Greece."

Albany, London, November 5, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—Leigh Hunt has sent me a most generous and amiable letter which he has received from you. He seems much touched by it, and more than satisfied, as he ought to be.

I have at last begun my historical labours; I can hardly say with how much interest and delight. I really do not think that there is in our literature so great a void as that which I am trying to supply. English history from 1688 to the French Revolution is, even to educated people, almost a *terra incognita*. I will venture to say that it is quite an even chance whether even such a man as Empson or Senior, can repeat accurately the names of the Prime Ministers of that time in order. The materials for an amusing narrative are immense. I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.

I should be very much obliged to you to tell me what are the best sources of information about the Scotch Revolution in 1688,—the subsequent administration in William's reign,—the campaign of Dundee,—the massacre of Glencoe,—and the Darien scheme. I mean to visit the scenes of all the principal events both in Great Britain and Ireland, and also on the Continent. Would it be worth my while to pass a fortnight in one of the Edinburgh Libraries next Summer? Or do you imagine that the necessary information is to be got at the British Museum? By the bye, a lively picture of the state of the Kirk at that time is indispensable.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, November 10, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—Thanks for your interesting letter. I quite agree with you that it will be necessary for me to study in the Libraries of Edinburgh. I must also see some places where great events happened, particularly Killicrankie and Glencoe. I have been turning over the lives of Farquhar and Vanbrugh. I can make nothing of them that would satisfy me. You must give me a holiday

for a quarter. I have the less scruple in taking this respite, because I know that you are in no want of matter. You found, I remember, some difficulty in accommodating Warren Hastings with the immense space which he required, and were forced to postpone some papers which were meant for the last Number. A subject struck me this morning while I looked over the advertisements in the *Times*. A Mr. Endell Tyler has published a life of Henry the Fifth, in two volumes. The *Athenæum* and the *Examiner* praise it as a work of great research. I think little of such puffs. But if Longman will send it to me, I will see whether I cannot, with the help of Froissart and Monstrelet, furnish a spirited sketch of that short and most brilliant life. I think that forty very amusing pages might be written on that subject.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, December 1, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER,—I ought in gratitude for the kindness of your last letter to have answered it earlier. But I had nothing to say. You do not seem to like what I suggested about Henry the Fifth, nor do I, on full consideration. What do you say to an article on Frederic the Great? Tom Campbell is bringing out a book about His Majesty.

Now that I am seriously engaged in an extensive work which will probably be the chief employment of the years of health and vigour which may remain to me, it is necessary that I should choose my subjects for reviews with some reference to that work. I should not choose to write an article on some point which I should have to treat again as a historian; for if I did, I should be in danger of repeating myself. I assure you that I a little grudge you Westminster Hall in the paper on Hastings. On the other hand, there are many characters and events which will occupy little or no space in my History, yet with which, in the course of my historical researches, I shall necessarily become familiar. There cannot be a

better instance than Frederic the Great. His personal character, manners, studies, literary associates; his quarrel with Voltaire, his friendship for Maupertuis, his own unhappy *métromanie*, will be very slightly, if at all alluded to in a History of England. Yet in order to write the History of England, it will be necessary to turn over all the memoirs and all the writings of Frederic, connected as he was with us as an ally in a most important war. In this way my reviews would benefit by my historical researches, and yet would not forestall my history, or materially impede its progress. I should not like to engage in any researches altogether alien from what is now my main object. Still less should I like to tell the same story over and over again, which I must do if I were to write on such a subject as the Vernon Correspondence, or Trevor's History of William the Third.

I have not seen Lord John since Parliament rose, but I have no doubt that you might obtain assistance from him. If you like it, I will speak to him when I see him. Simpson is now standing by me. He sends all sorts of kind messages. Jeffrey is going on very well, if he would but think so. But his Doctors declare that he knows too much and too little of medicine.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CHARLES BULLER.

London, November 22, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I got your letter I have been so busy with unexpected heavy legal business, that I neither could find time to write, nor venture to make an engagement to write the article[1] I had proposed. But that is now happily accomplished, and I lose no time in saying I will write the article about the length and in the cautious tone you recommend. You need not have specified "moderation" and "hesitation:" for if there are any two qualities in the world that I excel in, these are

[1] "Lord Alvanley on the State of Ireland—Payment of the Catholic Clergy," Art. 8, January, 1842.

the very two. Between ourselves, my model in the expression of opinions is my friend Lord Ashburton: and I trust I shall soon attain his perfection of "hesitation."

My opinion of Macaulay's article (Warren Hastings) is far more unfavourable than I expressed it to you. Indeed I shall never get another dinner from Lady Holland, for openly and bluntly expressing it at her table. I will take care Macaulay shall hear that it is very sharply criticised by more persons than myself. I admit that no one in England could have written anything with such merits: but, at the same time, I think there is such an exaggeration of his faults and bad tendencies of style, that if he is not told of them, his style will become vicious, and lose half its present charms.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES BULLER.

London, January 28, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I foresaw the probability of such criticisms as you describe to me on my article, and should not have been surprised had you desired more alterations in order to preserve the consistency of the Review with its doctrines in Lord Grey's time. But I think you were decidedly right in the view which you took at first, and which induced you to brave such reproaches. At the time of the Coercion Bill, you, with 19–20ths of the Liberal party in Parliament, supported it against O'Connell. For the last five or six years you, with 19-20ths of the same Liberal party, have been supporting a precisely different policy. Your present course is, therefore, a direct contradiction of your former one. In that, and not in the phraseology of our article, is the inconsistency. Every act our friends do now is a practical acknowledgment of the truth that our hostility to O'Connell, while Stanley was in office, was the great blunder of our party. It is of no use to deny this by words while all our acts acknowledge it: and if we always have an eye to the past, while we are speaking of the present, we only put our present course on a less strong ground than we

should. In all parties, and consequently in their organs, it becomes occasionally necessary to throw over past blunders; and when one does so, the best course is to speak decidedly in favour of our present convictions, without weakening an argument by a wish to palliate a line of conduct which we have abandoned.—Yours very truly, CHARLES BULLER.

LORD JEFFREY.

London, January 21, 1842.

MY DEAR N.,—I have read all your Review [January, 1842], and think it very respectable. Brewster's[1] is a great deal too personal and bitter, and the metaphysical part neither clear, nor deep, nor thoroughly sound. *Fuller*[2] is very good, very just, and in a very good tone, though he might have made a better *Florilegium*, and ought to have filled more of the article with it. I could have picked out thirty pages of citation, which everybody would have been sorry to come to the end of. The *Phrenology*[3] has a great deal of clever and good argument, with some very happy passages; but it is very unequal, and obviously too elaborate and detailed, and in some important places unfortunately obscure. *Catlin*[4] is candid and fair, though not quite so entertaining as it might have been, and scarcely doing justice to the real sincerity and enthusiasm of the author, which have carried me through the whole of his two big volumes without any flagging of interest, though I could scarcely vouch everywhere for his veracity. It was worth while, too,—and will one day be required of us,—to go learnedly and wisely into the questions of the origin of the native American races, their languages, their former civilization, and the antiquity and geological eras of their continent, on all which Humboldt and Darwin, and, more recently, Stephens and Catlin, have already thrown much light,

[1] "Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences."
[2] "Life and Writings of Fuller," by Henry Rogers.
[3] "Phrenological Ethics," by Alexander Smith, Banff.
[4] "Catlin on the North American Indians."

and Lyell (in one department at least) will soon throw more. The *Pictorial History*[1] has some range and talent, but is rash, and often unsound, and praises too highly what seems a very crude and unequal, though ambitious *réchauffé* of Thierry, Guizot, and the common historians. But to most readers it will appear new, and is frequently striking. The *Irish Clergy*[2] is bold and clear and substantially right, though the author reasons his *pros* and *cons* so earnestly as often to fall into more than apparent contradictions as to the possibility or propriety of trying the experiment he recommends. The acknowledgment of Dan's actual power and supremacy will give much offence to Brougham, for example, and more conscientious men, but it is quite right, and to be lauded for its courage. The *Budget*[3] paper is very valuable, and comes out at a time when it cannot be neglected, and will be of great use. The Sugar part is rather minute and heavy, and more credit is taken for the report on the Import duties, than, I think, it is generally thought to deserve. Altogether it is not so striking as the former article on the same subject, nor (as I imagine) from the same hand. I have forgotten *Miss Ferrier*,[4] which is very nicely and properly done, though there must have been some strange forgetfulness or obtuseness on the author's part, when he passed over the character of Molly Macaulay in *Destiny* without notice, by far the most beautiful and original of all Miss Ferrier's imaginations. A long enough touch, this, you will think, of my old quality!

It is more than six months now since I have had one day of health, or even many hours without the feeling of considerable oppression, though generally I have had no acute suffering, or anything to test a man's patience. But the sense of constant *cachexy* and what is so likely to turn to growing infirmity, will sometimes weigh on

[1] "Pictorial History of England," by Herman Merivale.
[2] "Payment of the Catholic Clergy," by Charles Butler.
[3] "Financial Measures of the late and intentions of the present Ministry," by the late Lord Congleton.
[4] "Miss Ferrier's Novels," by Georg. Moir

the spirits; and I have oftener occasion to call to mind your bold bearing up under longer and more severe afflictions than I quite like. However I do pretty well, I hope, on the whole, and do not appear, I trust, the least animated of those I converse with. I dine out nowhere, and make but very few calls. But I see a good number of people at home, and hear a great deal of good talk from Macaulay, Brougham, Hallam, Rogers, and others, besides the lighter prattlement of compassionate ladies, and Empson's perpetual flow of gentle discursiveness. Then I read more than I have done for forty years, and with great interest and attention. It is needless talking to you of politics, as the Tories keep counsel much better than their predecessors could ever do, and their opponents certainly are not prepared to act on the offensive, or to initiate anything till they see the course of their adversaries. It is still thought that Peel will yield *substantially* on Corn, and be able to carry his measures in *both* Houses, though with some loss, and more discredit, and not so as at all to pacify the hot abolitionists.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, January 20, 1842.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—Had I known the Number was so nearly out, I might have spared you my last letter. I have run over some excellent articles, though the Number is not first rate. The few pages of "intentions" really were not of sufficient value to run the risk which all prophets do, who predict close upon the event, and nothing you can say of having construed or misconstrued the words of the Government, will do anything in averting that fate, if it befalls you, as in part at least it is pretty sure to do. Sir D. Brewster's attack on Whewell I do not think anyone can blame, considering the provocation he has had. I could only have wished a few words, at most a few lines, left out. Whewell certainly merits castigation, and if he had the sense to shut his

ears against friends who flatter him, he would profit. There is very much of real value in him, but, but, but, he makes sad work of himself, and I don't care to say more. The last time I saw him at Cambridge he disposed of three or four systems of Law in as many minutes, to understand any one of which thoroughly would have taken half a lifetime of a lawyer, and to gain a knowledge of any one of which, such as entitled *him* to give an opinion, would have taken a whole lifetime of a man with the least legal understanding I almost ever knew. This, however, is between ourselves, for I esteem and admire him with all his follies. The Irish Article[1] I have read with some horror I assure you, not merely on account of the way O'Connell is spoken of (after the former line taken by the Review especially), for that is an inconsistency incident to long-continued publication, but for another reason. I hardly see how Anglesey and Wellesley can now avoid defending themselves, supposing Grey and myself (from whom you are quite safe of course) to care nothing about the matter. Now their defence is, not merely that Melbourne was the Minister primarily responsible for the very things made the ground of attack, he being Irish Secretary (Home Department), and having prepared the Coercion Bill of 1833, wherein he only stands on the same ground with Lansdowne and J. Russell, who were all equally responsible. But the case is this. I have seen the despatches of Wellesley, and I know of his attempts to govern on the very principles for which Normanby is praised, *e.g.*, to promote Catholics (which, after all, was the only thing N. was really valued for by the Irish jobbers), and among others O'Connell himself and his connections, and the person who prevented it was neither more nor less than Melbourne himself, which is in black and white. It is perhaps as well that you have made the move, because the sooner the truth is known the better; and though Anglesey and Wellesley might despise newspaper attacks,

[1] By Charles Buller

they will hardly sit down under such a statement in so respectable a quarter as the Edinburgh Review. As for Lord Grey and myself, we shall be content with observing, I daresay, that the Edinburgh Review never found all this out while we were in office.—Yours, H. B.

London, January 21, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Don't be at all alarmed about the article. I think it very well done, *quite well enough*. Parnell is an odd man, full of matter, ingenious, if you give him time, very accurate too, but doing himself no justice in speaking, and not always in writing. But some things of his are exceedingly well written,—I suppose when he takes much pains. I really, however, can see no objection to this paper, though I admit it may not be first rate.. I had not time fully to say what I intended about Normanby's Irish Administration. The fact is, he had yielded entirely to O'Connell and Co., partly through his admirable good temper and kind disposition, so that things got into a complete dead-lock, and he could remain no longer. Then Melbourne, according to his usual morality, finding there was a run against Glenelg, one of the most virtuous, accomplished, and least selfish men I have ever known, took the opportunity of throwing him overboard at a moment's notice, and with a perfidy only equalled by its cruelty, and made way for Normanby, whom he would have done the same by any day that suited him, and would to-morrow, if he found it convenient.—Yours ever,

H. B.

Grafton Street, January 22, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must finish my letter of yesterday, else you will have an imperfect notion of the matters contained in it. That Normanby had got into an inextricable difficulty in Ireland, and was obliged to leave it, is certain; but it is equally so that the difficulty was only in part caused by him, and, therefore, only in part removed by the change—for the main body of it continued—namely, the Government having got too much into the power of

O'Connell and Co., with whom to break was fatal to their majority in the Commons, and with whom to continue was fatal in a thousand ways, and was daily alienating their more respectable supporters in Ireland as well as England. So they tried how far it would do to leave O. as much patronage as they could without letting Repealers be promoted, though displacing none already appointed. There were plain indications, however, that the Irish party were not satisfied—I mean the tail—nor could they be, for all the places in all the three kingdoms would not have satisfied their craving; and with O. himself I have no doubt that a quarrel must have come, had the Government gone on. As to Normanby personally, he was used shamefully by Melbourne. Had I foreseen that Melbourne would have given him up in the debate on my motion, I most certainly should have paused before I made it. The gross violation of the most important and, indeed, sacred principles connected with the administration of criminal justice, I could not pass over, and I did the very least that was possible in the vote of censure which I framed, and to which I was driven reluctantly by the course which Normanby's defenders took in the Committee. But I never doubted that some of those defenders connected with the Government, and, above all, Melbourne himself, would have supported their colleague, instead of which, Melbourne gave him up, and even indulged in sneers at his expense, while the others were afraid to protect him. I assure you that this was quite decisive with me in refusing to follow up my vote of censure, especially when Normanby was, in the face of that vote, made Secretary for the Home Department. I could, with a word, have carried a vote against that appointment, but no power on earth would have made me speak that word after the treatment of Normanby by Melbourne the summer before. Normanby has not the least idea of this. I have never had any communication with him upon the subject. But after a momentary interruption of our long and intimate friendship, which not unnaturally took place during the

proceedings I have adverted to, we have ever since been upon terms of as cordial intercourse, both before the Government went out and since, as is possible. You cannot, therefore, suppose that I grudge a word of the article in question which may redound to his praise, nor should I have been sorry had it been ten times as laudatory. But the statement is utterly void of foundation, which represents his predecessors as having gone upon an opposite plan. Nor do the Irish brawlers and jobbers pretend really to find any difference in the systems, except that they got *more places* than formerly—all they care one farthing about. I assure you, the nature of an Irish place-hunter, his shameless voracity, his utter disregard of all principle as well as all decency, would exceed your powers of belief, notwithstanding what you have seen of the animal in Scotland. It seems an exaggeration and an impossibility, but I do think they are nearly twice as bad as the Scotch.—Yours ever, H. B.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, January 24, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am not quite satisfied with the new Number, though it contains much that is good; and, to speak quite candidly, I am a good deal displeased with the spirit of the first article. It is quite out of my power to judge which of the contending parties is in the right as to the undulatory theory. But I can clearly see that Brewster writes under the influence of feelings which ought not to be indulged on any occasion, and least of all in controversy on a question of pure science. Every sort of animosity, personal animosity, national animosity, academical animosity, appears to prompt his expressions. Though I know Whewell, I am by no means his intimate friend or his blind admirer. But I really think that he has done nothing to provoke such malevolence as Brewster seems to feel. And it is quite unintelligible to me, how a man of real merit like Brewster can stoop to the littleness of turning a great philosophical controversy into a ques-

tion between England and Scotland, Cambridge and Edinburgh. This is not an opinion confined to myself. I have heard it expressed by several persons, and, in particular, by one who loves neither Whewell nor Whewell's books, but who is anxious for the interests and honour of science. I know that you will not be angry with me for telling you truly what I think.

As to Frederic, I do not see that I can deal with him well under seventy pages. I shall try to give a life of him, after the manner of Plutarch, That, I think, is my forte. The paper on Clive took greatly. That on Hastings, though, in my own opinion, by no means equal to that on Clive, has been even more successful. I ought to produce something much better than either of those articles with so excellent a subject as Frederic. Keep the last place for me if you can. I greatly regret my never having seen Berlin and Potsdam.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, February 2, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—There are two great or rather sublime names to which inadequate justice is usually done. They are those of Ignatius Loyola, and his disciple Francis Xavier. I propose to give some account of them, with some notices of a few of the remarkable men who immediately succeeded Ignatius in the Generalship, especially Laynez and Aquaviva. This I should make as a general platform to some account of the successes and the decline of the Order, with some intimations of what I suppose to be the causes of both, my main object being to show, how the cardinal principle of the subjugation of the human conscience to an authority merely human wrought out both the energy by which they at first triumphed, and the crimes, speculative and practical, by which they were at last overthrown; and so to insist upon the duty of holding fast by our spiritual and moral freedom. Of course the difficulty is not to write a book, but only a very small

part of a book. We are living in a time when everybody is talking or writing theologically, and must therefore contrive to observe more or less the prevailing fashion. But there are several sides to that question, and many of them much more familiar to you than to me. I have a strong impression that the story would be an interesting one. The great objection I see to it is, that it must be almost exclusively masculine, unless, indeed, one could embrace the singular tale of the conversion by the Jesuits of the Queen of Sweden, who is almost the only woman who figures in their annals.

You cannot rate Senior too highly in his own peculiar walk, which is that of comprehensive, mature, and luminous thinking about permanent national interests. There is, I think, some want of the lighter and more attractive qualities in his style, such as fancy, sentiment, and that kind of vivacity by which some men contrive to galvanize a broomstick, or rather the story of one. But this is only to say that he does not accomplish what he does not undertake. That which he does undertake to do is, in some respects, of a higher character, and of more immediate interest. Still, you must have observed that there is scarcely a single book which retains much hold on the public mind, after any considerable lapse of time, except such as are recommended by some peculiar attractions of style and execution, and those attractions are generally of the lighter cast. The moral I draw from this is that the inimitable Sydney Smith, and (though in a different way) the scarcely less inimitable pen of our friend Macaulay, should be employed, if it were possible, as you employ gas in a balloon, to give a long flight to materials of greater inherent weight and value. Don't suppose I am coxcomb enough to set up for a gas manufacturer for such purposes myself. I mean only that Senior, excellent as he is, resembles, as Johnson says of Milton, the teacher from whom we turn away in search of a playfellow.

I met nearly the whole of the last Cabinet two days ago at one of these great gatherings which we are getting

up here to astonish the Prussian[1] with our aristocratic splendour. Our old friends all seemed in good heart and spirits; but they all preach, and, I suppose, are prepared to practise the great virtue of patience, in which, as it seems to me, they give proof of sound judgment. For the present, the tide is running too strong and deep against them to afford them any chance of a return to their former more active virtues.—Very truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

St. Leonards, February 23, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I did not expect that men like Jeffrey and Macaulay would have so misjudged the reviewer of Whewell. They have not read his book, nor seen the insolent and irritating manner in which he speaks of the former review. To such an extent is this the case, that his able and friendly reviewer in the *Dublin University Journal* actually takes him to task for showing such a feeling of irritation towards the Edinburgh Review. Macaulay's attack upon Gleig is infinitely more severe than anything I have written against Whewell. But, independent of all this, I solemnly declare to you that the review was not written under any feelings of soreness or irritation. On the contrary, I could meet Mr. Whewell to-morrow without the slightest feeling that I had treated him improperly. I wrote the review under a *feeling of triumph*, not of superiority to him as a writer or a philosopher, but of vast superiority over him on the subjects to which I *confined the discussion*, and all of which I had carefully studied. If the review, therefore, is a *flagellation*, it is only so from the severity of truth. Provided my argument had been untouched, I would have left, as I did leave, the language at your disposal. Lord Brougham's and Sir John Barrow's favourable opinion rewards my labour. I should also say that I wrote the review under

[1] The King of Prussia came to London to stand as godfather to the Prince of Wales.

the knowledge that it would be read by Arago, Biot, and the other distinguished continental philosophers, whose good opinion I greatly value.—Ever faithfully yours,

D. BREWSTER.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, February 23, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am afraid that what I wrote about Brewster has hurt you a little. I really did not mean it. In communicating with you I never pick my words. It may be, as you say, that Brewster's severity was just, for I have seen only the retaliation, and not the provocation. At the same time, I must add that a person who is no friend to Whewell pointed out to me some handsome compliments paid by Whewell to Brewster, for which, as it seemed to me, Brewster made but an ungracious return. I have been so much occupied by politics, and by the society which at this season fills London, that I have written nothing for some weeks. I will, however, set to work again on Frederic. You expect infinitely too much. The article I am afraid will want interest. I cannot get on fast with it, for I am under the necessity of grubbing in German memoirs and documents, which I do not read with great facility. I heartily wish that you could give me a respite till July. But, if that cannot be, I will be ready by the end of March. I do not quite understand your anxiety about time. We are now never behindhand. We have not lost a day in four years. I spoke the day before yesterday on the Corn Laws, and with much more success than, considering the dulness of the subject, and the exhaustion of the House, was to be expected. I am afraid, however, that I shall not have satisfied the Anti-Corn Law League.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, April 1, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I send off my article [Frederic the Great]. I hope that the public will like it better than I do.

I was never so little pleased with a performance of my own.[1] At all events, I hope that the faults of the article, which are quite sufficient by themselves, will not be increased by errors of the press. If it be possible, let me have a proof. It shall be returned by return of post. But if it be absolutely impossible, I must beg that you will take great care, particularly about proper names, which the printers may not be able to make out.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

I have looked again over the article. It is such a scrawl that, unless I have a proof, I fear it will make a ridiculous figure.

Albany, April 18, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am much obliged to you for your criticisms. My copy of the Review I have lent, and therefore cannot refer to it. But I have thought over what you say, and should be disposed to admit part of it to be just. But I have several distinctions and limitations to suggest.

The charge to which I am most sensible is that of interlarding my sentences with French terms. I will not positively affirm that no such expression may have dropped from my pen in writing hurriedly on a subject so very French. It is, however, a practice to which I am extremely averse, and into which I could fall only by inadvertence. I do not really know to what you allude; for as to the words *Abbé* and *Parc-aux-cerfs*, which I recollect, those surely are not open to objection. I remember that I carried my love of English in one or two places almost to the length of affectation. For example, I called the *Place des Victoires*, the place of victories, and the *Fermier Général d'Etioles*, a publican. I will look over the article again when I get it into my hands, and try to discover to what you allude.

[1] After seeing it in print, and revising it, his opinion was more favourable. "I like the Article better than I did. It does not go deep. But I should not wonder if it were thought amusing enough."

The other charge, I confess, does not appear to me to be equally serious. I certainly should not, in regular history, use some of the phrases which you censure. But I do not consider a review of this sort as regular history, and I really think that, from the highest and most unquestionable authority, I could vindicate my practice. Take Addison, the model of pure and graceful writing. In his *Spectators* I find "wench," "baggage," "queer old put," "prig," "fearing that they should smoke the knight." All these expressions I met this morning in turning over two or three of his papers at breakfast. I would no more use the words *bore* or *awkward squad* in a composition meant to be uniformly serious and earnest, than Addison would, in a State paper, have called Louis an old put, or have described Shrewsbury and Argyle as smoking the design to bring in the Pretender. But I did not mean my article to be uniformly serious and earnest. If you judge of it as you would judge of a regular history, your censure ought to go very much deeper than it does, and to be directed against the substance as well as against the diction. The tone of many passages, nay of whole pages, would justly be called flippant in a regular history. But I conceive that this sort of composition has its own character and its own laws. I do not claim the honour of having invented it. That praise belongs to Southey, but I may say that I have in some points improved upon his design. The manner of these little historical essays bears, I think, the same analogy to the manner of Tacitus or Gibbon which the manner of Ariosto bears to the manner of Tasso, or the manner of Shakespeare's historical plays to the manner of Sophocles. Ariosto, when he is grave and pathetic, is as grave and pathetic as Tasso. But he often takes a light, fleering tone which suits him admirably, but which in Tasso would be quite out of place. The despair of Constance in Shakespeare is as lofty as that of Œdipus in Sophocles; but the levities of the bastard Falconbridge would be utterly out of place in Sophocles. Yet we feel that they

are not out of place in Shakespeare. So with these historical articles. Where the subject requires it, they may rise, if the author can manage it, to the highest altitudes of Thucydides. Then, again, they may without impropriety sink to the levity and colloquial ease of Horace Walpole's Letters. This is my theory. Whether I have succeeded in the execution is quite another question. You will, however, perceive that I am in no danger of taking similar liberties in my History. I do indeed greatly disapprove of those notions which some writers have of the dignity of History. For fear of alluding to the vulgar concerns of private life, they take no notice of the circumstances which more deeply affect the happiness of nations. But I never thought of denying that the language of History ought to preserve a certain dignity. I would, however, no more attempt to preserve that dignity in a paper like this on Frederic than I would exclude from such a poem as Don Juan slang terms, because such terms would be out of place in Paradise Lost, or Hudibrastic rhymes, because such rhymes would be shocking in Pope's Iliad.

As to the particular criticisms which you have made, I willingly submit my judgment to yours, though I think that I could say something on the other side. The first rule of all writing,—that rule to which every other rule is subordinate,—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the purity and dignity of style ought to bend to this consideration. To write what is not understood in its whole force, for fear of using some word which was unknown to Swift or Dryden, would be, I think, as absurd as to build an Observatory like that at Oxford, from which it is impossible to observe, only for the purpose of exactly preserving the proportions of the Temple of the Winds at Athens. That a word which is appropriated to a particular idea, which everybody, high and low, uses to express that idea, and which expresses that idea

with a completeness which is not equalled by any other single word, and scarcely by any circumlocution, should be banished from writing, seems to me a mere throwing away of power. Such a word as *talented* it is proper to avoid; first, because it is not wanted; secondly, because you never hear it from those who speak very good English. But the word *shirk*, as applied to military duty, is a word which every body uses; which is the word and the only word for the thing; which in every regiment and in every ship belonging to our country is employed ten times a day; which the Duke of Wellington, or Admiral Stopford, would use in reprimanding an officer. To interdict the use of it, therefore, in what is meant to be familiar and almost jocose narrative, seems to me rather rigid.

But I will not go on. I will only repeat that I am truly grateful for your advice, and that if you will, on future occasions, mark with an asterisk any words in my proof sheets which you think open to objection, I will try to meet your wishes, though it may sometimes be at the expense of my own.

I think the first article[1] in the new Number very clever and good in many parts. I should be glad to know who wrote it. He has committed one monstrous blunder, inexcusable in so knowing a person. He says India is a loss to England in consequence of the great sums which we are forced to advance for her government. I know of no such advances. The first time that such a thing was ever hinted at was by Sir Robert Peel the other day. The truth is that India pays her own expenses to a farthing, and remits to England a vast tribute in the form of civil and military pensions, dividends on India Stock, &c. Who wrote the paper on Moore?[2] I could not, I will fairly own, get through it. The Budget [of 1842] I suppose to be Senior's.—Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] "France, America, and Britain," April, 1842, by Senior.
[2] "Moore's Poetical Works," Art. 5, April, 1842, by Herman Merivale.

Albany, April 25, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—Thank you for your letter. We shall have no disputes about diction. The English language is not so poor but that I may very well find in it the means of contenting both you and myself. I will only say that I admit the correctness of the distinction which you make between what a writer says in his own person, and what he puts into the mouths of those who are his *dramatis personæ*. But it is a distinction which does not apply to what I cited from Addison. It is quite true that Addison disliked the coining of words and the importing of words. But he had no objection to the lowest and most colloquial expressions, provided they were English, and had been some time in common use. "Wiseacre"—"to smoke a jest"—and other phrases of that sort, are frequent in his lighter writing. Of course he would not have put them into his character of Lord Somers or into his reflections on Westminster Abbey. Merivale must be out of his wits. I understand only just enough of his system to see that it is not worth understanding.

By the way, a word on a subject which I should be much obliged to you to consider and advise me upon. I find that the American publishers have thought it worth while to put forth two, if not three, editions of my reviews; and I receive letters from them saying that the sale is considerable. I have heard that several people here have ordered them from America. Others have cut them out of old numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and have bound them up in volumes. Now, I know that these pieces are full of faults, and that their popularity has been very far beyond their merit; but, if they are to be republished, it would be better that they should be republished under the eye of the author, and with his corrections, than that they should retain all the blemishes inseparable from hasty writing and hasty printing. Longman proposed something of the kind to me three years ago; but at that time the American publication had not taken place,

which makes a great difference. Give me your counsel on the subject.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD JEFFREY.

Clifton, April 16, 1842.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I came here more than three weeks ago to avoid the east winds, but they have taken the wings of the morning and followed me; and having already put my *trachea* in peril, I mean to fly before them a second time, and take shelter on Monday next by the quiet waters of Torquay. I am not well, and never shall be as I was ten months ago. But I shall try whether there is any work still left in me; and though I have misgivings as to the success of the experiment, I feel that it *must* now be finally made, if, in fact, it has not been already too long delayed. I ought to have written you before, but I am lazy and good for nothing. You must not speak to me of reviewing Brougham's Politics. It would be six months' hard work for Macaulay, and far more than a life-task for me. The books themselves, too, are not-first rate—meritorious and valuable perhaps,—but not admirable; calculated (and I hope destined) to do good to ordinary readers, but certainly neither calculated nor destined to make a sensation for the time, or to fix an era for futurity. A review of them by Macaulay might do both. Are you not coming up for your Spring flight this year? If you come up, you will find the Party, I fear, but in a low and poor way, and the Tories safe enough for three or four quiet years to come, though there are seeds of dissension sown which may yet come to harvest.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

Torquay, April 28, 1842.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—You have sent me a charming letter, and I owe you at least an early acknowledgment. You give me all the intelligence I wanted, and all the suggestions you make are full of right feeling and admirable

sense. I should be a very ungrateful dog if I did not thank you for such a letter, and a very poor creature, if I did not feel a great deal more than any way of returning thanks (even after meat!) can express.

You want my opinion of your last Number [April, 1842], and you may ask it boldly, for I think it excellent. I am tired praising the *Frederic*, and after writing five or six pages about it to Empson, I really have not the heart to toss up a *réchauffé* of my raptures for you. I am not sure whether I do not think it *the very best* thing Macaulay has yet written, and I am quite certain that no other man alive (and I am half inclined to add, that ever lived), could write anything of the kind so well. And with this general verdict you must be satisfied. I am not so much scandalised as you seem to be at his colloquialisms (and I do not think they go beyond *that*), and indeed have a notion that they sometimes help to give that air of facility and self-confidence to his writing which is one of its greatest attractions; not only admitting us, as it were, to his *familiarity*, but constantly suggesting the reflection of, what a fellow this must be, who can do all this without strain or effort, and in the course of his common talking. But, though this may add to a *reviewer's* glory and popularity, I must confess it may be less suitable to the author of a regular history, with his name on the title page.

The *first* article[1] I think excellent, full of wisdom and courage and sobriety, and written with singular cleverness, force, and authority. Empson was foolish enough to take it for Brougham's (though I must say before he had read half of it), but I felt from the first that it was far more compact and candid than anything that now comes from that pen, not to add, that it wanted the *private marks* (*subaudi*—of spite and egotism), by which the genuineness of these compositions is best tested. I agree with most of the author's opinions, and think he has told all the three nations their faults with so much impartiality, as ought to prevent any of them from resenting his censorian

[1] "France, America, and Britain," by Senior.

admonitions. Yet my belief is, that they will fly out upon him, and that the bulk of each people—or, in other words—the whole of them, with the exception of the few thinking persons who (like you and me) were already of his way of thinking, will look only to what is said against themselves, and feel nothing but exasperation and increase of prejudice from the perusal; and so he will be abused at home, as an *un-English* renegade and befouler of his own nest, and cried out upon in the two other countries, as an insolent and villainous advocate of the habitual impertinence and malice of England. Such is the *first* consequence, at any rate, of most attempts to amend the world, though the ultimate results, we may hope, will be better. The *Glaciers*,[1] I think admirable. The first half, or expository part, especially, very agreeably and even gracefully written, with lucid and extraordinary clearness, and about the happiest combination I have met with of large and graphic illustrations, with powerful and condensed expositions of theoretical reasoning. There is something very engaging also in the perfect fairness of all the author's statements, and the modesty, and even sweetness, with which his own views are brought forward, forming a singular contrast in this respect with *another* scientific contributor of yours, to whom, I am sure, he will prove a most acceptable successor. The *Australian* paper[2] wants this charm of perfect fairness and modesty, but is otherwise powerfully written, and I think *unanswerably right* in the main point of the argument; and to one who looks as I do to these regions as the destined seat of another *and a greater Britain*, from which the whole Eastern world is hereafter to be ruled in freedom and happiness, no subject can possibly be more interesting and important. I agree with you as to *Moore*. The metaphysics are shallow and bad, and there is nothing else in the article. Indeed, the pretext for being metaphysical at all, is founded on a mere question of *philology*,

[1] "The Glacier Theory," by Professor Forbes.
[2] "South Australia," by Spedding.

and should have formed a short article in a collection of *Synonyms*, and not a dissertation on poetry. I am disappointed in the *Education* article, especially after what you say of the authorship.[1] To the *Budget*[2] of 1842, I am disposed to assign a higher place than you seem to claim for it. In many points I think it admirable—the clear and (after all that has been lately said on the subject) the *new* and original solution of the question (for example) as to the effects of the price of grain on *wages*, though I cannot but regret that the author did not show more fully and distinctly, that *this* country is one of those in which these two things will not rise and fall together; and to say truth, I have myself a little doubt whether that could be shown as clearly and certainly as would be desirable. The mere *empirical* proof, from the experience of a few particular years, is plainly, in so complicated a matter, very far from conclusive.

We have had the loveliest ten days here, without a speck on the sky, and such a living flush of flowers and foliage, and yet an east wind the whole time, but a good deal mitigated from the vernal *Eurus* of Edinburgh or even London. And so, with many thanks, and all good wishes, believe me always, very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

P.S.—To be sure, I delight in little, chattering, gossiping, bustling, consequential Fanny Burney,[3] and find her very pleasant company, though the book would be all the better if there was less ostentation of natural affection, and less room given to the twaddle of ordinary people long ago deservedly forgotten. But many of her notices of eminent persons are invaluable, and as good as anything in Boswell.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, April 20, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I may as well tell you exactly what it is that I meditate. As in the case of the successors of

[1] Sir George Grey. [2] By Senior.
[3] "Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay."

Mahomet and of Charles Martel, so in that of the dynasty of Ignatius Loyola it happened that a line of remarkable men followed each other at first in unbroken sequence, and never afterwards were followed by the like. Loyola himself, Francis Xavier, Laynez, Borgia, Aquaviva, and Bellarmine make up the heroic age of the Jesuits. I propose to give some account of them, of their doings and their doctrines; and to show, if I can, how and why the seed which they sowed yielded the harvest which followed. The other day I made acquaintance with the Grand Provincial of the Jesuits in this country, who lent me several books, and gave me much information. Among his books is a recent reprint of the great (indeed the only extant) work of Ignatius, which will make a very plausible apology for taking possession of such a subject. The worst of it is that all the books which I can find are in foreign languages, and some of them printed in such a way as to be a sore burden for much better eyes than mine. The subject ought to be interesting, and ought to produce some volumes. However, I will do my best to compress it into a few pages.

I have read Senior's paper on National Characters, but not his other paper on the Budget, nor Macaulay's Frederic. The adjudication which Senior has pronounced on the three great nations of the world, is recommended by impartiality, comprehensiveness of view, and a general tone of vivacity which interested me. It will, of course, pass for a confession against England, and for a calumny against the United States and France. So, at least, it will be esteemed in those countries. The symmetry of the paper is destroyed by the concluding passages, which are *occasional* and out of due proportion to the rest. But, on the whole, I should regard it as a very valuable contribution. As to Macaulay, he is too brave and plain-spoken a man not to drop many an incautious phrase, and, at the same time, so exquisitely accomplished a scholar, in every sense of the word, as to be unfit for homely writing. I suppose that no man so saturated with learning is capable

of the sinewy athletic composition in which alone vulgar idioms can be introduced with advantage. A man cannot carry a walking-stick which shall at once bear the highest polish of a cane, and be serviceable as a cudgel; and I wish with you that he had not made the attempt. But I can forgive him anything, and am violently tempted to admire even his faults.—Very truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, May 21, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I have written what, according to the best calculation I can make, would fill about forty pages of the Edinburgh Review, and I suppose that I should not have exhausted the stock I have been laying in if I should write three times the number. As you asked me to send you a fragment, I have no objection but one to sending you what I have written as soon as I can get a legible copy of it. That one objection is that, with all your benignity, you are still an Editor, and are subject to the passions of the editorial nature; so that when you have the beginning and find the demons of the press prowling about you for more, you will impart your distress to me and excite in my mind such a gush of sympathy, that for your relief I shall have to gallop on to the end, whether I have leisure for the purpose or not. Now, although by good luck, I have been able to advance rapidly thus far, the demons who haunt me in the shape of mails and despatches, may, for anything I know to the contrary, prove so importunate during the next two or three weeks, as to compel me to throw aside an employment which I certainly very much prefer to their service. So I must make this bargain with you. If you will enter into a solemn league and covenant not to press for the conclusion more than you otherwise would have done, I will dispatch the finished sheets as soon as my copyist has done his work, which, as he is a busy man too, can hardly be before Thursday next. I rather wish to do so, not merely that you may admire and extol my punctuality,

but that you may, as soon as possible, have in your hands a sample of my goods, and judge for yourself how they will suit your market. It is a point on which I never feel clear beforehand. I always distrust the liking I happen to feel for a particular topic, and have a misgiving lest I should have been the victim of parental fondness.

Have you any offer of a paper or papers from my friend John Austin? If you have, and if you are not aware what manner of man he is, it may not be amiss that you should be apprized that in these parts he enjoys, and deservedly, a very high and yet a peculiar reputation. I have a great attachment to him. He is, in the best sense of the word, a philosopher, an earnest and humble lover of wisdom; and he has to wife the Mrs. Austin, who translates German books, who is another great ally of mine. I know not anywhere a larger minded man, and yet, eloquent as he is in speech, there is, in his written style, an involution and a lack of vivacity which renders his writings a sealed book to almost everyone. Whether he will be able to assume an easier and a lighter manner, I do not know. If not, I rather fear for him when he stands at your bar. All I ask is, that you would convey your judgment in measured and (as far as you can honestly) in courteous terms; for he is, for so considerable a man, strangely sensitive. You must have an odd story to tell of your intercourse with the knights of the Order of the Quill.—Very truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, April 29, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—The hundred guineas came quite safe. I feel some scruple about Madame d'Arblay. However, it is not necessary to decide that point at present, as some months must pass before the memoirs are fully before us; and I could not in any case write anything for the July Number. I have another scheme floating in my head. Did you ever hear of Rio? He is a very clever and ardent Breton—a Chouan himself, and the son of a Chouan,

devoured with zeal for the Catholic religion and legitimate monarchy. He is the oddest Frenchman that I ever knew. He cares not a straw for France; but is a devoted patriot as far as Brittany is concerned. I have met him repeatedly in the best society, and did what I could to obtain access for him to some records which relate to the history of his province. He is about to publish a history of the Chouans. I take rather a peculiar view of the Vendean war, a view which I have not time to develop now, but which I think both new and just. I talked on the subject to Rio, and though we started, as you may suppose, from principles diametrically opposite, we agreed so well in our results that he renounced all his prejudices against me, which were by no means weak, and promised to send me his book as soon as it was printed. I think that it may prove a good subject for a paper. As to our own Civil Wars, I cannot write any more about them without repeating myself.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, June 24, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have thought a good deal about republishing my articles, and have made up my mind not to do so. It is rather provoking, to be sure, to learn that a third edition is coming out in America, and to meet constantly with smuggled copies. It is still more provoking to see trash, of which I am perfectly guiltless, inserted among my writings. But, on the whole, I think it best that things should remain as they are. The public judges, and ought to judge indulgently, of periodical works. They are not expected to be highly finished. Their natural life is only six weeks. Sometimes the writer is at a distance from the books to which he wants to refer. Sometimes he is forced to hurry through his task in order to catch the post. He may blunder, he may contradict himself, he may break off in the middle of a story, he may give an immoderate extension to one part of his subject, and dismiss an equally important part in a few words. All this is readily forgiven if there be a certain spirit and vivacity

in his style. But, as soon as he republishes, he challenges a comparison with all the most symmetrical and polished of human compositions. A painter who has a picture in the exhibition of the Royal Academy would act very unwisely if he took it down and carried it over to the National Gallery. Where it now hangs, surrounded by a crowd of daubs which are only once seen and then forgotten, it may pass for a fine piece. He is a fool if he places it side by side with the masterpieces of Titian and Claude. My reviews are generally thought to be better written, and they certainly live longer, than the reviews of most other people; and this ought to content me. The moment that I come forward to demand a higher rank, I must expect to be judged by a more severe standard. Fonblanque may serve for a beacon. His leading articles in the *Examiner* were extolled to the skies, and not without reason, while they were considered merely as leading articles; for they were in style and matter incomparably superior to anything in the *Courier*, or *Globe*, or *Standard*, nay, to anything in the *Times*. People said it was a pity that such admirable compositions should perish; so Fonblanque determined to republish them in a book. He never considered that, in that form, they would be compared, not with the rant and twaddle of the daily and weekly press, but with Burke's pamphlets, with Pascal's letters, with Addison's Spectators and Freeholders. They would not stand this new test for a moment. I shall profit by the warning. What the Yankees may do I cannot help. But I will not found any pretensions to the rank of a classic on my reviews. I will remain, according to the excellent precept in the Gospel, at the lower end of the table, where I am constantly accosted with "Friend, go up higher," and not push my way to the top, at the risk of being compelled with shame to take the lowest room. If I live twelve or fifteen years, I may, perhaps, produce something which I may not be afraid to exhibit side by side with the performances of the old masters. I hope that your judgment agrees with mine; and I rather

infer from your expressions that such is the case.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Rio's book is very good indeed, but hardly a subject for me. There is an article on it in the *Quarterly*. It is a lively and pathetic narrative of a Breton insurrection against Buonaparte during the Hundred Days. I had imagined he was going to treat the great Vendean war; and, I believe, he still means to do so.

Albany, July 14, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—As to the next Number, I really must beg you to excuse me. I am exceedingly desirous to get on with my History, which is really in a fair train. I must go down into Somersetshire and Devonshire to see the scene of Monmouth's campaign, and to follow the line of William's march from Torquay. I have also another plan, of no great importance, but one which will occupy me during some days. You are acquainted, no doubt, with Perizonius's theory about the early Roman history—a theory which Niebuhr revived, and which Arnold has adopted as fully established. I have myself not the smallest doubt of its truth. It is, that the stories of the birth of Romulus and Remus, the fight of the Horatii and Curatii, and all the other romantic tales which fill the first three or four books of Livy, came from the lost ballads of the early Romans. I amused myself in India with trying to restore some of these long-perished poems. Arnold saw two of them, and wrote to me in such terms of eulogy, that I have been induced to correct and complete them. There are four of them; and I think that, though they are but trifles, they may pass for scholarlike and not inelegant trifles. I must prefix short prefaces to them; and I think of publishing them next November in a small volume. I fear, therefore, that just at present I can be of no use to you. Nor, indeed, should I find it easy to select a subject. Madame d'Arblay's memoirs are not yet complete; and, even if I were to review them, I should not like to do so till the whole is published. Romilly's life is

a little stale. Lord Cornwallis is not an attractive subject. Clive and Hastings were great men, and their history is full of great events. Cornwallis was a respectable specimen of mediocrity. His wars were not brilliantly successful; fiscal reforms were his principal measures; and to interest English readers in questions of Indian finance is quite impossible.

I am surprised, and rather vexed, to learn that the paper on List[1] is by Austin. He is a speaker of very eminent ability, and in conversation I hardly know his superior. But one man cannot be everything. I am a little startled by the very careless way in which the review of *Millingen on Duelling*[2] has been executed. In the historical part there are really as many errors as assertions. Look at page 439. Ossory never called out Clarendon. The Peer whom he called out on the Irish Cattle Bill was Buckingham. The provocation was Buckingham's remark, that whoever opposed the Bill, had an Irish interest or an Irish understanding. It is Clarendon who tells the whole story. Then as to the scuffle between Buckingham and a free-trading Lord Dorchester in the lobby, the scuffle was not in the lobby, but at a conference in the Painted Chamber; nor had it anything to do with free trade, for at a Conference all the Lords are on one side. It was the effect of an old quarrel, and of an accidental jostling for seats. Then, a few lines lower, it is said that Lady Shrewsbury dissipated all her son's estate, which is certainly not true: for, soon after he came of age, he raised 40,000*l.* by mortgage, which, at the then rate of interest, he never could have done unless he had had a good estate. Then, in the next page, it is said that Mohun murdered, rather than killed, the Duke of Hamilton—a gross blunder. Those who thought the Duke was murdered always attributed the murder, not to Mohun, but to Mohun's second, Macartney. The fight between the

[1] "List on the Principles of the German Customs Union," Art. 8, July, 1842.

[2] Art. 4, July, 1842.

two principals was universally allowed to be perfectly fair. Nor did Steele rebuke Thornhill for killing Deering, but, on the contrary, did his best to put Thornhill's conduct in the most amiable light, and to throw the whole blame on the bad usages of society. I do not know that there ever was a greater number of mistakes in so short a space. I have only read those two pages of the article. If it is all of a piece, it is a prodigy indeed.

It is not impossible that I may run down to Edinburgh in November. But say nothing about it. I wish to visit you, not as M.P., but as a friend, and I shall be as quiet as possible. Let me also beg that you will not mention the little literary scheme which I have confided to you. I should be sorry that it were known till the time of publication arrives.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, July 20, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I do not like to disappoint you; and I really would try to send you something if I could think of a subject that would suit me. It ought to be something which would require no reading. My objections to taking Romilly's Life for a subject are numerous. One of them is that I was not acquainted with him, and never heard him speak except once for a few minutes when I was a child. A stranger who writes a description of a person whom hundreds still living knew intimately, is almost certain to make mistakes; and even if he makes no absolute mistake, his portrait is not likely to be thought a striking resemblance by those who knew the original. It is like making a bust from description. The best sculptor must disappoint those who remember the real face. I felt this even about Lord Holland, and nothing but Lady Holland's request would have overcome my unwillingness to say anything about his Parliamentary speaking, which I had never heard. I had, however, known him familiarly in private; but Romilly I never saw except in the House of Commons.

I thought once of trying Professor Sewell's Lectures on

Moral Philosophy, an unutterably absurd specimen of Puseyism,—far below the level of Sir Thomas Filmer. I do not remember that you have had any article on that subject. I think that I could make the Oxonian Ethics rather ridiculous. If you like this notion, and will desire Longman to send me the book, I will see what can be made of it.

You do not quite apprehend the nature of my plan about the old Roman ballads, but the explanation will come fast enough. I wish from my soul that I had written a volume of my History. I have not written half a volume; nor do I consider what I have done as more than rough-hewn.

I am just about to write to Lord John, and I will plainly tell him what you and I also wish. Austin's article, though I do not very much like it, has succeeded pretty well. Stephen's [Ignatius Loyola] is good undoubtedly, but not so good as some of his have been. I thought the article in the *Quarterly* on the *Encyclopædia* very handsome. But in truth both parties had contributed to that great collection, and to attack it would have been to attack all the English literature of the age. I hear with some concern that Dickens is going to publish a most furious book against the Yankees. I am told that all the Fearons, Trollopes, Marryats, and Martineaus together have not given them half as much offence as he will give.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, July 25, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have just heard from Lord John. I may as well send you what he has written. Of course you will say nothing about the literary plan which he mentions. You might, I think, with perfect propriety write to him yourself, if you have anything to suggest. By the bye, I forgot to say that I wish Dickens's book on the United States to be kept for me. I have never written a word on that subject, and I have a great deal in my head. Of course I shall be courteous to Dickens,

whom I know, and whom I think both a man of genius and a good-hearted man, in spite of some faults of taste. —Yours ever, T. B. MACAULAY.

P.S. What say you to Palmerston? He writes excellently. Shall I mention it to him, or will you?

HENRY RICH.

Mount Street, July 23, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am obliged to you for your frankness in communicating to me the remarks of your correspondent on my *Duelling* article, and I am sorry that you should be vexed at the defects which he points out, but which, I think, he points out hypercritically, and somewhat unjustly.

He says I have committed "a gross blunder" in stating that Mohun rather murdered than killed the Duke of Hamilton. Now, how stand the facts? Swift, in his letter to Stella, written November 12, 1712,—the day after the duel,—says, "the dog Mohun was killed on the spot, but while the Duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the shoulder to the heart." This circumstance of Mohun shortening his sword, is corroborated in the *Post Boy* of the 20th November: and further on Swift says, "I am told a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too;" and your correspondent leans to this opinion. Now, the shortening one's sword, and stabbing the man who is over one, is murder, and not fair fighting; and so it is also even in the principal when his seconds or attendants (your friend's version) interfere and assist him, for though it may not appear that they did so by his orders, yet the imputation of unfairness justly rests on him. Thus, if I were inclined to retaliate on your correspondent, I might say *he* has made "a gross blunder" respecting the rules and terms of duelling, since killing your man unfairly is universally called murdering him. But as there was no direct proof of Mohun's complicity, I have

given him the benefit of the doubt, and said "murdered" rather than "killed."

So much for one of the errors. Still I frankly own I followed Dr. Millingen. I did not confront him with the journals of the House of Lords, or even the Life of Clarendon, in neither of which do I now find any notice of a challenge from Ossory to Clarendon. But in Pepys's Memoirs (vol. i, p. 473) it is distinctly asserted, for he says: "The two Houses begin to be troublesome, and the Lords to have quarrels one with another. My Lord Duke of Buckingham having said to the Lord Chancellor (who is against passing the Bill for prohibiting the bringing over of Irish cattle), that whoever was against the Bill was there led to it by an Irish interest or an Irish understanding, which is as much as to say he is a fool: this bred heat from my Lord Chancellor, and something he said did offend my Lord of Ossory, and they two had hard words, upon which the latter sends a challenge to the former, of which the former complains to the House." Now, to all common acceptation, this challenge refers to Lord Ossory and the Lord Chancellor; but as there is no other record of it, and as the challenge and quarrel between Buckingham and Ossory, and the consequent proceedings in the Lords are well known, it is to be presumed that only "hard words," but no challenge passed between Clarendon and Ossory, and that Pepys must have carelessly written one thing when he meant another. Still here is enough to mislead Dr. Millingen, but the Doctor had no authority for saying that "the records of Parliament notice a challenge sent to Lord Clarendon by Lord Ossory," and it was this that misled me into a notion of a double challenge. Perhaps had your correspondent remembered this passage of Pepys, he would have been less dogmatic. I give him all the benefit of the Painted Chamber over the Lobby of the House of Lords for the scene of Buckingham's scuffle with Lord Dorchester; but even here his own hyper-exactness is inexact: for, according to Pepys, vol. i, p. 494, the quarrel arose "from

Buckingham leaning rudely over Dorchester, who thereupon removed his elbow," and therefore *not*, as your correspondent states, "from an accidental jostling for seats." This, of course, is a trifling difference, but it is on these mere trifles that he makes a charge against me of historical mistakes amounting to "a prodigy," and I am therefore justified in retorting them on him. Pepys, too, says it was at a Conference respecting the Canary Company that this scuffle took place: and if Pepys be right, then is your correspondent wrong here also.

Another of his charges is that I incorrectly make Steele "rebuke" Thornhill for killing Sir C. Deering. But so Steele does. He rebukes his offence, and in rebuking his offence, he rebukes him by representing him utterly miserable and penitent, and complaining of those usages of the world which had urged him to deprive his dearest friend of life. In the sentence from which this one word, *rebuke*, is taken, I purposely distinguished between rebuke and hostility by the use of the word *against*. Had Steele written *against* Thornhill, as your correspondent implies that I assert, then I should have continued the sense of *against* through the sentence, or have said, exposed, attacked, as indeed Steele well might, for they fought muzzle to muzzle. But surely these are hyper-criticisms on words rather than detections of historical errors. Just as when I say "that Lady Shrewsbury and Buckingham plundered and dissipated all her son's estate," your correspondent interposes—"this is by no means true." And yet it is true that they were dissipating his estate till they were checked by proceedings, and had plundered so much that, although there was a minority of fourteen years, young Shrewsbury succeeded to an estate deeply in debt. Thus, if there is an exaggeration in my "all," there is a greater, and coupled with some ignorance, in his "by no means."

I have now gone through your correspondent's charges, and I am tolerably confident he could hardly offer me any one of his own or his neighbour's articles in which I

could not find as many and as *prodigious* mistakes as he has picked out of mine. I have to apologize for boring you with these long explanations and justifications, but they seem to me to be due both to you and to myself. I have no doubt I am often guilty of negligencies and inaccuracies, but I think the present attack is harsh and mainly unjust.—Ever very sincerely yours,

H. RICH.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Clifton, July 27, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—Nothing but some unforeseen and insuperable hindrance will prevent my fulfilling early in September my engagement about Taylor's book.[1] But it will not answer as a leading subject or corner stone. It is too good to be made into a mere peg on which to hang disquisitions, and it is not good enough to be made the text for a very long discourse. I am bound to acknowledge that Austin is to my mind extremely fatiguing. I have no great love for such subjects, especially when they are handled with the formal divisions and tone in which preachers construct their sermons. Yet I hear that Senior (an incomparably better judge) extols it highly. To myself it reads like the composition of a man who had passed his whole life in a college or lecture-room. I am very sorry to think so, for I have a special regard for him and her, and in conversation I really know not a more interesting or eloquent man. I could make, and I have heard criticisms on my own contribution[2] much more difficult to repel than those you mention. Yet, on the whole, my conclusion is, that it has interested those who have read it, which perhaps is in this style of writing the condition of all others the most important to fulfil. Tell me (and tell me with the most absolute sincerity) whether you would think it prudent to resume the subject of the Jesuits, especially with reference to their quarrel with the Jansenists. Perhaps you and I might be accused of

[1] "Edwin the Fair."

[2] "Ignatius Loyola and his Associates," July, 1842.

Jesuitism, for it is my creed that their faults have been enormously exaggerated, and this is unpopular, and might be dangerous ground. If this be not a fatal objection, the subject itself has the recommendation of being curious, and in a certain sense new. I have just received an odd book, or rather a book on an odd subject, of which something might be made. It is an imitation of George Herbert's *Country Parson*, and professes to exhibit the ideal character of an Advocate. That again is a matter not very familiar to the multitude, and capable of many pleasant illustrations, especially from the list of French, Scotch, and Irish Lawyers. You see that I am desirous to help you by suggestions, of which kind of aid I suspect you have more than enough.—Ever most truly yours,

J. STEPHEN.

HENRY ROGERS.

Birmingham, August 16, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I herewith send you the larger portion of the article[1] on the "Right of Private Judgment," respecting which we corresponded some months ago. I honestly confess I think the article on the whole the best I have sent you; but it by no means follows that you will think so. I well know how signally incompetent authors often are to judge of their own compositions. If your opinion, therefore, should be unfavourable, I beg you will make no scruple of summarily rejecting me. Such has been your uniform kindness and courtesy, that I shall at once feel convinced that if you could have done otherwise you would, and that what is done, is done because you deem that your public duty demands it. You see *I* at least am not disposed to call in question the "Right of Private Judgment."

I told you that I should probably not even name the various writers on whose opinions I proposed animadverting. I found it impossible to adhere to this; it would neither have been just to my own argument, nor satis-

[1] Art. 4, January, 1843.

factory to the reader, who might in some places think that the writer was dealing with imaginary antagonists. With regard to the writer in the *British Critic*, whom I suspect to be Newman, I have shown him no mercy, and I am sure he deserves none. After reading what I have cited from him, I am sure you will agree with me. Whether it be quite according to rule, to make, in one periodical publication, such free remarks on a writer in another, I know not, but I believe there are precedents which justify it, and I am confident that if ever it were justifiable it is in the present case. What can be said of a man who avows his downright, hearty, stupid preference of the ancient system of persecution in the year 1841, and "confesses his satisfaction at the infliction of penalties for a change of religious opinion!" Ought etiquette to protect such unspeakable extravagance? The other writers whose opinions I have chiefly noticed, are Mr. Gladstone, and the Authors of the Tracts. In the latter parts of the article, I found it impossible (while striving to keep the logic as close as possible), to avoid giving the whole a ludicrous air. But I do not think the article will be either the worse or the less useful for that. You are happily free in Scotland from the "Puseyite priest with his little volume of nonsense," as Sydney Smith happily phrases it; but I assure you the faction is doing immense mischief in England; they are really getting thousands to acquiesce with unreasoning credulity in all their absurd pretensions, merely by dint of gravely and solemnly asserting them. In no public organ whatever can their doctrines be so powerfully or appropriately counteracted as in your Journal, and if I am not able to do anything worthy of the cause, I am happy to think you have many who are.—Yours most truly, HENRY ROGERS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, August 30, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I had a short talk about the Edinburgh Review with Palmerston just before he left London. I

found him irresolute; and we were interrupted by other people before we finished what we had to say. I have since written to him, and I send you his answer, from which you will see in what state his mind is upon this subject. I told him, what is quite true, that there were some public men of high distinction whom I would never counsel to write, both with a view to the interests of the Review and to their own; but that he was in no danger of losing by his writings any part of the credit which he had acquired by speech and action. I was quite sincere in this, for he writes excellently.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Brocket Hall, October 13, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have a great many apologies to make to you for not having sooner answered the letter which I received from you some time ago, inviting me to contribute to the Edinburgh Review. I can assure you that I felt much flattered by your communication, and that my delay in replying to you has been partly occasioned by my unwillingness to decline so tempting an offer, as long as I thought that I might have a chance of being able to avail myself of it. Though I have found from day to day my avocations and employments continuing to occupy all my time, I have, nevertheless, hoped that I might look forward to more leisure by and by; but I now see that the case becomes desperate, and that I have no prospect of being able to send you anything that would be worth inserting in your admirable Review. This is a great disappointment to me, but you are so well supplied with able hands in all your departments, that I much doubt whether, even with more leisure time at my disposal, I could have found any gap to fill up.—Yours faithfully, PALMERSTON.

LORD BROUGHAM.

London, August 3, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—You *are*, indeed, in a proper scrape, if you must do such an act—of what shall I call it?—as

review Jack Campbell's Speeches. Are you aware that they are the standing jest of the whole town, both in and out of the profession? No one has, of course, read them, but only seen them cited in newspapers. However, it was not necessary to read, or even to see that much. The very fact of *his* publishing his speeches was what raised endless ridicule in all quarters. As for inserting a panegyric written by an old *élève*[1] of his on the Oxford Circuit, surely you cannot be serious. Why you never would hear the last of it. Then consider the inevitable consequence to the poor man himself. It would bring down upon him the most fierce attacks, and really with some justice. Whether you would escape, you are the best judge; but I should not wonder if it were said that, never having ventured to insert any article on *my* Speeches, men might wonder at your going out of your way for Jack Campbell's. Observe, I speak without the least knowledge of them, for I never have seen them, nor, indeed, met with any one who had. I must add, that I speak without the least feeling as to my own; for I declare most positively—and I rather believe I have said so before—that had you been permitted to insert any article on mine, I should have been very much annoyed. The publisher might have been the better for it, though I doubt even that. To me it could not have done the least good, and must have been very unpleasant. So I give you most impartial advice as to Jack Campbell—impartial in another sense, that, as I naturally must now be no very warm well-wisher to the Review, except only as far as you are yourself concerned, I believe no one thing could do it more injury than this article.—Yours ever, H. B.

August 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have brought the Edinburgh Review with me, and been reading it on the road. I began with the first article—*Loyola*, and was fairly driven from it

[1] The late Sir T. N. Talfourd.

after trying a few pages. Why will Macaulay fancy that a luscious style is fine writing? And why will he disgust one with talking of *men's blue eyes*, etc.? I really could not stand it, and was driven away to the next. Always upon stilts, never able to say even the plainest things in a plain way, wrapping up his meaning, almost like his imitator Empson (founder of the enigmatic style, whose motto is *riddle my riddle*), half poetry, half novel, no argument, no narrative—fifty little periods in a paragraph, fifty little sparkling points in a sentence—really I shall be compelled (as Charles Fox said), one of these days, to write a large book against these gentlefolks, who are spoiling our style in its composition nearly as much as the newspapers are spoiling its diction. In leaving the article to go on to the next, I just saw another outrage—"poor dear old Dr. Johnson"—or some such vulgarity. It is very provoking, when a man has such extraordinary abilities, and really some powers of a first-rate order, and see the result of it all. He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House, breathless and knocked up, and able to say nothing but "Oh dear, oh mercy." What's the matter? being asked. "Oh, Macaulay." Then every one said "That accounts for it—you're lucky to be alive," etc. Edinburgh is now celebrated for having given us the two most perfect bores that have ever yet been known in London, for Jack Campbell in the House of Lords is just what poor Tom is in private society. I don't believe, on this subject, there is one single exception in the whole House—one person who can endure the infliction of your late Member;[1] and yet his ability is very great in his profession, and so is his learning, and he is a very good-humoured man withal. But he has not the remotest idea of the fastidious place he has got into, or of his being the most disagreeable speaker that ever tired it. He has been of excellent use

[1] Sir John Campbell was made a Peer and Lord Chancellor of Ireland in June, 1841.

in the judicial business of the session, and has ungrudgingly given his time and labour to it, and most usefully. Roebuck's article [1] is really as good as possible. There are a few slips of little consequence on English law and practice, but generally the doctrine is sound, and there is a just tone of *liberality* towards other systems, and no dogmatism in favour of our own, against some parts of which just as much may be said as he has justly said against the French. I mean. after I have strengthened myself with breakfast, to try Tom again. Fasting, I really could not. I may possibly succeed better then.—Yours ever truly,

H. B.

Brougham, August 19, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must suspend your laugh by reminding you that I had only read two or three pages, indeed hardly that, and then tried once more and stopped, so that I had a right to suppose it was Macaulay's. When I made my third or fourth attempt, and read a page or two more, I was as certain that it could not be Macaulay's as I was of my own existence. I shall endeavour to read it in the course of the Autumn, but my repugnance to the kind of writing is so invincible that I shall have a hard task. The author, whoever he is, and I suspect Stephen, is the more inexcusable because clearly a clever man, and capable of better things; and, in fact, his nauseous writing is what only a clever man could do. In what I said of reviewing Campbell, I only used the expression as a strong way of saying how little I feel any newspaper or other attack of a party nature. You had been kind enough to suppress some such attacks in the Review, and I said, or meant to say, that with all gratitude for the kindness of your intentions, I should have cared nothing for any such vituperation.—Yours truly, H. B.

Brougham, October 16, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—How can you suppose that I should

[1] Trial of Madame Lafarge—French Criminal Jurisprudence," Art. 2, July, 1842.

conceive the slightest blame could rest upon you (supposing always I am right in objecting to the publication), when J. Allen himself gave the letter[1] for the purpose? You certainly had nothing whatever to do but print it in that case. That he was quite wrong I still think. I believe him to have been partly blinded by party feelings, and partly to have overlooked the great charge the letter brings against Lord Holland—a charge which I own I feel to be the more heavy the more I consider the subject. I have also a very distinct recollection that this was the impression at the time, and that the exclamation of those who saw the letter was (I mean of our own people, and including the Jerseys, at whose house it was written, and who were then as violent party folks as the Hollands themselves): "Did ever mortal man take so strange a course for effecting his purpose as to write an exasperating letter to be shown the party who had the event in his hands, or was supposed to have it?"

I have now read some more of the Review, and with the greatest approbation generally. A single glance at the fulsome praise of H. Taylor in one page, has made me postpone reading that article.[2] I don't like what I have read of the concluding article,[3] not merely on account of the absurd and extravagant praise of poor Baring, and the total oblivion of the services to free trade rendered near twenty years ago by Wallace, Huskisson, and Robinson, the real beginners of the practical reforms which they did without any party or personal view; and an equally entire oblivion of the manner in which M'Culloch in those days sung their praises in the Review. But I am alluding now to a much more serious matter. The question now really comes to this, are we sincerely and honestly the friends of certain principles of reform and improvement? Because, if we are, assuredly anything more hostile to the

[1] Lord Holland's letter to Lord Kinnaird respecting the execution of Marshal Ney, inserted by Senior in his Article on "Berryer's Autobiographical Recollections," October, 1842.

[2] "Taylor's Edwin the Fair," by Stephen.

[3] "The Late Session," by Lord Monteagle.

progress of these principles cannot be conceived than to sneer at all who adopt them, nay, to make it a charge against them. If, indeed, we care not one straw for our principles, and only pretend to hold them for the purpose of playing a party game, then all is intelligible and consistent, but not very honest, and not very wise either in the long run. I can well understand a person saying, "I want to displace the Tories, because my principles are more fully held by the Whigs, and will by them be more completely carried into effect. Therefore I will by all means turn them out, and even by attacking them for the moderate reforms they make." But can any man affect to believe that such a thing is on the cards? Suppose you could beat the Tories; suppose the gross delusion, which is fit only for a daily paper, were all true instead of being the very reverse of the truth, namely, that the Tories would not have had a majority had they known of Peel's Liberal tendencies; suppose he were out to-morrow, and a Whig Government restored, surely a man must belong to some other planet who can bring himself to believe that such restored Whig Government could carry greater measures of commercial and legal reform than Peel finds it hard enough to carry with all the Opposition supporting them, and the great majority of the Tories prevented from opposing them. I do assure you that I see with unfeigned sorrow the determination shown in the Liberal party (I mean the late Cabinet, and their immediate allies, for the Party generally are regarding it with disgust), to take the very line of the Orange and ultra Tory people, and, with liberality on their lips, to do everything that they can do to make the Government less liberal and less reforming. Rely on it, I am not the only person by a very great number who feels this.—Yours ever truly,

H. B.

JOHN ALLEN.

October 22, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Before I received your letter, it had occurred to me that it would have been better not to have

allowed Mr. Senior to publish Lord Holland's letter to Lord Kinnaird while the Duke of Wellington was alive, as everything connected with the fate of Ney must give him pain, and no one would needlessly give pain to another, more especially to a man of such eminence, and who has rendered such public services as the Duke. But, in the first place, the subject was to be revived in the review of Berryer; and, secondly, the letter was purely argumentative, and such as might have been delivered as a speech in Parliament without offence. The expressions to which it was understood the Duke of Wellington had objected, were cancelled; and care was taken to mark that the letter did not arrive at Paris till after Ney's execution. As to what Lord Brougham has heard of the letter having been disapproved of at the time by Lord Holland's friends, I can only say that those to whom it was shown before it was sent approved of it highly, and thought that, if it arrived in time, it might induce the Duke to reconsider the subject; nor did I ever hear of any one afterwards who thought it likely to do harm. I know not on what grounds Lord Brougham doubts whether the letter was ever intended to be shown to the Duke. It was written for that purpose, at the particular request of Lord Kinnaird, who was very solicitous for the Duke's sake that Ney's life should be spared, and thought a letter from Lord Holland might make an impression on his mind. It is very true that Lord Holland regretted that Kinnaird had shown the letter when it was too late and could do no good, and that the Duke was *then* irritated by expressions which, had the letter not been too late, might have produced a different effect.

As to attacks on Lord Holland, from whatever quarter they come, Lord Holland's friends must be prepared to repel them as well as they can. That Lord Holland, in the course of his political life, may, at different times, have thought and wrote differently of the same persons, is not at all improbable. I should wish to know what public man has done otherwise. What is blameable is to speak

and write differently to different persons of the same man at the same time.

With regard to the Life of Mr. Fox, Lord Holland had begun, not a life, but a collection of materials for his life, which I have had transcribed and brought down to the beginning of the French Revolution, but what is to be done with it is still undetermined.[1]—Yours faithfully,

JOHN ALLEN.

P.S. Lady Holland reminds me that the draft of the letter to Lord Kinnaird was written at Woburn, and highly approved of as likely to make a favourable impression on the Duke by the persons there, such as the late Duke of Bedford, Rogers, and others whom she does not recollect, as it was at Middleton, from which it is dated, by Lord and Lady Jersey. Nor can she, any more than I, imagine who were the friends of Lord Holland that disapproved of it. Lord Holland was very much concerned at Lord Kinnaird's having sent it to the Duke of Wellington after the death of Ney had made it impossible it could do any good; and this he expressed immediately to Lord Kinnaird, and afterwards to Sir Charles Stewart when he saw him at Paris. As to Lord Brougham's warmth on the subject, it is, like many other parts of his conduct, what I cannot attempt to explain.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, October 19, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—This morning I received Dickens's book. I have now read it. It is impossible for me to review it; nor do I think that you would wish me to do so. I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. I cannot praise it, though it contains a few lively dialogues and descriptions, for it seems to me to be, as a whole, a failure. It is written like the worst parts of Humphrey's Clock. What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant, as in the first two pages. What is meant to be fine, is a great deal

[1] The collection of materials referred to by Mr. Allen was edited by Lord John Russell, and published under the title of "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." 4 vols., 8vo. 1853—1857.

too fine for me, as the description of the fall of Niagara. A reader who wants an amusing account of the United States had better go to Mrs. Trollope, coarse and malignant as she is. A reader who wants information about American politics, manners, and literature, had better go even to so poor a creature as Buckingham. In short, I pronounce the book, in spite of some gleams of genius, at once frivolous and dull. Therefore, I will not praise it. Neither will I attack it; first, because I have eaten salt with Dickens; secondly, because he is a good man, and a man of real talent; thirdly, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do; and, fourthly, because I wish to see him enrolled in our blue and yellow corps, where he may do excellent service as a skirmisher and sharp-shooter. I think that when you have read the book you will be of my mind, that the less we say about it the better. If you think it necessary to have a review, you can have no difficulty in finding a reviewer. But I, you perceive, am out of the question.

I cannot conceive that there can be any objection to the publication of Lord Holland's letter. There are many things, indeed, in the letter from which I dissent. But, on the whole, it does Lord Holland great honour. Nor can it be from regard for him that Brougham objects to the publication. For in all the doctrines of Lord Holland about the war of 1815, doctrines from which I dissent, Brougham notoriously concurred.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

My little volume will be out, I think, in the course of the week. But all that I leave to Longman, except that I have positively stipulated that there shall be no puffing.

Albany, November 16, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—On my return from a short tour, I found your letter on my table. I am glad that you like my *Lays*, and the more glad because I know that, from good will to me, you must have been anxious about their fate. I do not wonder at your misgivings I should have felt

similar misgivings if I had learned that any person, however distinguished for talents and knowledge, whom I knew as a writer only by prose works, was about to publish a volume of poetry. Had I seen advertised a poem by Mackintosh, by Dugald Stewart, or even by Burke, I should have augured nothing but failure; and I am far from putting myself on a level even with the least of the three. Almost all my friends, I believe, expected that I should produce something deserving only to be bound up with Lord John's unlucky *Don Carlos*. So much the better for me. Where people look for no merit, a little merit goes a great way; and, without the smallest affectation of modesty, I confess that the success of my little book has far exceeded its just claims. I shall be in no hurry to repeat the experiment, for I am well aware that a second attempt would be made under much less favourable circumstances. A far more severe test would now be applied to my verses. I shall, therefore, like a wise gamester, leave off while I am a winner, and not cry Double or Quits.

As to Madame d'Arblay, I will fall to work on her immediately. I took her memoirs, her novels, and her reminiscences of her father with me on my travels last week, and read them again from beginning to end. She was certainly a woman of talents and of many good qualities; but she had so many foibles, and the style which she wrote, particularly in her later years, was so execrable, that I heartily congratulate myself on having refused to come under any engagements to her family. I need not say that I shall not follow Croker's example. But truth, and a regard for my own character and that of the Review, will compel me to mix a little delicate censure with the praise which I shall most cordially and sincerely bestow.

I shall certainly not visit Edinburgh while your meeting of fanatical priests is sitting. Indeed, your advice, and that of Sir James Craig, have almost determined me not to go among you this year.

I agree with you about the last Number, which has had very fair success here. You do not say what you purpose to do respecting Dickens and his American Notes. As to poor Leigh Hunt, I wish that I could say with you that I heard nothing from him. I have a letter from him on my table asking me to lend him money, and lamenting that my verses want the true poetical *aroma* which breathes from Spenser's Faëry Queen. I am so much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging manner, how little he likes my poetry, that I shall send him a few guineas, which I would not have done if he had praised me; for, knowing his poetical creed as I do, I should have felt certain that his praises were insincere.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, December 3, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am at work for you, though some hindrances have been in my way. I do not very much like the subject [Madame d'Arblay]; but I think that I shall send you something readable.

Longman has earnestly pressed me to consent to the republication of some of my reviews. The plan is one of which, as you know, I had thought, and which, on full consideration, I had rejected. But there are new circumstances in the case. The American edition is coming over by wholesale. To keep out the American copies by legal measures, and yet to refuse to publish an edition here, would be an odious course, and in the very spirit of the dog in the manger. I am therefore strongly inclined to accede to Longman's proposition. And, if the thing is to be done, the sooner the better.

I am about to put forth a second edition of my little volume of *Roman Lays*. They have had great success. By the bye, Wilson, whom I never saw but at your table, has behaved very handsomely about them. I am not in the habit of returning thanks for favourable criticism; for, as Johnson says in his life of Lyttleton, such thanks must be paid either for flattery or for justice. But, when a strong

political opponent bestows fervent praise on a work which he might easily depreciate by means of sly sneers and cold commendations, and which he might, if he chose, pass by in utter silence, he ought, I think, to be told that his courtesy and good feeling are justly appreciated. And I should be really obliged to you if, when you have an opportunity, you will let Professor Wilson[1] know that his conduct has affected me as generous conduct affects men not ungenerous.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, December 12, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER,—Many thanks for your friendly letter. I do not know whether you are aware that, under the late Copyright Act, Longman and I have a joint property in my articles in the Edinburgh Review. That is to say, Longman cannot print them in a separate form without my consent. The bargain between us is on terms very favourable to me. The House takes all risks, and the profits are to be equally divided. They seem, however, quite confident that there is no risk of loss, and even that the profit will be considerable. I am not, however, in want of money. And I should not have consented to the republication if I were not convinced that the question is now merely this—whether Longman and I, or Carey and Hart of Philadelphia, shall have the supplying of the English market with these papers. The American copies are really coming over by scores, and measures were in progress for bringing them over by hundreds. I do not see, therefore, what I could do better than agree to Longman's proposal. Much obliged to you for your kindness about Wilson. I am just about to bring out a second edition of my little volume, with only a few verbal changes. My article[2] will be with you certainly before the end of

[1] "Your grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy." See *ante*, page 118.

[2] "Madame d'Arblay," January, 1843. This Article contained a passage about Croker, which my father considered too severe. Macaulay would not admit this, and vindicated his severity in that "singularly powerful letter," to which Mr. Trevelyan so pointedly refers in his "Life of Lord Macaulay" (i, 124), but which he does not print, though he takes care to make known

the month, which, as I reckon, will be very good time. How much earlier I cannot say, for I am forced to go to Bowood next week, and there it is impossible to do anything but talk, walk, and eat,—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, December 26, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I have a brother (who rejoices in the dignity of knighthood) from whom I this morning received the letter which I inclose for your perusal. I never heard of the writer of it before, but, from the date of it, I surmise that he is the Editor of a newspaper called the *Patriot*—a publication, of the existence of which I suppose you were as ignorant as myself till now. However, Mr. Hare, of the *Patriot*, being, as it seems, a friend of my brother's, makes, through him to me and to you, an application that I would write, and that you would publish, an account of certain Baptist Missionaries. You will see that the Baptist is a little gruff and sullen, even when seeking the obstetric aid of the "The Edinburgh People." We (if it be not presumptuous in me to use the first person in this case) have no right to be angry, for, to this day, the blisters raised by Sydney Smith's caustic are unhealed. I confess that I think, and have always thought (*pace tanti viri*), your predecessor judged ill in permitting the infliction of those wounds; and now that I have the honour and the happiness to know Lord Jeffrey, and to observe how his love of mirth is controlled by the sense of justice, and by an affectionate spirit, I think he must have been under the fascination of the most jovial of priests, when he permitted him to cicatrize the whole brotherhood of Nonconformists so severely. But a virtual recantation of what was so done might, for obvious reasons, be impolitic,

that it recites "certain unsavoury portions of Croker's private life." Would not Mr. Trevelyan have shown his usual consideration for the feelings of the living, by abstaining from saying anything about the contents of a letter which he does not venture to publish?

though it would of course be most popular and welcome with a large body of people.

I acknowledge my own preference for heroes of a more romantic caste, and St. Bernard is one of these. I bought and read a large part of Neander's life of him, which is densely German, in so much that the subject of the portrait is hardly to be seen through the thick mist from out of which he looms. There are far more interesting accounts of him in other authors. My chief objection to handling him at this moment is, that there will probably appear next year a very elaborate book in illustration of his life and character by Mr. Churton, whom it would be far better to follow than to precede on this ground. I am not quite sure that it is altogether wise to be hymning the praises of illustrious Papists in quick succession. One would be sorry to contribute anything to the popularity of that faith, nor is it particularly agreeable to be supposed to have such a propensity. There is a book recently published which, if Ecclesiastical Biography is to be my province, seems to me to hold out greater attractions. It is the translation of four or five chapters from Fleury, embracing the lives of some of the great names of the fourth century. It is an Oxford book, and is designed, of course, to call us all back to the Church Catholic and Episcopal; but it touches on a noble passage in the history of the human understanding.

I have not troubled myself much to consider what kind of sentence ought to be pronounced on the *Roman Lays*. I have read them repeatedly, and with great delight; and a little boy of mine, in his eleventh year, recites them with the utmost possible glee. I always attach great moment to the impression made on intelligent children by poetry. Suffrages seem to me to be strongly and decidedly in favour of the book. But there is a considerable body of dissent. The dissenters maintain that the *Lays* are not Roman, but *Walter Scottish*—that they are picturesque, and not characteristic—and that the poetry lacks passion, philosophy, and a vast many other good things

as essential to good poetry as sweetmeats are to a bride-cake. To all of which I listen, without losing one particle of my conviction that my friend has written a delightful book, the like of which no other living writer has proved his ability to produce.

When I first read your letter, I blundered into the wrong meaning, and supposed you to say that you meant to spend your holidays in London. I was sorry to find, on a second perusal, that I had read you amiss. If you should come here, you would find all your political friends as well beaten as ever political party was. Except Lord Palmerston, there is not a man among them who has any fight left in him. These last ten years form a very remarkable and instructive chapter in English history. Let us hope that some wise man will have the writing of it.—Ever most truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

January 5, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—I cordially agree with you that it would not do to write up the missionaries with a view to writing down their inimitable satirist. I heartily wish he had let them alone, but there are good reasons in abundance why you should not open that old wound. I can't say that I enter into their personal cause as I could wish to do. One and all they seem to me too solicitous to produce a striking effect, and to have too large an infusion of dramatic nature for persons of their high calling. The fact is that they have been, almost all, low men at first, and are embarrassed on appearing in the conspicuous stations assigned to them. If I should live long enough, I should like very much to return to the Jesuits a year or two hence. A more curious subject than that of Jesuit morality can hardly be treated of. The history of England since the Reform Bill is a subject which Lord John Russell ought to undertake. I suspect that he will have full leisure for it. I sincerely thank you for your good wishes. I have no firmer purpose than to use my first liberty by going to see you and Lord Jeffrey at Edinburgh, in full

faith on your and his hospitality. It is a sorrow to me that it should be so difficult to me to make out such a journey. In the meantime, I cordially hope that you and yours will have as large a measure of health and happiness as is compatible with the condition of our sublunary existence. It is a condition which, as far as I see, is not compatible with unmixed enjoyment.—Ever most truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

CHARLES DICKENS.

London, Devonshire Terrace, January 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Let me hasten to say, in the fullest and most explicit manner, that you have acted a most honourable, open, fair, and manly part in the matter of my complaint,[1] for which I beg you to accept my best thanks, and the assurance of my friendship and regard. I would on no account publish the letter you have sent me for that purpose; as I conceive that by doing so, I should not reciprocate the spirit in which you have written to me privately. But if you should, upon consideration, think it not inexpedient to set the Review right in regard to this point of fact, by a note in the next Number, I should be glad to see it there.

In reference to the article itself, it did, by repeating this statement, hurt my feelings excessively; and is, in this respect, I still conceive, most unworthy of its author. I am at a loss to divine who its author is. I *know* he read in some cut-throat American paper, this and other monstrous statements, which I could at any time have converted into sickening praise by the payment of some fifty dollars. I know that he is perfectly aware that his statement in the Review, in corroboration of these lies, will be disseminated through the whole of the United States; and that my contradiction will never be heard of. And though I care very little for the opinion of any

[1] His complaint was that the reviewer of his "American Notes," in the Number for January, 1843, had represented him as having gone to America as a Missionary in the cause of international copyright—an allegation which Dickens repudiated, and which was rectified in the way he himself suggested.

person who will set the statement of an American editor (almost invariably an atrocious scoundrel) against my character and conduct, such as they may be; still, my sense of justice does revolt from this most cavalier and careless exhibition of me to a whole people, as a traveller under false pretences, and a disappointed intriguer. The better the acquaintance with America, the more defenceless and more inexcusable such conduct is. For I solemnly declare (and appeal to any man but the writer of this paper, who has travelled in that country, for confirmation of my statement) that the source from which he drew the "information" so recklessly put forth again in England, is infinitely more obscene, disgusting, and brutal, than the very worst Sunday newspaper that has ever been printed in Great Britain. Conceive the Edinburgh Review quoting "the Satirist," or "The Man about Town," as an authority against a man with one grain of honour, or feather-weight of reputation.

With regard to yourself, let me say again that I thank you with all sincerity and heartiness; and fully acquit you of anything but kind and generous intentions towards me. In proof of which, I do assure you that I am even more desirous than before to write for the Review, and to find some topic which would at once please me and you. Always faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Paris, January 22, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have glanced over the last Number, which seems excellent. You know I had a strong opinion that Campbell's Speeches[1] were better for a kind and even very panegyrical notice than a long article. But I approve of *all* that is said, only I am vexed at the omission of the part of *Hamlet*, namely, his good services in Law Reform as head of the Real Property Commission. A Professor of Conveyancing should have had his spirit moved on that important and kindred topic, and I cannot

[1] They were reviewed by Talfourd, in the Number for January, 1843.

help thinking that some note of the omission should still be made. It is positively an act of mere justice, not only in the individual instance, but to the great and almost paramount subject of Law Amendment, and I can tell you as a fact that Jack insisted on giving up his very valuable time for nothing to that Commission, when we seemed likely to be out of office all our lives. There is one thing perhaps erroneous, namely, his being always a Whig. I never heard of his taking any kind of part in politics till he stood for Stafford. He was a reporter, however, in Perry's newspaper [Morning Chronicle], and probably Liberal. But to put him on a level with Scarlett, Romilly, and some others of us who really took a part which, for twenty-five years, half ruined us in our profession, is a strong thing to do, and illustrates all your observations on Party Newspapers very finely. I wonder whether the mere love of justice would have procured for my friend Jack any mention in the Edinburgh Review, had party been unknown.—Yours ever truly, H. B.

Henry Rogers.

Birmingham, January 30, 1843.

My dear Sir,—I lose no time in rendering my best thanks for your kind note, for your very liberal acknowledgment for the article on the "Right of Private Judgment," and for the very gratifying terms in which you are pleased to express your satisfaction with the article itself. With respect to the article[1] on the stocks, I will take care that the MS. is with you by the 16th or 20th of February. I fear, however, that you will feel almost inclined to send it back simply on the score of length. I found it impossible to do thorough justice to the whole subject, as so comprehensively indicated by yourself, or to give a systematic view of the "dogmas and characteristics of the Oxford Tract School," within two sheets or even forty pages. You will naturally wonder how it is that I should thus have exceeded limits, when

[1] "Puseyism, or the Oxford Tractarian School," April, 1843.

so many single topics have been already so effectively touched on (some fully treated) in the Review. I acknowledge they have been most ably treated, and have both made a careful reference to all the articles which involve the discussion of them, and have alleged their contents as a reason for not entering upon such topics as fully as would otherwise have been necessary. But you will at once see that it was not possible to exhibit the system, *as a system*, and expose it, without doing something more than merely enumerate the dogmas which constitute it, especially where any *new* matter had been put forth on their side in reply to arguments on ours. For example: I found some observations in Gladstone's "Church Principles," evidently designed to be a reply to the unanswerable arguments in the Edinburgh against the "Succession." I have accordingly made merry, for a paragraph or so, with this new matter, referring for the original and still irrefragable arguments against the dogma to the article itself. There may be (indeed, in exhibiting the *system as such*, there must be) a little repetition here and there, seeing that many of the single points have been already so admirably discussed. In all such cases, I have endeavoured to attain as much novelty of statement and illustration as possible. Neither do I think that a little iteration is undesirable, quite otherwise; neither you nor I need it, but the public does; by iteration, sheer iteration, has the mischief been done, and by iteration in a great measure must it be remedied. But I have given the chief space to those dogmas which have not been as yet formally assailed in your pages, more especially that in which the whole system shelters itself—the authority of Tradition. On this subject I have expended great pains and labour, and have taken the opportunity, *en passant*, to deliver critical judgment on two or three elaborate works on the subject, the titles of which will be at the head of the article. Another thing which has lengthened it is, that I have been unwilling to "speak without book," and have, therefore, at the cost of very wide reading and

infinite trouble, verified every important statement by citations from this School's own writers, and principally the Tracts. These I have appended to the foot of the page, enabling the reader at once to authenticate what is in the text, showing their own inimitable nonsense in their own words, and justifying any ridicule or severity with which they may be treated. I should not have thought it worth while to make such a selection were it not, first, that I felt, like the writer of the admirable article on Sewell in the present Number, that it would be difficult to gain credit for the fairness of one's representations without them; and, secondly, that I know that as controvertists, these writers cannot be trusted: they will deny every representation to be any other than simple caricature of their opinions which is not palpably authenticated by their own statements. In point of matter and style, I may remark that the present article will at least do no discredit to the one on "Private Judgment." I cannot say that it is a whit less severe; for in truth I cannot read the absurdities of these men, and see the melancholy consequences of their aberrations without strong indignation.—Yours most truly,

HENRY ROGERS.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Edinburgh, February 10, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—To explain my apparent neglect of your kind communication—in such a case real neglect would be monstrous or rather impossible—I must trouble you with a small piece of autobiography. Your packet was put into my hand between five and six o'clock of Tuesday afternoon, while I was hurriedly trying to make myself producible at a fashionable dinner then imminent in Heriot Row. At the risk of missing the drawing-room, I glanced over the critique,[1] and perceiving that a pleasant repast was therein provided for me, I placed it

[1] Art. 3, February, 1843, "Recreations of Christopher North," by George Moir.

between two lectures on the Moral Sense, and enjoyed it before going to bed. Had George Combe been behind the curtain, he would have had an opportunity of studying the action of the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation. Next morning three Students breakfasted with me, and did not tear themselves away from the fascination of my discourse till a quarter past eleven, giving themselves and me barely time to reach duly the Lecture Room. At two I had to attend an obscure funeral; and from half-past three till half-past five, I was engaged with two Glasgow merchants on an affair of some moment to a dear friend. At six I went to dine with Mrs. Blackwood to celebrate the anniversary of a son's birthday, now in India, nor did I get home till midnight. On Thursday I proceeded towards the Parliament House, where I hoped to see you, but was intercepted on my way, nor after one o'clock had five minutes to myself till eight in the evening. At nine I took up my pen to write you a few lines, but the article catching my eye, I confess I kept reading and musing on it till it was too late to disturb any good man in his own house. This morning I found I had no lecture, and in some trepidation kept composing one in my mind, till my hour was come. I had after lecture an appointment with our friend Professor Forbes in the Royal Society Rooms; and on getting home about four, found a Mr. Hamilton Gray, husband of a lady who has written about Etruscan monuments, anxiously waiting for me, prepared with a monologue which lasted till past five. Lo dinner! and now — post meridian half-past seven—there appears hope of a lull that may last till I subscribe myself, your most obliged and grateful correspondent, John Wilson.

The critique on the *Recreations* is all I could have desired, and more than I could have hoped. That it is finely conceived and beautifully written, I am entitled to say; but I am too well aware of the influence of self-love to venture to believe that it is applicable to me and to my writings. I shall, however, trust that many of

the readers of the Review will think so, and take my friendly and too partial critic's estimate of my merits. I know that your *imprimatur* does not necessarily imply your entire acquiescence in the critic's opinions; yet I know, too, that you would not have admitted into the Review you conduct with such distinguished talent and success, any article containing judgments adverse to your own, and, therefore, I shall indulge the belief that you think favourably of my literary efforts. As the honour you have conferred on me was unsolicited, it is felt by me to be the greater, and I beg you to accept my warmest acknowledgments of your kindness, and to believe that I am, with most sincere regard, your brother Professor,

JOHN WILSON.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Grafton Street, February 11, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are quite wrong as to the Duke. His authority is, and ever must be, the very highest, and for this reason, that besides his great experience and vast sagacity, he notoriously never lets personal or party motives interfere with the exercise of his judgment. Whoever tells you that he approves Ellenborough's absurd proclamations, deceives you.[1] He never said a word of the kind. On the other hand, he is not such a fool, nor am I, as to run away from the real case, namely, Ellenborough's orders, his policy, the things he has done, and mischief he has prevented, to the mere verbal follies he has committed. This would be to conduct Government as men conduct newspapers and (*sit venia verbo*) Reviews. I assure you the Whigs have never committed such folly as they are now committing in attacking Ellenborough. It is the sure way to bring down fire on Auckland and themselves. But they are fallen into such complete

[1] Lord Brougham refers to the Article in the Number for February, 1843, "Ministerial Misrepresentations regarding the East," which concludes as follows:—"Nor will even the approval of the greatest military authority alive, save them from derision and contempt."

neglect and oblivion, that they seem resolved upon making people attack them rather than forget them. I have the happiness of thinking that I have done much to undo their Palmerston abominations in France. My communications from all the leading people there, from the King downwards, show that much has already been done by conciliatory language, and I have gagged some of their war-spouters.—Yours ever, H. B.

N. W. Senior.

London, February 20, 1843.

My dear Sir,—You are very kind to print me *in extenso*. In fact, however, the philosophical part is not one-third of the whole. All the rest is historical.[1] With respect to the Poor Law,[2] my object is to effect an important legislative measure, not, as is usually the motive, to get some fame. I had much rather, therefore, see it curtailed in the Edinburgh than in its full proportions in any inferior and less read journal. Pray send me duplicate proofs. The possession of them enables me to get criticism, and no paper (at least of mine) ever went through a critic's hands without improvement. You ask how I like your new Number.[3] I like the article on the Distress of the Country very much. The one on Weights and Measures is beyond me. Mrs. Austin's you have made one of the best, and so says the world here. Homerus is good, and so is Ford, though not in pure taste. I was not much captivated

[1] "The Law of Nations," Art. 1,
[2] "Mendicancy in Ireland," Art. 3, } April, 1843.

[3] Extra Number for February, 1843:—

Articles	*Contributors.*
1. The Advertising System	A. Hayward.
2. Homerus	Colonel Mure.
3. Christopher North..	George Moir.
4. Bible in Spain	Richard Ford.
5. Social Life in Germany	Mrs. Austin.
6. Wilson's Voyage round Scotland.. ..	Sir D. Brewster.
7. Distress of Manufacturing Districts ..	Lord Monteagle.
8. Standards of Weights and Measures ..	Dr. Peacock.
9. Ministerial Misrepresentations regarding the East	R. D. Mangles.

with that on Wilson's voyage, and the extracts do not impress me favourably as to the book. The first article seems to me rather pert, and in the Blackwood and Quarterly style. The article on Christopher North is my abomination. I think him one of the very worst of the clever bad writers who infest modern literature; full of bombast, affectation, conceit, in short, of all the *vitia, tristia*, as well as *dulcia*. I had almost as soon try to read Carlyle or Coleridge.—Ever yours, N. W. SENIOR.

JOHN ALLEN.

March 25, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Before I received your letter, Lady Holland and I had a conversation with Jeffrey. Nothing could be more good humoured than his reception of our application,[1] but we made no way; therefore, however ill qualified for the office, I must undertake it. I have read the book carefully, and am much pleased with it. I doubt whether Horner's speculative opinions differed so much from mine as you seem to think. He had great affection and veneration for Mr. Stewart, but I should say he was much more inclined to Hume's metaphysics than to Reid's; but these are subjects on which I shall not touch. I shall confine myself chiefly to his general character, and to the political course he pursued, of which I can form a better judgment than most others, having, even at Edinburgh, found him more nearly of the same opinions with me than any other of his contemporaries.—Yours truly, JOHN ALLEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, January 18, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—Another paper from me is at present out of the question. One in half a year is the very utmost of which I can hold out any hopes. I ought to give my whole leisure to my History; and I fear that if I suffer

[1] To write an Article on the "Memoirs of Francis Horner." Mr. Allen undertook it, but did not live to finish it. He died shortly after the date of his letter.

myself to be diverted from that design as I have done, I shall, like poor Mackintosh, leave behind me the character of a man who would have done something if he had concentrated his powers instead of frittering them away. I do assure you that, if it were not on your account, I should have already given up writing for the Review at all. There are people who can carry on twenty works at a time. Southey would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the Quarterly Review in the evening. But I am of a different temper. I never write to please myself until my subject has for the time driven away every other out of my head. When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition. I must not go on dawdling and reproaching myself all my life.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, February 6, 1843.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Thanks on thanks for your kindness and care touching the whisky. I hope to have both the black seals and the red seals soon in safety. The red shall wait till you come, as I hope you will, to the Albany, in the approaching Summer. You have been too long a stranger to us. Thanks, too, for your kindness about the *Lays*. I fully explained to you my feelings long ago. Had I thought that there could be any doubt, I should have written to beg earnestly that my little volume might not be reviewed. I had a letter from Wilbraham[1] this morning, expressing his own delight, and that of the Burney family, at the paper on Madame d'Arblay. Pray can you tell me whether the new and complete edition of Goldsmith's works, promised in Prior's Life, has yet been published? And would it be too late for a review of that edition? I have been reading Prior; and it seems to me that a good article might be made on poor Goldy without at all interfering with the line which Empson took some years ago.

[1] Formerly Member for Cheshire.

There is in the press, I believe, a Life of Addison by Miss Aikin, which contains some new and curious information. You must allow me to bespeak that subject. I look on it as peculiarly my own, for I know him almost by heart. As Dante says—

> "Vagliami 'l lungo studioe 'l grande amore
> Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume."

In general, what I should like to do for you would be literary biography. It costs me little trouble. It does not interfere with my main design. I perpetually meet with things which in a history would be out of place, yet which, in a Life of Goldsmith or Addison, would be most interesting.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, February 27, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—It is quite true that the booksellers told Elphinstone and many others that the paper on Indian Politics was mine, and that the Extra Number had been published on account of it. But I have not heard of any body who, after reading it, believed the story. I do not think that Mangles has by any means made the best of his case. As to the subjects which you mention, I think them excellent, except that I could not treat them to my own satisfaction without reading a good deal for them. There is another subject to which the same objection applies, but which I should not dislike, Mahon's [1] Memoirs of Condé. Bating the folly of writing in French, it is decidedly his best book. And the circumstance that it is not published, and that only a hundred copies exist, would make the article piquant. He would have no objection. I hear much of a defence of the miracles of the third and fourth centuries, by Newman. I have not yet read it. I think that I could treat that subject without giving any scandal to any rational person; and I should like it much. The times require a Middleton.

The Anti-Corn Law League seems to have pretty well effected the work of separating the friends of a fixed duty

[1] The late Earl Stanhope.

from the friends of perfectly free trade, and of putting both at the mercy of the Government and the squires.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, April 19, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—You may count on an article from me on Miss Aikin's Life of Addison. I own that I am greatly disappointed. There are, to be sure, some charming letters by Addison which have never yet been published, but Miss Aikin's narrative is dull, shallow, and inaccurate. Either she has fallen off greatly since she wrote her former works, or I have become much more acute since I read them. By the bye, I have an odd story to tell you, which must remain a secret. I was vexed at observing, in a very hasty perusal of the sheets, a great number of blunders, any of which singly was discreditable, and all of which united were certain to be fatal to the book. To give a few specimens:—The lady called Evelyn, Sir John Evelyn; transferred Christ Church from Oxford to Cambridge; confounded Robert, Earl of Sunderland, James the Second's Minister, with his son Charles Earl of Sunderland, George the First's Minister; confounded Charles Montague Earl of Halifax, with George Savile, Marquess of Halifax; called the Marquess of Hertford, Earl of Hertford, and so forth. I pointed the grossest blunders out to Longman, and advised him to point them out to her, without mentioning me. He did so. The poor woman could not deny that my remarks were just; but she railed most bitterly both at the publishers, and at the Mr. Nobody who had had the insolence to find any blemishes in her writings. At first she suspected Sedgwick. She now knows that she was wrong in that conjecture, but I do not think that she has detected me. This, you will say, is but a bad return to me for going out of my way to save her book from utter ruin. I am glad to learn that, with all her anger, she has had the sense to cancel some sheets in consequence of Mr. Nobody's criticisms.

My collected Reviews have succeeded well. In spite,

however, of the applause and of the profit, neither of which I despise, I am sorry that it had become necessary to republish these papers. There are few of them which I read with satisfaction. Those few, however, are generally the latest; and this is a consolatory circumstance. The most hostile critic must admit, I think, that I have improved greatly as a writer. The third volume seems to me worth two of the second, and the second worth ten of the first.

Jeffrey is at work on his collection. It will be delightful, no doubt, but to me it will not have the charm of novelty, for I have read and re-read his old articles till I know them by heart. We shall send him back to you pretty well in spite of routs and dinners. I breakfasted with him to-day, and thought him in great force. You must really come, and let us make you a little sick this year. I shall be out of temper with you if you put us off again.

Brougham is all but mad. One of his freaks has been making up violently to me. After a complete cut,—for we had not spoken for years,—he saw me in the House of Lords, ran to the bar, caught my hand, clapped me on the shoulder, all but embraced me, praised my verses, urged me to speak more in Parliament, and so on. I was as dry and cold as possible, and thought I should have put a stop by this demeanour to his civilities. But no. A few days after this he came to Miss Berry's in the evening, and accosted me again in the same style. I extricated myself as fast as I could, made my bow to my hostess, and walked home. The stories which wander about town respecting his sayings and doings are almost incredible. Yet I have reason to believe that the strangest and most startling of them are true.

I have just received the new Edinburgh Review, and have read three or four pages of the article on the *Puseyites*, which I like much. I should be glad to know who wrote it.[1]—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

[1] Henry Rogers, Art. 8, April, 1843, "Puseyism, or the Oxford Tractarian School."

Albany, June 15, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—I mistrust my own judgment of what I write so much, that I shall not be at all surprised if both you and the public think my paper on Addison a failure; but I own that I am partial to it. It is now more than half finished. But I have some researches to make before I proceed. I have all the rest in my head, and shall write very rapidly. I fear that I cannot contract my matter into less than seventy pages, but you will not, I think, be inclined to stint me. I am truly vexed to find Miss Aikin's book so very bad that it is impossible for us, with due regard to our own character, to praise it. All that I can do is to speak civilly of her writings generally, and to express regret that she should have been nodding. I have found, I will venture to say, not less than forty gross blunders as to matters of fact in the first volume. Of these I may perhaps point out eight or ten as courteously as the case will bear. Yet it goes much against my feelings to censure any woman even with the greatest lenity. My taste and Croker's are by no means the same. I shall not again undertake to review any lady's book, till I know how it is executed.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

July 8, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have attended to your remarks, as you will see, except that I have not altered the allusion to the *Satirist* and the *Age*. When you consider that both those papers have been prosecuted this Spring for the most infamous calumnies, that the editor of one of them has been hissed off the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, and that the names of both have become proverbial all over London, I think you will not object to my mentioning them incidentally in a contemptuous manner. If they were unknown, the case would be different. But they enjoy a notoriety as great, though by no means so enviable, as the Edinburgh Review itself, and are subjects of conversation everywhere. Half-a-dozen Peers were put

into the witness-box in the late cause between the Duke of Brunswick and the *Satirist*. When a nuisance becomes thus conspicuous, I think that we may condescend to utter a short exclamation of disgust and disdain. I am truly glad that you like the paper. I could easily have made it twice as long, and it seems to me to be here and there a little meagre; but I think that it will be found readable, which is always my first object. The paper in the *Tatler* to which I referred is that on Taliacotius's Restoration of Noses. I think it one of Addison's very best. The papers on the Pleasures of the Imagination are certainly very ingenious, and pleasingly written, but there has been so much progress, since Addison's time, in the philosophy of taste that, if I were to send a reader to those papers now, he would be disappointed.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

July 8, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—Thanks for your care. I meant the historical disquisition on India, which I selected because it was Robertson's last work, and might be supposed to be the best specimen of his style.[1] As to the fact, look at Note II at the end of the disquisition. The second sentence runs thus: "When we recollect, etc., we *will* cease to wonder."—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

I could find other examples if I had time.

Albany, July 22, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—I hear, generally, favourable opinions about my article. I am much pleased with one thing. You may remember how confidently I asserted that "little Dicky" in the Old Whig was the nickname of some comic actor. Several people thought that I risked too much in affirming this so strongly on mere internal evidence. I have now, by an odd accident, found out who the actor

[1] Macaulay, in his Article on Addison, coupled Robertson and Scott as guilty of *Scotticisms*, "at which a London apprentice would laugh." My father thought this unjust to Robertson, and quoted Dugald Stewart's opinion, that Robertson was "remarkably free from Scotticisms."

was. An old prompter of Drury Lane Theatre, named Chetwood, published in 1749 a small volume, containing an account of all the famous performers whom he remembered, arranged in alphabetical order. This volume I picked up yesterday, for sixpence, at a book-stall in Holborn; and the first name on which I opened was that of Henry Norris, a favourite comedian, who was nicknamed Dicky, because he first obtained celebrity by acting the part of Dicky in the Trip to the Jubilee. It is added, that his figure was very diminutive. He was, it seems, in the height of his popularity at the very time when the Old Whig was written. You will, I think, agree with me, that this is decisive. I am a little vain of my sagacity, which I really think would have dubbed me a *vir clariss*, if it had been shown on a point of Greek or Latin learning. But I am still more pleased that the vindication of Addison from an unjust charge,[1] which has been universally believed ever since the publication of the *Lives of the Poets*, should thus be complete. Should you have any objection to inserting a short note at the end of the next Number? Ten lines would suffice; and the matter is really interesting to all lovers of literary history.

Senior's article[2] seems to me very good; nor do I dislike Hayward's,[3] though it is rather frivolous. Generally, the Number is amusing.

As to politics, the Ministers are in a most unenviable situation, and, as far as I can see, all the chances are against them. In the first place, the chances of life are against them. The immense name of the Duke, though now only a "magni nominis umbra," is of great service to them. His assertion, unsupported by reasons, saved Lord Ellenborough. His declaration that sufficient precautions had been taken against an outbreak in Ireland, has done wonders to calm the public mind. Nobody can safely

[1] The charge was, that by "little Dicky," Addison intended to designate Sir Richard Steele.

[2] "Free Trade and Retaliation," July, 1843.

[3] "Parisian Morals and Manners."

venture to speak in Parliament with bitterness or contempt of any measure which he chooses to cover with his authority. But he is seventy-four, and, in constitution, more than seventy-four. His death will be a terrible blow to these people. I see no reason to believe that the Irish agitation will subside of itself, or that the death of O'Connell would quiet it. On the contrary, I much fear that his death would be the signal for an explosion. The aspect of foreign politics is gloomy. The finances are in disorder. Trade is in distress. Legislation stands still. The Tories are broken up into three or more factions, which hate each other more than they hate the Whigs. I mean the faction which stands by Peel, the faction which is represented by Vyvyan and the *Morning Post*, and the faction of Smythe and Cochrane. I should not be surprised if, *before the end of the next session*, the Ministry were to fall from mere rottenness.[1]—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Broadstairs, September 16, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hinted, in a letter of introduction I gave Mr. Hood to you, that I had been thinking of a subject for the Edinburgh. Would it meet the purposes of the Review to come out strongly against any system of education, based exclusively on the principles of the Established Church? If it would, I should like to show why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the dangerous classes of society. This is the only broad ground I could hold, consistently with what I feel and think on such a subject. But I could give, in taking it, a description of certain voluntary places of instruction, called "the ragged schools," now existing in London, and of the schools in jails, and of the igno-

[1] The Peel Ministry did not break up till 1846.

rance presented in such places, which would make a very striking paper, especially if they were put in strong comparison with the effort making, by subscription, to maintain exclusive Church instruction. I could show these people in a state so miserable and so neglected, that their very nature rebels against the simplest religion, and that to convey to them the faintest outlines of any system of distinction between right and wrong is in itself a giant's task, before which mysteries and squabbles for forms *must* give way. Would this be too much for the Review?—Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, September 30, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I am just about finishing my grand republication,[1] which I have resolved to dedicate to *Sydney*,[2] as the true founder of the Review, and the only survivor (except Murray,[3] who never did anything) of the original *conspirators*. I should not wonder if Brougham should resent its not being to *him*. But I don't care. He did not come in till after the third Number, and our assured success. I wish you would come to us for a day or two here. We can give you a warm room, and a better example of temperance than you might always have found under this roof.—Ever faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 4, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I cannot tell you yet whether I *repent* of yielding to your seductions, or am glad that I gave way to them. The truth is, that I am as much in doubt, now that I have *practically* determined, as I was while there was *res integra*, and I shall have misgivings till I see what sort of reception I meet with, in this not very popular

[1] "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review." 4 vols., 8vo.

[2] "To the Reverend Sydney Smith, the original projector of the Edinburgh Review, long its brightest ornament, and always my true and indulgent friend, I now dedicate this republication, from love of old recollections, and in token of unchanged affection and esteem."

[3] The late Lord Murray, one of the Judges of the Court of Session.

character of a *revenant*. Generally, I find the writing better than I expected, and am foolish enough to be *surprised* at the goodness of some passages. But I am not at all sanguine as to any revival of popularity, and I am afraid shall be more vexed than I should be, if any clamour should be raised about the impropriety of *a Judge* republishing such matters. *This*, indeed, is the main ground of my misgivings. If I were not a Learned Lord, I think I should be glad to have made this experiment, hit or miss. By the way, what do you say to my dropping or retaining my official dignity on the title page? Macaulay has sunk his Privy Councillorship on his, and says merely, Essays, by Thomas Babington Macaulay; and, in his dedication to me, he calls me merely Francis Jeffrey. I am very much inclined to follow his example. But might it not be attacked, as showing either that I was ungratefully slighting the honours conferred on me, or that I felt I was disgracing them by what I was about, and wished to keep the ill-suited or outraged Judgeship out of sight? At all events, I think I may eschew the mockery of *Lord*, and say, by Francis Jeffrey, one of the Judges. But tell me how it strikes you.

As to Scott's mistake or exaggeration of my willingness to renounce politics, I had been thinking of setting the matter to rights by a short statement in the Preface. But I doubt much whether it be at all worth while. That I *could not* have made any such offer, in the broad sense which the passage implies, must be manifest, when it is considered that I *had no power* to make such an offer, and that nobody knew this better than Sir Walter, with whom I had often enough talked of the impossibility of keeping *my greater Barons* in order. I have no doubt that I joined him in regretting that there should be so much violence and personality as there had sometimes been in the Review, and promised that I should do all in my power to abate it. But, as to renouncing politics altogether, or party politics (which in a periodical paper is the same thing), the notion is palpably ridiculous; and I well remem-

ber that, on one occasion (which I think must have been anterior to that which he refers to), when he complained of the undue proportion which our political articles bore to those on literature, and said, that he thought it would be far better if the staple of the work were decidedly literary, and the politics only occasional and reserved for *great* occasions, I told him distinctly that, in the present temper of the country, that could not possibly be, and made use of this expression, "The Review stands, as you and I do, on two legs, and *its right leg* is politics." Of this I have a distinct recollection. But I cannot pretend to any clear remembrance of the particular conversation to which he refers, and naturally feel the awkwardness of setting up this circumstantial or inferential sort of contradiction to what may fairly be represented as a note of it made at the time. Yet, what I have now stated is the only contradiction I could give, and you see to what it amounts. As to the imputation as it stands, I really feel no personal uneasiness, and do not quite see on what grounds Cockburn and some others attach so much importance to it. Nobody, I suppose, will believe, or even say, that I was indifferent to Whig principles in 1809, or before or *after*. My chief danger is from a very opposite imputation; and yet this is all, so far as I see, that could be inferred to my prejudice, from Sir Walter's account of our conversation, however it may be taken. It will be obliging, however, if you will take it into consideration, and tell me whether you think some such an explanation as I have now given would be of any use? If it would, I should have no scruple about putting it into the Preface from the fear of this contradiction being construed into an *admission* of the truth of other imputations not so contradicted; for I really know of no such imputation about which I care one farthing. Anything published to my disadvantage under such a name as Sir Walter's may seem to call for an answer, but common cavillers or revilers, I think I can afford to despise.—Ever faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 7, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—As to Scott, as my intention was (and is) to write my Preface while in Ayrshire, you will see that I must wish to have your notions before my return here. You have the whole case, I think, before you; and surely neither you, nor Cockburn, nor anybody else, when suggesting the propriety of a public explanation, could have reckoned upon any more positive or *direct contradiction* than that which I am ready to give, as none of you could well have imagined that Sir Walter could possibly have written down *a mere lie* in a private letter at the time, or expected that I should now charge him with absolute falsehood or invention. What he has so written, I *know* conveys a very erroneous impression of the truth, which may be owing in part to misunderstanding of what actually passed between us, and in part to a hasty and inaccurate way of expressing it. I think mainly to the latter. But this just makes the difficulty of the case—setting my recollection and *circumstantial* grounds of conviction at the distance of thirty-five years against a contemporary record; a difficulty which would not have been much less, if I had thought of pointing out the inaccuracy when it was first published, thirty years after the transaction, in 1838.—Ever faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Have you seen Brougham's Letter[1] to Sir James Graham? Devilish clever and bold in the polemic and factious part, and I suspect difficult to answer from former rash statements and implied confidences. The codification part is, on the whole, quite right and very well put.

Craigcrook, October 21, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I was *possessed* by a devil of sheer idleness all the time I was in Ayrshire, and could scarcely read your new Number [October, 1843] through, much less write you an account of it. However, I have now

[1] "On Law Reform."

read and duly perpended the different articles, and give you out my deliverance thereon as follows. *Horner*,[1] on the whole, is satisfactory, though somewhat *nimious* both in praise and the importance ascribed to many just enough but ordinary doctrines. However it will prove pleasant reading, I think, and tend to enforce right opinions and feelings. *Hay*[2] and his mighty scientific and yet empirical dogmas on colour and form, certainly will *not* be pleasant reading, and I should imagine will be little read at all. I stuck in it more than once, and finished with a strong, though perhaps an ignorant and impatient impression, that it was a bit of solemn nonsense, or a pedantic dream, and am very much puzzled to guess where the prosy author could have found so congenial and favourable a critic. *Ritter von Lang*[3] is undoubtedly entertaining, and I retract my uncharitable anticipations about it. Yet there is no lack of twaddle, and an observant reader must constantly miss the *masculine* and vigorous views which such a subject should have suggested. The *morale* is very feeble in its artificial emphasis, and there is something laughable enough in the visible *dread* of offending the *present* Germans by censures of their fathers' vices. But I have no doubt the article will be popular, and not undeservedly. The *Anglo-Saxon Biography* is flat and heavy, but as I never read anything about Anglo-Saxons which was not, I suppose your artist is not to be blamed for it. Yet, if the said Biographies were worth printing, I think we should have had some specimens or abstracts of them, some citations or summaries from such of the authors, in prose or verse, as contained anything curious or characteristic. The worst thing in the article, however, to my taste, is the long, dull, prosy account of the Society from which the work emanates, and which, if it does not redeem or recommend itself by its future services, certainly can derive no credit

[1] "Francis Horner," by Lord Monteagle.
[2] "Hay on Harmonious Colouring," by Sir David Brewster.
[3] By Mrs. Austin.

from its past *history*, which seems a splendid exemplification of laborious *faineantise*, and had better been left in obscurity. Mr. Thomas Wright may be a very learned and accurate person, but the extracts settle the point as to his being either a good writer or a vigorous thinker. The article on the *Drama*[1] is written with spirit and cleverness, but is but a slight affair, and suggests but a plausible remedy for what I take to be an *incurable* evil. While the habits and tastes of our polite society are as they are, the theatre will never be a place of polite resort. *Sir Isaac*[2] is respectable, and contains a deal of scientific gossip, which I dare say scientific people will relish; but it will scarcely attract the incurious, and for difficult readers, will be found deficient in strong or original views. Of *Jeremy Bentham* you already know my opinion, and I agree with you that it is the best article in the Number, and the most worthy of the work in which it appears, though with vulgar readers I suspect that Ritter von Lang will be the favourite, a success which Empson, I am sure, is too gallant to grudge the fair Sarah. I like *The Late Session*[3] better than you seemed to do. The introductory part is not very good, but most of the details are very cleverly put, and some very felicitously. On the whole, I think the Number very respectable, and that it will keep its place in the country houses and battue parties, where it will chiefly be glanced at and tossed about in this season of relaxation and idleness; and I certainly think it fortunate that you are not committed, by a deliberate article on *Ireland*, while so much is almost sure to be added to the materials of judgment before another quarter is out.

And now, in spite of your griefs against Brougham, I venture to send you a letter of his, partly that you may consider the suggestions it contains, but chiefly that you may be satisfied, from what he writes confidentially to

[1] By George Henry Lewes.
[2] "Sir Isaac Newton and his Contemporaries," by Professor Powell, Oxford.
[3] By Lord Monteagle.

me, that he has no personal grudge at you, but in reality hankers after a reconcilement. On the main subject of the epistle, I really think that you should, when it is completed, have a full and weighty article on his "Political Philosophy," and I wrote him to that effect this morning, and promised to express that opinion to you. The subject is a great one; and though I suspect it will be found to have been but cumbrously treated by our Omniscient, that is no reason why the Edinburgh Review should not treat it better, and its author with all freedom and fairness. If Macaulay could be got to take up the subject, he would give you something *glorious;* but I have but small hope of him; and as he could not preserve his *incognito,* there are obvious reasons why he should not come voluntarily forward as the censor of Brougham—reasons, I mean, for his not liking it, for I see none against its being done, and perhaps he may not have the dislike. Empson, I doubt not, would do it very well, but I cannot say that I wish you to ask him, partly because he would take a year to finish it, and partly because it would oppress and distress him, and make him occasionally ill all the time of his gestation. Lewis is given to such subjects, and is a man of much thought and logic. I once thought of John Mill; but there are reasons against him too, independent of his great unreadable book, and its elaborate demonstration of axioms and truisms. But your Encyclopædic correspondence must have brought you acquainted with almost all attainable instruments.

I am just sending my little Preface to the printer, and think I shall ask you to look at the revise, though I do not remember that I ever before showed anybody anything of mine that was about to be printed. But, as it is very much on your opinion and Cockburn's that I have added an explanation about Scott, I should like to know what you think of it when done. My own impression still is that the matter was not *tanti,* and many people will say that I take a great deal of pains to deprive myself of what did me more credit than most of the things I take

credit for. But we shall see. Empson thinks I should drop all notice of my Judgeship on the title-page, and appear as plain Francis Jeffrey, as the book was all written and published before I was a Judge, and has nothing to do with matters judicial or professional; and you know my leaning was (and is still) all that way. However I have desired him to ask Denman and Rolfe[1] what they would do in such a case, and shall probably be guided by their opinion. Good night.—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, November 2, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I send you my *prolegomena*, for which I bespeak your favourable consideration. Both Rolfe and Denman thought I could not sink the Judgeship on the title page, and so you see it is there. I would rather not have had it. I hope you will not be offended at the *egotism* of the Preface, which I take to be of the very essence of such an appeal, nor *surprised* at the moral and censorial tone I assume, for I sincerely think I am entitled to assume it; and have said nothing which I do not conscientiously believe and feel, though *that* is not always a good apology I know. I wished the style to be simple and colloquial; and you must not find fault with it if it should be slovenly. I hate to make alterations after I have finished, so that, unless you have *serious* objections, I should hope for your *imprimatur*. I have ordered a copy to be sent to Empson, but no other mortal has seen or shall see a word of it.—Ever yours, F. J.

Craigcrook, November 4, 1843.

Thank you for your suggestions, but I rather think the result will be as you anticipate. If all the world were as liberal, or rather, as partial as you are, your retrenchments would be quite right. But it is not so; and really and truly the deprecatory tone, as you call it, is not assumed out of any affected modesty, but is the genuine exponent

[1] The late Lord Cranworth.

of my feelings; and I rather think will not strike many people as more lowly (accompanied as it is especially) than was right and natural for a person in my position. I am most struck with what you say as to the concluding paragraph. Yet it strikes me that it was right to offer some answer by anticipation to a remark which the preceding explanations would naturally suggest. "If you think it worth while not to leave these lighter charges without a vindication, why do you not at least contradict some others of weight and notoriety?" And if any answer was to be given, I am sure this is not too humble. As to Sydney, I do not call him the most efficient supporter, but only the brightest ornament; and as to mere ornament and brilliancy, he did in his day deserve that prerogative.—Ever yours, F. J.

November 25, 1843.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I think you will prefer receiving a copy of this great publication from my private friendship, rather than from the public duty of the publishers. As my successor in the Review, indeed, I think you have a right to it by a sort of *preceptio hæreditatis*. But, however, that may be, I beg you now to accept it as a small mark of my personal regard and esteem, though with a little quiet understanding that I should also like you to consider it as a sort of *retaining fee* for defending me against all the attacks you may hear of on the folly and presumption of the publication.—Ever very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

J. S. MILL.

India House, October 14, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been a good deal surprised and even pained by some passages relating to my father in the article on Bentham, just published in the Edinburgh Review. Several of the statements made on the authority of Bowring are incorrect in point of fact; but what I chiefly complain of is the insertion of some things reported

to have been said by Bentham calculated to give a most unfavourable, and as every one who really knew my father must be aware, an utterly false impression of the character and temper of his mind. Mr. Bentham's best friends well knew—I have heard some of those who were most attached to him lament—his entire incapacity to estimate the characters even of those with whom he associated intimately. The opinions he expressed of people depended very much upon their personal relations to himself: and as in the last few years of his life there was some coolness on his part towards my father, it is not unlikely that he may at times have said unpleasant things of him; but it is surely very blamable in a biographer to publish to the world every casual expression which such a man, or, indeed, any man, may have let fall to the disparagement of others. The additional publicity which your reviewer has given to the reflection on my father, was entirely unnecessary and uncalled for in the place where it is introduced; and you will, I know, excuse me for saying that I should not have expected from so old a friend of my father, and one who respected him so much as yourself, that you would have been a party to the needless publication of an attack upon him of the most personal kind from a quarter so suspicious, and yet, from the connexion of the reporter with Bentham (which is not commonly known to have been confined to the period of his extreme old age), so likely to be generally credited and circulated.

I feel that something on my part to counteract the impression has now become indispensable. While the mischief was confined to the readers of Bowring's book, I thought it better to take no notice, but publication in the Edinburgh Review is another matter. The silence of my father's friends and of his natural representative, would now amount to acquiescence, and an ill-humoured remark, very probably misreported by Bowring, would go down to posterity as a true judgment of my father's character. On such wretched trifles depends the remembrance that mankind retain of those whose whole lives

have been devoted to their service. I know I am asking an unusual thing, and though not, I believe, an unprecedented one, yet one with which I can hardly hope for your compliance. But would it be quite impossible for you to print, with the next Number of the Review, a short letter[1] from me containing my protest on the subject? If such a thing is ever admissible, I think this case gives a claim to it, and you are aware how difficult it will otherwise be to find a channel for communicating the truth as extensively and as efficaciously as your Review will circulate the calumny.—Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly, J. S. MILL.

October 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—After the most honest self-examination, I cannot charge myself with any over susceptibility. If I had been really chargeable with any, I should have found much more to complain of than I did; for there are other things in the article quite as injurious to my father as the passage which I wrote to you about. There are mis-statements of fact as well as true facts presented in a false light, respecting my father's connexion with Bentham, sufficient to make any one believe that Bentham had conferred upon my father the most sacred obligations for which he had shown himself ungrateful. To this, however, I did not feel that I had any right to object since the statements were taken from Bowring's book, and had not, as you truly say, been contradicted. Indeed, I did not know of their existence till I read them in the Review. But I did feel hurt when, instead of reprobating the practice of publishing the idle words which one man may say of another in a moment of ill humour, your reviewer repeated and circulated, on no better foundation, general imputations against my father of a selfish, malignant disposition, which I thought you could have told him, from your own knowledge, were grossly unfounded. If he did not give his direct sanction to them, the impression

[1] This letter was published in the Number for January, 1844.

on every reader must be nearly, if not quite the same, as if he had. Besides, in such a case not to defend is to attack, and the attack was more painful as coming from a friendly quarter.

The reason why I took no notice of Bowring's book was literally that I had not read it. I never attached sufficient value to anything Bowring could say about Bentham to feel any curiosity on the subject. I was not then aware that the book contained any mis-statement respecting my father's private affairs. This particular passage I certainly was aware of, and intended to notice when I had again occasion to write anything either about Bentham or my father. But my experience of the literary estimation in which Bowring is held, and of his reputation for judgment and accuracy, was not such as to make me believe that the loose talk of Bentham, reported by him, would excite general attention, or pass for more than it is worth. The case is very much altered when that loose talk has received the *imprimatur* of the Edinburgh Review.

I feel sure that you acted as you thought right, and that you did not know my father sufficiently to feel, and in the way I thought you would, the injustice of the accusation. This is no small disappointment to me, but I cannot justly blame you for it, and I can sincerely say that I shall not retain, respecting yourself, any feeling of soreness whatever.—Very truly yours, J. S. MILL.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

East India College, October 20, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I wish to heaven this odious article [Jeremy Bentham] had been in the fire, before it had been the cause of so much annoyance to you. In my communications with my friends (and with you among the number), I daresay I often express myself incautiously when I have one point of view only in my mind, and give utterance to that without inquiring of myself, whether the words I use may not be misunderstood, and have an offensive meaning which never occurred to me.

For instance, in this case, it never occurred to me, for a single moment, to impute any negligence to you in the revisal of the pages in question. Nor do I believe that Jeffrey meant to do so, in the observations which he made upon the want of pointing and breaking into paragraphs. His observations were the following up of the criticisms of his previous letters (besides oral ones, while with him) on my MS. and mode of composition. It was not you against whom the criticisms were directed, but myself. In that view alone I understood him to be writing, when he went on to say (whether right or wrong is another question), that it would do me a great deal of good to study his correction of my proofs. As far as I remember Jeffrey's printing of my reviews, you may safely challenge comparison. So pray, my good friend, never think that in anything I write, there is an undercurrent of reflection on your dealings with me. You have been always true and kind with me: singularly so: I have been always conscious of it, and of your being one of the men (I do not like to say, few men) upon whose steady friendship one might confidently rely.

I will return John Mill's letter. From the date, the day after the publication of the Review in London, it is probable that he did not know the author of the article when he wrote to you. Of course he will learn; but were it otherwise, I am sufficiently acquainted with him, and take sufficient interest in him, to wish to communicate with him upon the subject, with all the openness of my nature, and with all the respect and good-will I sincerely feel towards him.

If Bentham or Bowring have really done injustice to his Father, he should be thankful for the opportunity which you so properly mean to give him, of pointing out the injustice. How was a reader of the Memoir to guess, in the absence of any contradiction for so many months, that Mill's friends considered he had been unjustly treated by the two B's. If there was a reasonable probability that the account of Mill was a just one, it might answer very

useful purposes to the readers of many of his writings, that they should carry this commentary along with them. If it should be unjust; in case the injustice is Bowring's, it is an additional proof of what I state of the unsatisfactoriness of the Memoir; in case the injustice is Bentham's, of what I state of his ignorance and unfairness even about his friends, which John Mill, by the way, so fully admits.—Ever yours, W. E.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, October 20, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—I had actually begun to write to you when I received your kind letter. I cannot, I am sorry to say, do anything for the next Number. I have got into the midst of the stream with my History; and I do not like to intermit my labours at present. When Parliament meets, more desultory work will suit me better. I will try to do something for the April Number. But what? I cannot say that I much fancy either of the subjects which you suggest. There would, I apprehend, be little to say about Drake. The conquest of Mexico is a noble theme indeed; but it would require much delving in Spanish books; and the reading of Spanish is not quite so easy to me as to be a pleasure. I will wait a few weeks, and see what comes out. Several books are announced which promise well. At the worst I could take Mahon's Life of Condé. There is military adventure, political intrigue, a crowd of characters, a picture of the Court of Louis XIV in its best days. Something might be made of it; and I have my head full of Chambord and Versailles. You once mentioned Hobbes. On the whole, I think that a subject that would hardly suit me. Merle d'Aubigne's fourth volume cannot be long delayed. It is to contain the history of the Reformation in England, and cannot fail to give opportunity for much interesting discussion. Then the new volumes of Horace Walpole's letters might furnish a heading to a view of the ministerial revolutions of the first ten or twelve years of

George III, a time about which few people know anything, and about which I have a great deal of curious information, which has never been printed. Newman announces an English hagiology in numbers, which is to contain the lives of such blessed Saints as Thomas à Becket and Dunstan. I should not dislike to be the Avvocato del Diavolo on such an occasion. You see that I have many plans in my head. At present I cannot decide to my satisfaction.

Your new Number [October, 1843] is very good. Empson's article [Bentham] is excellent. To say the truth, I and everybody here gave it to Stephen, which, without any disparagement to Empson, is rather a compliment.

Brougham's absurdities are merely pitiable while he confines himself to his pen. He is a formidable orator, but a very middling writer, and has never written anything poorer than his last pamphlet. As to his Political Philosophy, I cannot meet with a soul who has read it. As Juvenal says:

> "Utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
> Tempora sævitiæ."

I think of going quietly to Edinburgh at Christmas, if there be no political objection, and if I am likely to find my friends there. What say you to both these points? I really want to have some talk with you and others about Scottish history. I am ashamed to say how grossly ignorant I am of it, except where it is intermingled with the history of England.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, November 25, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—Many thanks for your excellent letter. I have considered it fully, and I am convinced that, by visiting Edinburgh at present, I should do unmixed harm.

The question respecting the Catholic clergy is precisely in that state in which a discussion at a public meeting can do no good, and may do great mischief. It is in a state requiring the most painful attention of the ablest heads; nor is it by any means certain that any attention or

any ability will produce a satisfactory solution of the problem.

My own view is this. I do not on principle object to the paying of the Irish Catholic priests. I regret that such a step was not taken in 1829. I would, even now, gladly support any well-digested plan which might be likely to succeed. But I fear that the difficulties are insurmountable. Against such a measure are all the zealots of the High Church, and all the zealots of the Low Church; the Bishop of Exeter and Hugh Macneile; Oxford and Exeter Hall; all the champions of the voluntary system; all the English dissenters; all Scotland; all Ireland, both Orangemen and Papists. If you add together the mass which opposed the late Government on the Education Question, the mass which opposed Sir James Graham's Education Clauses last year, and the mass which is crying out for repeal in Ireland, you get something like a notion of the force which will be arrayed against a Bill for paying the Irish Catholic clergy.

What have you on the other side? You have the statesmen, both Tory and Whig, but no combination of statesmen is a match for a general combination of fools. And, even among the statesmen, there is by no means perfect concord. The Tory statesmen are for paying the Catholic Priests, but not for touching one farthing of the revenue of the Protestant Church. The Liberal statesmen,—I, for one, if I may lay claim to the name,—would transfer a large part of the Irish Church revenues from the Protestants to the Catholics. For such a measure I should think it my duty to vote, though I were certain that my vote would cost me my seat in Parliament. Whether I would vote for a measure which, leaving the Protestant Church of Ireland untouched, should add more than half a million to our public burdens for the maintenance of the Popish priesthood, is another question. I am not ashamed to say that I have not quite made up my mind, and that I should be glad, before I made it up, to hear the opinions of others.

As things stand, I do not believe that Sir Robert, or Lord John, or even Sir Robert and Lord John united, could induce one-third part of the members of the House of Commons to vote for any plan whatever, of which the object should be the direct payment of the Irish Catholic priests. Thinking thus, I have turned my mind to the best indirect ways of effecting this object; and I have some notions which may possibly bear fruit. To explain them would take too much time. I shall probably take an opportunity of submitting them to the House of Commons. Now I can conceive nothing more inexpedient than that, with these views, I should, at the present moment, go down to Edinburgh. If I did, I should certainly take the bull by the horns. I should positively refuse to give any promise. I should declare that I was not, on principle, opposed to the payment of the Catholic priests; and I should reserve my judgment as to any particular mode of payment till the details were before me. The effect would be, a violent explosion of public feeling. Other towns would follow the example of Edinburgh. Petitions would pour in by thousands as soon as Parliament had assembled; and the difficulties with which we have to deal, and which are great enough as it is, would be doubled.

What I have written will serve as an answer to your question about Senior. You see what my view of the question is. Lord Lansdowne's is a little, and but a little different. He is most strongly for paying the Catholic priests, and is fully prepared to do so, without touching the Established Church, by laying on fresh taxes. He agrees with me in thinking that the revenues of the Established Church would be the proper fund for the purpose. But he reasons thus: "To pay the priests is matter of life and death. We cannot do it without the help of the Tories. The Tories will never consent to touch the Protestant Establishment. We must, therefore, compromise the matter, and take what is second best, since we cannot have what is best." This, as I have said, is not exactly

my view. I do not, however, think that the Edinburgh Review ought to be under the same restraints under which a Whig Cabinet is necessarily placed. The Review has not to take the Queen's pleasure, to count votes in the Houses, or to keep powerful supporters in good humour. It should expound and defend the Whig theory of government; a theory from which we are forced sometimes to depart in practice. There can be no objection to Senior's arguing in the strongest manner for the paying of the Catholic priests. I should think it very injudicious to lay down the rule that the Whig Review should never plead for any reforms except such as a Whig Ministry could prudently propose to the Legislature.

I have a plan in my head which, I hope, you will not dislike. I think of reviewing the *Memoirs of Barrère.* I really am persuaded that I could make something of that subject.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

I may as well say that I am quite convinced that neither Craig nor I can expect to be again returned for Edinburgh. The two next members will be a Tory and an ultra-Radical. The place is in a foam with all sorts of fanaticism, political and religious; and I am neither fit nor desirous to represent men out of their wits. So much the better: my History will go on faster.

Albany, December 13, 1843.

DEAR NAPIER,—You shall have my paper on Barrère before Parliament meets. I never took to writing anything with more hearty goodwill. "*Facit indignatio versum.*" If I can, I will make the old villain shake even in his grave. Some of the lies in which I have detected him are such as you, with all your experience in literary matters, will find it difficult to believe without actual inspection of the authorities.

Senior sent me his proof sheets. I told him that I chiefly objected to two things. One was, the tone of authority which he assumed, as if speaking in the name

of the whole Liberal party; the other was, his declaration in favour of keeping the existing Church of Ireland untouched. I told him that everybody would know him to be the author of the paper; that everybody would instantly guess what I at once guessed, and what he did not deny, that the passage respecting the Irish Church was inserted at the request of his friend the Archbishop of Dublin, and that much as I respected Whately's abilities and integrity, I could not think it desirable that the Edinburgh Review should become the organ of the Irish Episcopal Bench in direct opposition to the feeling of the whole Liberal party. He promised to alter his article in such a way as to remove both my objections. I have other objections less serious. I think the proposition for holding Parliaments at Dublin utterly absurd, and I showed him that it was absolutely impossible to conduct anywhere but in London the business of the only two departments of the Government with which I am experimentally acquainted, the War Office and the India Board. He promised to modify this passage, but I imagine that he will retain the main body of it. I am more and more satisfied that the paying of the Catholic clergy, however desirable, is at present absolutely impossible. If Peel proposes it, down he goes. And, if he cannot carry it, nobody can. Things look blacker in Ireland than ever; and I greatly fear that the disputes with America, thanks to Lord Ashburton's dastardly negotiation, are coming fast to an unfavourable crisis.

What do you hear of Jeffrey's book? The criticisms in the London papers, of which I think little indeed, are coldly civil. My own general impression is this, that the selection is ill made, and that a certain want of finish which, in a periodical work, is readily excused, and has sometimes even the effect of a grace, is rather too perceptible in many passages. On the other hand, the variety and fertility of Jeffrey's mind seem to me more extraordinary than ever. I think that there are few things in the four volumes which one or two other men could not have

done as well; but I do not think that any one man, except Jeffrey, nay that any three men, could have produced such diversified excellence. When I compare him with Sydney and myself, I feel, with humility perfectly sincere, that his range is immeasurably wider than ours. And this is only as a writer. But he is not only a writer; he has been a great advocate, and he is a great judge. Take him all in all, I think him more nearly an universal genius than any man of our time; certainly far more nearly than Brougham, much as Brougham affects the character. Brougham does one thing well, two or three things indifferently, and a hundred things detestably. His Parliamentary speaking is admirable, his forensic speaking poor, his writings, at the very best, second rate. As to his Hydrostatics, his Political Philosophy, his Equity Judgments, his Translations from the Greek, they are really below contempt. Jeffrey, on the other hand, has tried nothing in which he has not succeeded, except Parliamentary speaking; and there he obtained what to any other man would have been great success, and disappointed his hearers only because their expectations were extravagant.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Minto, December 1, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now read with attention the article[1] you sent me. It is, as I thought at first, able, calm, and judicious. There are two or three remarks which you may like to have. Mr. Senior in this paper, as in others which I have seen of his, not knowing the motives which operated on the late Government, falls into mistakes respecting them. He supposes, for instance, that a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy was not brought forward on account of the opposition in Parliament. The fact is, as I stated last year in the House of Commons, that I instructed Lord Normanby to sound some of the Roman Catholic prelates on the subject.

[1] Senior's Article on Ireland, in the Number for January, 1844.

Finding them utterly averse to it, the matter was dropped. So much for the past. Next as to the future. Unless the feelings of the Irish people, their national pride and ambition are satisfied, it is useless to propose stipends for their clergy or outlay of money. They will consider such offers as bribes to church them. I think if you were to insert a paragraph, decided in its tone, on this subject, it would improve the essay. Advert to the speech of Mr. Pitt at the Union, and of Sir Robert Peel on the Emancipation Act, and say that, unless the promises of equal rights and full participation in the benefits of the Constitution are fairly kept; unless Catholics are chosen for office as well as eligible; unless distinction in Parliament and at the Bar are made the roads to the Privy Council and the Bench for Catholics as well as Protestants—in deed as well as in law—it is impossible to expect that any measures, the wisest that could be framed, can have a healing effect.—Yours truly.

J. RUSSELL.

LORD JEFFREY.

December 24, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I must thank you specially for the pleasure you have afforded me by so early a perusal of the new Number. I have just finished that *great* paper on Ireland, and am so full of admiration and gratitude to the author, that I cannot help telling you of it. Nothing so wise, so impressive, so bold and so temperate,—nothing, in short, so powerful and so practical, has appeared in our pages, since the time when we battered in breach in the *minor* causes of Catholic Emancipation and Slavery Abolition. I do not agree in all the views of the author, and think some of his suggestions hazardous and some impracticable. But the truth and justice of the leading doctrines are sustained with a clearness and force, and urged in a tone of calm confidence and authority that must command attention, and lead to conviction in many unwilling quarters. I have never read any publication

which, I think, so sure to produce an impression, so certain not to be overlooked, so secure against all answer, and so likely to have beneficial effects.—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

December 27, 1843.

MY DEAR N.,—I have now read all your new Number[1] (you see what confinement and *désœuvrement* will put a man up to), and here is my *rapport raisonné*. There is thought and some clever suggestions in Mill's *Michelet*,[2] but nothing systematic nor much well made out. I cannot but think, too, that he has made a bad choice of citations, the greater part of which are harsh, self-willed, and affectedly dogmatical. *Belcher*,[3] I think, is but poor, undecided, and without energy, and with a strange omission of any notice of Fitzroy and Darwin's contemporary, and far more important surveys. *Andrew Marvell*,[4] too, is but ordinary work, though there were materials for a striking article, both by a *résumé* of the Parliamentary history of his time, and a careful selection of curious extracts, and there was much more to be said of his poetry and personal character, as connected with it. I once thought, long ago, of making an article on him, and, I think, I should have done it better than your new man. I like the *Juvenile* and *Female Labour* paper.[5] It is very candid, just, and impressive, though I fear it takes far too sanguine a view of the possibility of curing the distresses of our lower classes by *any* legislation that could be adopted. I am puzzled about your *Hahn-Hahn Countess* and her romances. A good part of the article[6] is weakly and even foolishly written, but some of it with great talent, tact, and boldness. I should almost fancy it the work of a woman, though the weaker parts are more like our fair friend Sarah Austin than the

[1] No. 159, January, 1844.
[2] "Michelet's History of France."
[3] "Captain Belcher's Voyage Round the World," by Sir John Barrow.
[4] By Henry Rogers.
[5] By W. R. Greg.
[6] By Hayward.

strong. The Countess herself seems a crazy devil, and her works sufficiently immoral. I cannot, however, agree with her critic in thinking her craziness original; the whole, whether moral or intellectual, being a mere variety of the common German epidemic, with no very new symptoms.—Ever yours, F. J.

N. W. SENIOR.

December 14, 1843.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—You recollect the old man, his son, and the ass. How they rode it, and then led it, and then let it ride them. Such is the usual result of following advice. It is always good to ask it, using one's own discretion as to following it. I have great respect for Lord Monteagle's opinion, and, therefore, submitted to him my detailed plan for the recommendations of the article before I sent it to you. He returned it to me with many remarks, all which I have complied with. Afterwards he and the Archbishop of Dublin met at my house, and we went over the whole subject. When I came to write, I found that, intending to build a sloop, I had laid the keel of a three-decker, and was forced, therefore, to leave out two-thirds of what I had intended to insert. It seems to me that we must let it stand as it did when I sent to you the last revise. We have Lord John's and Lord Lansdowne's approbation, and Macaulay's. We have the Archbishop of Dublin's, except that he wished for a very different view of the Poor Law, and would have wished for a statement showing that the Establishment will not really afford a surplus—a statement to which Macaulay objects. I do not think that the article is to do much good in Ireland, for the Irish do not read. Its field of operation is London.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

January 7, 1844.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—If Macaulay had not protested against it, I certainly was prepared to show that the Protestant Establishment, reduced as it would be by our

proposals to about £470,000 a-year, would not be extravagant. But he maintained that, true or false, such a statement must not be made, it being one of the thirty-nine articles of Whiggism that the Irish Church affords a surplus. By-the-bye, Lord Lansdowne holds that the Catholic clergy not only can be endowed, but that they will be. To turn to a different subject: I asked Stephen the other day how it was that we saw nothing more of him in the Edinburgh Review. He said that in fact I had taken his place. Now, considering the great space that you have let me fill in your pages, four articles in four Numbers, I think it time I should give place to different hands. I am thinking of nothing that will not keep, and I am inclined to think that you would do well if you were to write to Stephen, and invite him to resume his pen. I liked his first articles better than those that followed; but though sometimes obscure, and sometimes turgid, he is a remarkable thinker and writer.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

January 26, 1844.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I am certainly satisfied with the reception of the article, but I ascribe only a small part of the attention which it has received to any merit which it may possess. It owed its currency in the country to its appearance in the Edinburgh Review, the most important political journal that now exists. It owed its importance in London, partly to that fact, and partly, perhaps principally, to its having been known that I was writing it in concert with the principal Whig leaders. If it had been merely a pamphlet with my name to it, or if it had been an article supposed merely to speak the opinions of one contributor, not one tenth of the importance which it now carries as a party manifesto would have accompanied it. I was with Lord Lansdowne the day before yesterday, and Lord Duncannon and Lord Auckland came in, and we had a long political talk. Lord Duncannon said that he was sure that the Cabinet resolved some time ago to introduce into the Queen's Speech a proposal for paying

the Catholic clergy, but that the idea has since been abandoned. Lord L. said that the doctrine among Peel's supporters was that he had gone to the utmost in concession, and would now turn at bay, and defy the Repealers and also the Corn League.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, February 5, 1844.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—It is very good-natured of you to take so much trouble to refute the opinion (by whomsoever entertained) that some fog of Editorial displeasure had risen to intercept the communications between us. I will not deny that I am glad to be assured that it is otherwise, although I have had no one cause, excepting that of your long silence for spinning such a theory. And when I turned my thoughts that way, I had very little difficulty in finding other good reasons in abundance, why you no longer knocked at my door. I knew that many of your contributors must be importunate for a place, that you must be fencing and compromising at a weary rate, that there were many interests of the passing day which you could not overlook, and that we should all have growled like so many fasting bears if denied the regular return of the Macaulay diet, to which we have been so long accustomed.

I daresay you recollect, in Sydney Smith,[1] a reference to a body of people whom he calls "Patent Christians," or the "Clapham Sect." It was a very remarkable assemblage of people notwithstanding. The biographies of two of them have lately been published. They are Isaac Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, and Lord Teignmouth, once Governor-General of India. The party comprised, in addition to them, Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg's father), Lord Glenelg himself, and his brother Robert; Henry Thornton, the author of some theological books, and of a very remarkable book on "The Currency;" Mr. Wilberforce, who was the centre of union to the whole body;

[1] Letters of Peter Plymley.

Mr. Owen, the founder of the Bible Society; old William Smith, of Norwich, the heretic of the circle, for he was a thorough Socinian; Zachary Macaulay, the father of our friend, whose name is enough to bring a glow over the heart of those who knew him very intimately, and who was the editor of a religious monthly magazine, called "The Christian Observer," by means of which Clapham spoke to the rest of the world: John Bowdler, the great light and boast of the publication aforesaid, a very remarkable man who, had he lived, would, I firmly believe, have been by this time Lord Chancellor, and the author of two posthumous volumes which once attracted considerable notice. To these are to be added, John Pearson, a surgeon, who died immensely rich, and lived to teach theology as well as surgery; William Fairish, the Professor of Chemistry at Cambridge; John Venn, the pastor of the whole of this flock; Hannah More, with other ladies of less celebrity; and a longish additional catalogue of persons who then lived together in strict intimacy, although they have now scarcely a survivor left. It has occurred to me that, taking the two biographies I have mentioned as a pivot, something might be made of this group of figures, for their influence on society was neither small nor transient. They were the founders of those great Religious Societies which form so remarkable an element in our political and moral condition at the present day. They were almost all Whigs in politics, and Reformers in principle. They were the real Secret Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade and of Slavery. It was their great object to give to the Evangelical Party a more philosophical and liberal spirit; and they lived and died in the strictest intimacy.

What would you think of a sketch of this group, of their writings and of their lives? Whether it would interest others, I cannot tell; but, in the days of my youth, my acquaintance with the whole body was such that all relating to them has a lively interest for me. Would not this be a little more out of the common track

than Hildebrand, who, however, in case of need, is a very producible person?—Ever most truly yours,

JAMES STEPHEN.

N. W. SENIOR.

April 22, 1844.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—It seems to me, on the question of length, that if your contributors write for the higher purposes, that is, utility or fame, you necessarily will have long articles;[1] for even the longest articles, which I believe that Macaulay's and mine are, are short for the matters treated of. Unsatisfactory as the publication of pamphlets is, I certainly had rather submit the complete results of six or nine months' reading and meditation in the form of a pamphlet, than only a part of those results in the vehicle—I admit, the far more widely diffused vehicle—of a Review. To which it is to be added, that the anonymousness of an article is a great drawback. I have thought much on the question of interference with labour, but I find that I cannot reduce it to any formula except expediency. Brougham's *Political Philosophy* I have not seen in print. I think that it ought to be reviewed, and am flattered by your wishing me to undertake it. I am, as you know, a slow writer, and it is a very small part of the day—about an hour and a half before breakfast—that I can give to anything but law or society. I do not think that he would be quite satisfied, but certainly I should be anxious to treat him as kindly as possible.—Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

East India College, April 25, 1844.

MY DEAR N.,—We received your letter on our return from two or three days in town, and Jeffrey will answer

[1] "Prolixity is the *bête noire* of an editor. Every contributor has some special reason for wishing to write at length on his own subject." So said Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who spoke from some experience, having been editor of the Edinburgh Review for about three years.

his portion in a day or two. He appears, on the whole, as well as we can expect him to be: taking much less violent exercise, avoiding dinner engagements, and attending carefully to diet, but sleeping and eating very sufficiently, and reading and talking at all hours, and far into the night, as vigorously as ever. When we were in town, we dined quietly with Monteagle, and also with Denman. Brougham met us in the street, in the extravagance of superfluous health, vivacity, and, I dare say, of spirits. He is full of his *Codes*, of which he will make nothing in their present state. It is impossible to exaggerate the universal contempt into which he has fallen. So much so, that I cannot imagine what hand is skilful enough for the operation of reviewing his Political Philosophy in any manner which shall not do more harm than good to the reviewer or the reviewed. Nobody reads the book. You will not, and should not, admit a review of it, speaking such truths of it or of himself as would be disagreeable to him. On the other hand, notwithstanding what Lord Althorp may say, it will be very hazardous to praise it, and impossible to praise it in any manner which Brougham will not take as a jealous depreciation of merits which his critic does not dare deny. His position with the party, the Review, and you, is sufficiently notorious to make a review in the Edinburgh of any work of his one of the most delicate operations possible. I am not sorry that Palgrave[1] has declined writing for you. Hallam told me that he was the author of the article on Hume in the last Quarterly. He has a strong antiquarian intimacy with him, but spoke very stoutly against the article, at which Jeffrey and I had been very much provoked; and we were the more malcontent with it, you may well suppose, when we heard who was the author. Macaulay was in his ordinary vigour and spirits, but not looking forward with much pleasure or confidence, I thought, to his political connection with

[1] Sir Francis Palgrave wrote one Article, "Progress of Historical Inquiry in France," in the Number for April, 1841.

your metropolis. It is lucky that the House of Commons is not a necessary of life to him; indeed, scarcely an amusement, nor much of a distinction.—Ever yours,

W. E.

PROFESSOR BADEN POWELL.

Oxford, May 5, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—When I was in correspondence with you last year, relative to my article[1] in the Edinburgh Review, you will recollect that I proposed another contribution on a different subject. Perhaps you will allow me to explain rather more precisely what the nature of my proposed essay is. It refers to certain prevalent views of the study of the evidences of religion in general, especially as connected with the avowed, or but flimsily concealed, sentiments of the Tractarians, who, in fact, directly and indirectly disparage the *evidences* as much as direct sceptics, particularly with regard to miracles (as evinced by Mr. Newman's recent essay on the miracles of the primitive Church). They contend that the whole authority of the New Testament rests after all but on *Tradition*, the same as the legends of the saints, and decry all rational inquiry, and especially the study of final causes, as wholly useless and illusory, substituting nothing but mystery and submission to authority: in a word, depriving Revelation of all positive character. It has long appeared to me that a temperate and liberal discussion of these matters would be very important in the present state of opinion, and, I cannot but think, might be popular. Perhaps, as a running title, it might be called "Mysticism and Scepticism." Should these suggestions appear to you not undeserving of attention, I should feel truly happy to be allowed to offer you my essay.[2]—Very faithfully yours,

B. POWELL.

[1] "Sir Isaac Newton and his Contemporaries," Art. 6, October, 1843.
[2] Art. 8, July, 1846, "Mysticism and Scepticism."

Albany, February 24, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—Monteagle mentioned to me the subject on which he has written to you. I have also talked it over with Lord Fitzwilliam. My own notion is this, and Lord Fitzwilliam highly approves of it. I think that I told you formerly that I meditated a paper on the Administrations of the earlier part of George the Third's reign. Such a paper ought to precede the paper on Burke, as he did not enter Parliament till the Rockingham Ministry of 1765 was in power. The first paper may go down to about 1773. Then the second paper on Burke's letters would take the subject up, and carry it on through the American War as far as might be convenient, Burke himself being the principal figure. But I can engage for nothing till October, and, indeed, it will be some months I imagine, before all the four volumes of Burke's letters are published. I am glad that you liked my speech [on the state of Ireland]. It has had great success both here and in Ireland.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, April 10, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am glad that you like my article [Barère]. It does not please me now by any means as much as it did while I was writing it. It is shade unrelieved by a gleam of light. This is the fault of the subject rather than of the painter; but it takes away from the effect of the portrait. And thus, to the many reasons which all honest men have for hating Barère, I may add a reason personal to myself,—that the excess of his rascality has spoiled my paper on him.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, June 28, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—Burke's Letters[1] are out at last. They will disappoint many readers, but to me they are full of interest. They seem to give an excellent opportunity for a review of Burke's life and writings. I feel, how-

[1] Edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and General Sir Richard Bourke.

ever, some difficulty as to this matter. The article, to be complete, must be inordinately long. I should wish, for example, to say a good deal about the Ministerial revolutions of the early part of George the Third's reign; about the characters of Bute, Mansfield, Chatham, Townshend, George Grenville, and many others; about Wilkes's and Churchill's lampoons, and so forth. I should wish also to go into a critical examination of the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, and to throw out some hints on the subject which have long been rolling up and down in my mind. And when this is done, we have only brought Burke to the threshold of the House of Commons. The American War, the Coalition, the impeachment of Hastings, the French Revolution, still remain. On full consideration, it seems to me that I must ask you to do what you did respecting the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, and what you thought of doing with my paper on Lord Bacon. I mean that I must ask you to let me divide what I have to say about Burke into at least two parts. If you feel an insurmountable objection to this course, we will choose some other subject. For I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, undertake to exhibit my view of the literary and political character of Burke, if I am to be under the necessity of counting lines and pages.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, July 3, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—I quite agree in what you say. I will take Walpole's last series of letters to Mann as my subject for October. Thus I shall clear away all the political matter preliminary to Burke's appearance on the political stage. I never thought of reviewing Churchill's poems. I should merely have referred to them incidentally. It would hardly be possible, indeed, to give a sketch of the politics of that period without mentioning the name of the poet of the Opposition.

I had not received the July Number when I wrote to you last. I have been greatly pleased with Stephen's

article,[1]—the more so from having known, as far as a boy can know men, all the people to whom it relates, and from retaining the most lively impressions of their looks, voices, and manners. I think this paper Stephen's best, which is saying not a little; and I am inclined to augur that it will be very popular.

I must positively go to Edinburgh this Summer. To stay away after what has passed, would be cowardice. *Entre nous*, I think of appearing among you at the beginning of August, and staying a fortnight. Then, perhaps, I may run to the Highlands, or visit Glasgow, and cross to Ireland; but I have not made up my mind as to that.—Ever yours most truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, August 8, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—I hope to be at Edinburgh on Monday the 19th or Tuesday the 20th. At so dead a time of the year I should think that it might be possible for me to escape speeches and meetings, particularly as I mean to go quietly, and without sending notice to any of our political managers. It is really very hard that I cannot visit your city as any other gentleman and man of letters can do. My intention is to stay about a fortnight; and I should like to go to you on Saturday the 26th, and to return to Edinburgh on the Monday. I wish to avoid, if possible, passing a Sunday in the Good Town, for to whatever church I go, I shall give offence to somebody. I fear that Stephen has given up all thought of an expedition northward this year. You may depend on my article. Some of it is written. I will go on with it during my travels, but I cannot promise that it shall be finished till pretty late in September. I must, therefore, apply for the last place. When my visit to Edinburgh is over, I shall be guided partly by the state of the weather as to my further movements. I am in doubt between Ireland and the Scotch Highlands. I am truly sorry to hear of Sir William Hamilton's calamity.[2] I scarcely knew him by

[1] "The Clapham Sect." [2] An attack of paralysis.

sight, and his favourite studies were not of a kind in which I take much interest, but I hope that I did justice to his immense attainments and vigour of mind.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, August 14, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—I have been working hard for you during the last week, and have covered many sheets of foolscap; and now I find that I have taken a subject altogether unmanageable. There is no want of materials. On the contrary, facts and thoughts, both interesting and new, are abundant. But this very abundance bewilders me. The stage is too small for the actors. The canvas is too narrow for the multitude of figures. It is absolutely necessary that I should change my whole plan. What I propose is this. I will not try to write for you a History of England during the earlier part of George the Third's reign, but an account of the last years of Lord Chatham's life. I promised or half-promised this ten years ago, at the end of my review of Thackeray's book. Most of what I have written will come in very well; and I shall easily finish the paper in time for the October Number. You cannot, I think, have any objection to this course. In that confidence, I shall directly set to work on my new plan.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, August 21, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—The article on Chatham goes on swimmingly. I fear that it will be long, but I must huddle it up at the end, if it seems likely to exceed bounds. I shall bring what I have done to Edinburgh, and go on working there at odd moments. But I must carry it back with me to London, for it can only be finished here. A great part of the information which I have is still in manuscript,—Horace Walpole's Memoirs[1] of George the Third's Reign, which were transcribed for Mackintosh; and the first Lord Holland's Diary, which Lady Holland permitted me to

[1] Edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, and published in 1845, in 4 vols., 8vo.

read. I mean to be at Edinburgh either on Monday evening or on Tuesday morning. I would gladly stay with you, as you propose, till the Tuesday, but I shall not be quite my own master. It is certainly more agreeable to represent such a place as Paisley or Wolverhampton than such a place as Edinburgh. Hallam or Everett can enjoy the society and curiosities of your fine city; but I am the one person to whom all these things are interdicted.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Edinburgh, August 27, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—Here I am safe and well. I have been working for you on the road, and shall go on working here. Never was a paper produced with so much difficulty. I have now found it necessary to write the whole over again a third time. I think, however, that the article will at last be very curious and interesting, not from the skill of the workman, but from the rarity and value of the materials. Even to you I really believe that much of it will be as new as a History of the Moon. What, then, must it be to common readers?[1]—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

HENRY ROGERS.

Birmingham, July 18, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I now send you the sequel to the article[2] on *Puseyism*. It has occupied no small portion of the spare time of the last few months, and I hope may prove acceptable to yourself, not unworthy of the high character of your journal, and in some degree useful in checking the pernicious follies of the day. I have entitled it "Recent Development of Oxford Tract Theology."

You will, I am sure, agree with me, that if there are any subjects which excuse long articles, it is these very

[1] In a subsequent letter, he says—"I never took so much trouble with anything as with this paper; but I feel that the success has been by no means answerable to the labour."

[2] "Recent Developments of Puseyism," Art. 1, October, 1844.

general ones, in which the writer has to deal not with a book, but with a hundred books; not with one controversy, but with a complication of controversies; in fact with a great movement of the public mind. While endeavouring to take comprehensive views, I have laboured to justify every more important representation by proper vouchers, the selection of which has given me some trouble. But it is of little avail to make merely general statements: the reply is that they are *but general*, and what is worse, they do not secure *vividness* of impression. I have uniformly striven that my instances should be *few* and *decisive*. For their perfect and literal *fairness*, I frankly pledge any reputation for honesty and accuracy I may have gained with your readers. I have also been anxious to give evidence that your writers do not content themselves with less than *a patient study* of the principal controvertists on both sides. In a note, in one or two cases, I have taken occasion to commend the best writers on the side of what we deem truth. It is always gratifying to authors to find their labours are not overlooked, and this is the only way in which (so voluminous is the controversy) a public journal can notice them. I have not spared ridicule, and I think you will agree with me that no ridicule can be regarded as too merciless. If former extravagancies have called for it, those recently put forth deserve it ten times as much.

While I sincerely and frankly submit the whole to your better judgment, in which from long experience I have abundant reason to confide, I must in justice to myself observe, that even the minor details and the lighter images and allusions have been admitted only after much consideration, and from a conviction that the vivacity thus infused may attract and impress readers who might otherwise hardly be allured to give these subjects so patient a reading as could be wished.

I should not have said so much on the subject of miracles, were it not for the extensive and rapid application which is now being made of Mr. Newman's principles,

in the series of "Lives of English Saints," and other publications, to the whole religious system of the middle ages: publications which have a large sale, and are doing, as I think I mentioned in my last letter, immense mischief amongst the young, ardent, imaginative, and sentimental. A combination of sound argument and unsparing ridicule, seems the only appropriate weapon left to us.

As I have dealt only with the *ecclesiastical and mediæval miracles*, I have trodden on no delicate ground; the single page or so which I have given to the subject of *miracles in general*, being designed to protect the Review from any sinister imputations. I cannot think that any sober philosopher or sober Christian will object to a syllable I have said on the subject.

After investigating the *general state of the evidence* in relation to the "*ecclesiastical miracles*," I have examined in detail the celebrated Ambrosian miracles (of the fourth century), partly because it is about the strongest case which our opponents allege,—partly to secure vividness of impression by taking a single instance; partly to shew that the *particular evidence*, even in the strongest cases, is of the most tattered description; partly because it is so eminently calculated to amuse and relieve the reader; and partly because I flatter myself I have been enabled to place the evidence in a stronger light than (so far as I am aware) has been done by any ecclesiastical historians, who have unaccountably neglected to bring some of the notorious facts in Ambrose's life to bear upon this particular transaction. The facts of course are mentioned by them, but not in this connection.

I now leave the article in your hands; it would ill befit me to say more of it than that it has been the fruit of much time, thought, reading, and labour; and if on these accounts I am disposed to look at it with some little partiality, you will I know forgive me; "the offspring of our minds" as some one says, "being often as dear to us as the offspring of our bodies."—Yours most faithfully,

HENRY ROGERS.

London, July 13, 1844.

SIR,—Are you disposed to have an article on the subject of Lunacy in England, and more especially on the state of the Asylums? If so, be good enough to let me know; and I will endeavour to manage one in the course of the long vacation. I am one of the old Commissioners (I and Mr. Mylne were in fact the two first barristers appointed by Lord Brougham when the Whigs first came into office), and I know as much of the subject, I believe, as any one. I have formerly contributed to the Review (as long ago as 1822 and 1824), writing three or four articles, I think, in perhaps somewhat too ambitious a style. There is one on the Drama, about 1822; another on English Poetry about 1824; and another or two. I am known to Lord Jeffrey, but I do not wish to trouble him for a character, and perhaps you may have heard of some of my nonsense verses published under the name of *Barry Cornwall*, although you are much too sensible a man to read them. The subject of Lunacy is one of interest in England. I have seen all the asylums in England and Wales, and many of them repeatedly; in fact I have for about thirteen years been one of the working Commissioners.—Your very obedient servant,

B. W. PROCTER.

August 1, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I have just returned to London, or I should have answered your kind letter before. I will endeavour to let you have an article on Lunacy for your January Number. I will try to make you a readable article.[1] Two sheets will be sufficient for the subject; for I have not, I hope, the vice of saying nothing in many words. Have you read this Life of old Eldon, which the *Times* and others have been puffing so terrifically? What a shuffling, canting, cringing, sordid old rogue he was! I would not have identified myself with his opinions, as his biographer has done, for anything. It is something after all to have

[1] This Article never appeared.

the liberty of despising such a hunks: and yet, poor old man, he was badly off enough at last. A friend of mine saw him sick and old and lonely, complaining that he was quite forgotten—"Deserted at his utmost need." In fact, nobody came to see him except his daughter, and his apothecary, whose daily visitations announced to him that he had now nothing to do but—*die*.—Yours very truly,

B. W. PROCTER.

LORD COCKBURN.

Bonally, October 9, 1844.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I rejoice in the anticipation of another birth from the Macaulay muse. But, though I incur your contempt by the sentiment, I think the brilliancy of his style, especially on historical subjects, the worst thing about him. Delighting, as I always do, in his thoughts, views, and knowledge, I feel too often compelled to curse and roar at his words, and the structure of his composition. As a corrupter of style, he is more dangerous to the young than Gibbon. His seductive powers greater; his defects worse. But still I rejoice in all his deliveries.—Ever,

H. COCKBURN.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 17, 1844.

MY DEAR N.,—I suppose I ought to have written to you before, for I have been haunted by such a feeling ever since I came home, and my conscience is not apt to have causeless misgivings. But I am sure I *would* have written to you, if I could have confirmed Cockburn's too sanguine report of my being quite well, or even told you that I was at all substantially better. For I have always felt very gratefully the sincerity of your kind solicitude about me, and really would not have neglected gratifying you by such a communication. But the truth is, that my maladies are very much the same as they were, and are not likely, I fear, ever to be better. I am happy to say, however, that my mind is as alert and cheerful as ever, and that I

bear, I hope, not unbecomingly, the sense of my not untimely decay.

I have read *all* your new Number [October, 1844], and think it a good one. The first and last papers are the best, or rather the last and the first—*ὑστερον πρωτερον* certainly. It is all Macaulay,[1] and in his matured strength. Yet I have a notion that more people will think it long, than have so judged of his former papers; and some of the details, and the too copious nomination of individuals of no historical eminence, may be objectionable. I also think that he rates Chatham too high, having always had an impression (though perhaps an ignorant and unjust one) that there was more good luck than wisdom in his foreign policy, and very little to admire (except his personal purity) in any part of his domestic administration. But, however that may be, it is a great paper, for the grand grasp of the subject, the *Demiurgic* ordering of the chaos, the quick seizure of the key to the enigma, and the prompt and luminous application of forgotten lessons to the state and prospects of the present day. The anti-Puseyism[2] is too elaborate, and most laboured in the wrong places. But it is able and powerful, and in many places very well written. I do not care much for any of the other articles, except perhaps that on Tory Rule,[3] which is admirable for its perfect candour and moderation, though many people may think there is too much of these *judicial* virtues in what will after all be considered as a *party* statement. My own solution of the phenomenon is, that the writer is not without hope of being soon called, or recalled himself, to the responsibilities of adminitsration. There is a tremendous piece of fine writing in the two first pages of the Thunderstorms,[4] which, if I had seen it anywhere else, I should have taken for a wicked parody on the lofty vein of your friend Brewster. But as

[1] "Early Administrations of George the Third—The Earl of Chatham:" Macaulay's last contribution to the Edinburgh Review.

[2] "Recent Developments of Puseyism," by Henry Rogers.

[3] "Results of Tory Rule," by Lord Montcagle.

[4] "Harris on Thunderstorms," by Brewster.

it is, I cannot but fear that it is the genuine result of one of his Free Church inspirations.

We have lovely weather still, and I pace upon my terrace with new and constant delight. Will you not come and stay a few tranquil days with us before we move into town? I see no company except at breakfast, lunch, or tea, and never visit from home; but we can talk *Tusculums* morning and evening, and I assure you of a warm room, and the constant example of a frugal and sanitary diet. I cannot see that you can do better. In the meantime, good night, and God bless you.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, November 5, 1844.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—Will you have the kindness to tell me whether I am right in supposing that you calculate on receiving from me a contribution to your next Number on the subject of Pope Hildebrand? If so, I have no reason to doubt that I shall be able to transmit the paper to you by the necessary time. But if I am mistaken, I shall have other use for the leisure hours which I had proposed to devote to it. Do not suppose, however, that I have any wish for delay. I would just as soon dispatch the job now as at any future time—perhaps, indeed, more willingly, for before long I shall have forgotten half of what I have been reading. If nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent it, my expectation is to see you at Christmas. I have a fancy to find out and make acquaintance with your Mr. Rogers on my way, if I can.[1] His second discharge of artillery against the Oxford people is plainly inferior to the first. It is of a looser texture, and did not, I think, lie in his mind as a whole before he began to write about it. Many passages are rather rough notes than studied compositions. Yet there are many admirable

[1] Somewhat later, Mr. Rogers writes—"I received, as you gave me reason to hope, a brief but very gratifying visit from your admirable and excellent friend Mr. Stephen."

morsels, and the general tone of life and energy pervading the whole, triumphs over all objections. I except the disquisition on Miracles, which seems to me to raise more difficulties than it removes. Altogether, however, he is a splendid polemic. The former paper is, in its style, without a rival in English literature, and has much of the power of the *Provincial Letters*.—Ever yours,

J. STEPHEN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, December 6, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am glad that you have such an abundance of materials for the Review. By the bye, I hope that you will make your arrangements for some three or four Numbers without counting on me. I find it absolutely necessary to concentrate my attention for the present on my historical work. You cannot conceive how difficult I find it to do two things at a time. Men are differently made. Southey used to work regularly two hours a day on the history of Brazil, then an hour for the Quarterly Review, then an hour on the life of Wesley, then two hours on the Peninsular War, then an hour on the Book of the Church. I cannot do so. I get into the stream of my narrative, and am going along as smoothly and quickly as possible. Then comes the necessity of writing for the Review. I lay my history aside; and when, after some weeks, I resume it, I have the greatest difficulty in recovering the interrupted train of thought. But for the Review, I should already have brought out two volumes at least. I must really make a resolute effort, or my plan will end, as our poor friend Mackintosh's ended. My last article, as far as I can learn, has been generally liked here. Brougham, I see, has been abusing it, and, indeed, the Review generally, in the *Morning Herald*. But he has found nothing worse to say of it than that the phrase "pleasant boon-companions" is incorrect. For, says this great master of the language, *boon* is *bon*, and *bon* is

pleasant, therefore a pleasant boon-companion is a plea sant pleasant companion, which is a pleonasm. To what degradation spite can reduce very considerable parts. There is, however, one of his criticisms, not on myself, to the truth of which I cannot help assenting. I was very sorry, I own, to see such a paper as that on *Storms* within the blue and yellow cover. I hope that there is no danger of our having any more eloquence from the same quarter. Such execrable bombast taints everything that comes near it. I agree with Lord Dunfermline and Stephen in thinking the first article[1] excellent. I do not understand why the public does it so little justice.—Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

J. S. MILL.

India House, November 9, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been feeling lately a great inclination to write something on the doctrines and projects which are so rife just at present on the fashionable subject of the "Claims of Labour," and the little book[2] so called would furnish an appropriate text, if you are inclined to the subject, and would not prefer seeing it in other hands. It appears to me that, along with much of good intention, and something even of sound doctrine, the speculations now afloat are sadly deficient, on the whole, in sobriety and wisdom, forgetful, in general, of the lessons of universal experience, and of some of those fundamental principles which one did think had been put for ever out of the reach of controversy by Adam Smith, Malthus, and others. The general tendency is to rivet firmly in the minds of the labouring people the persuasion, that it is the business of others to take care of their condition without any self-control on their own part; and that whatever is possessed by other people more than they possess, is a wrong to them, or at least a kind of stewardship of which an account is to be rendered to them. I am sure you will

[1] "Recent Developments of Puseyism," by Henry Rogers.
[2] By the late Sir Arthur Helps.

agree with me in thinking it very necessary to make a stand against this sort of spirit, while it is at the same time highly necessary, as well as right, to show sympathy in all that is good of the new tendencies, and to avoid the hard, abstract mode of treating such questions, which has brought discredit upon political economists, and has enabled those who are in the wrong to claim, and generally to receive, exclusive credit for high and benevolent feeling. I do not know of anything so important at the present time as to attempt to place these subjects in their right position before the public, and it can nowhere be done so well as in the Edinburgh Review, where, I hope, it will be done, even if it should not suit you that I should do it, although I know no reason for thinking that the manner in which I should treat the subject would be unsuitable to you.—Ever truly yours, J. S. MILL.

November 20, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—The article which I have in view would, according to my present conception of it, be rather one of principles than of details; and would, so far, admit the more easily of being brought within the space to which you consider it necessary to confine it. My object would be, to examine and controvert what appears to me an erroneous theory of the condition of the labouring classes. The practical consequences of the theory break out in all sorts of propositions of things to be done for the poor, either by the Government, the millowners, the landowners, or the rich in general; some of which propositions have more or less of utility and good sense in them, others are quite chimerical and absurd, but *all* are absurd when looked to as things of great or permanent efficacy. The discussion of the theory will naturally involve a consideration of the real nature of the duties both of Government and of the various classes of society towards the poor, tending mainly to the conclusion that the greater part of the good they can do is indirect, and consists in stimulating and guiding the energy and prudence of the people them-

selves; in all which I should wish to use details copiously for purposes of example and illustration, but without laying any particular stress upon them, and still less undertaking to specify with any minuteness what particular things either the Government or the employers of labour ought to do or attempt. According to this idea of what the article would be, it does not seem to be of any special importance that it should precede in its appearance any particular discussion in the House of Commons, but of very considerable importance that it should appear soon: the question being, as you justly remark, the greatest of the day, and, moreover, most emphatically the question of *the* day; and although the interest of it with thinkers is not likely to abate, anything written on the subject would both be more useful, and much more successful if it appeared before the subject has been overlaid by the wearisome, long-winded discussions of all the periodicals, and all the speakers in Parliament. We seem quite to agree in our general view of the subject; and if you think favourably of the sketch I have now given you of the mode in which it should be treated, I will set about it, and write the article while my mind is full of the subject.—Ever yours truly, J. S. MILL.

N. W. SENIOR.

December 18, 1844.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—As for Lewis,[1] it will take some time. A branch cannot be cut off and planted as a tree without considerable change. I shall make the article a completion of the whole subject of the science of Government. We treated the relations between independent nations in the article on International Law. We treat the direct relations of a Government to its own immediate subjects in the Brougham article. There remain three relations untouched, namely:—

1. That of independent nations connected by Treaty, as the Germanic League.

[1] "On the Government of Dependencies."

2. That of independent nations connected by a common allegiance, as England and Hanover.

3. The connection between a dominant nation and a dependency.

As for Lord King, I fear I must take him up, but I will do it as briefly as I can. Factory Labour must be left to Mill. He will be ingenious and original, though I own I do not quite trust his good sense. He has been bitten by Carlyle and Torrens, and is apt to puzzle himself by the excess of his own ingenuity. Like Ricardo too, he wants "keeping." He does not cut a knot which is insoluble; but lets a real, but comparatively unimportant difficulty stand in the way of practical action. Now for Scotch Poor Laws. It is curious that I went over that ground on Sunday with Sir George Sinclair. He was with me apparently for the purpose of getting me to undertake it. I told him that I thought there were two objections: one, that I have been writing against Poor Laws for fifteen years, and, therefore, am not impartial; the other, that it ought to be taken up by a person acquainted with Scotland. Now, I never was in Scotland more than once, twenty-five years ago, and then only for a week. My knowledge of the country is only book learning, and wants the freshness of experience and observation. I am not at all afraid of the labour of reading the blue books. I like blue books, but I distrust knowledge so acquired. Still if, on consideration, two months hence, when I have done with Lewis, you think it advisable, and no better workman is forthcoming, I will then undertake it. But I should feel relieved if, by that time, you were to tell me that it were in other hands.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

MRS. AUSTIN.

Paris, January 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I feel as if I ought to bring you my head upon a charger as the smallest expiation of my crimes. If you knew what my life has been, I should not need to feel so much shame, for, indeed, my seeming neglect of

you has been shared with an equal silence towards all my dearest and best friends. The appearance of as tough a job as, I think, I can ever encounter, *Ranke's Reformation*, will partly explain to you my disregard of everything else. It was a work I did not like to refuse on many accounts, and I did not, from his former book, anticipate the extreme toil of it, chiefly from the careless and bad style in which this is written, as compared to that. The defects and blemishes, the chasms and incoherences caused by this unpardonable mode of writing, it fell upon me to remedy, and make good as far as I could, which at least doubled my labour. What I chiefly wish to say is, that I have by no means given up my third article[1] on Germany, which will be the most interesting of all. I don't think it will have suffered by keeping. I wrote under very strong Prussian influences, hearing and seeing so much relating to the French domination there. Perhaps my residence here may give me a fairer view, though I fear not more favourable to the French; but as I am a cowardly person, I think I should not like it to come out till I am safe out of Paris. Not that I have the smallest fear of martyrdom; but, as my last was translated and published in the *Revue Brittanique*, and was known to be mine, this would probably have the same fate, and would extremely disgust some of my friends, or rather acquaintances. I wish to ask you likewise, whether you would like an article on the speeches of M. Guizot in the Session 1844. They have never been collected for publication, but he has given me them all, reprinted under his own eye, and I think the English public would not be sorry to see a sort of retrospect of the whole. My first thought was (on the suggestion of some friends in England) to translate them, and publish a little volume, which, indeed, Murray will do if I like. But, on second thoughts, I think it would be better to give copious extracts from the more striking in

[1] Her two previous Articles were—"On the Changes of Social Life in Germany," Art. 5, February, 1843; and "Ritter von Lang's Life and Times," Art. 3, October, 1843. Her *third* Article appeared in the Number for October, 1847, "Germany—From the Congress of Rastadt."

an article, together with such a thread as will serve to connect and illustrate them. I see M. Guizot constantly and intimately. He will not expect me to be his panegyrist or flatterer; but I know his profound respect for the opinion of England; and as the intrigues of which he is the object, and may be the victim, arise in great measure from his unflinching defence of England, I am desirous of placing his noble speeches before you all. Pray if you see my dear old friend Lord Jeffrey, tell him I send him my affectionate greetings. M. Cousin, whom I also see very often, spite of his vehement opposition to Government, is very anxious about Sir William Hamilton, of whom he can get no tidings. You would confer a great favour on us both if you would send us any report of Sir William's health. M. Cousin has endless projects of writing an article on the State of Philosophy for you. If you give him any encouragement, I am sure he will.

Here is a fine bundle of new year projects for you.—Believe me, very much yours, S. AUSTIN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, February 22, 1845.

DEAR NAPIER,—Till I received your letter this morning, I had not the slightest notion that any paragraph respecting my connection with the Edinburgh Review had appeared in the *Athenæum*. I am much vexed by the occurrence, for which, however, I am not in the least responsible. I never, except to very particular friends, talk about my own writings or literary projects, unless I am absolutely forced to do so. I have told two or three people who wanted me to review their works, that it would be out of my power to do anything of that kind for some months. And hence, I suppose, has arisen the report[1] which the *Athenæum* has given to the public. I own that I am more and more convinced of the wisdom of

[1] The report was, that Macaulay had discontinued his connection with the Edinburgh Review.

my resolution. If I had not taken that resolution, my history would have perished in embryo like poor Mackintosh's. As soon as I have finished my first two volumes, I shall be happy to assist you again. But when that will be, it is difficult to say. Parliamentary business at present prevents me from writing a line. I am preparing for Lord John's debate on Sugar, and for Joseph Hume's debate on India; and it is one of my infirmities—an infirmity, I grieve to say, quite incurable—that I cannot earnestly and heartily apply my mind to several subjects together. When an approaching debate is in my head, it is to no purpose that I sit down to write history; and I soon get up again in disgust.

I am truly concerned to learn that you are uneasy about your health. I hope, however, that on this subject your friends are better judges than yourself. They assure me that you are, to all outward appearance, extremely well. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see you here in the Spring, and to be able to consult you on some points on which I greatly need good literary counsel.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, February 26, 1845.

MY DEAR MR. NAPIER,—You have reason, as the French say, and I have to blame myself only for my miscalculation and its consequences. I must set to work to cut down my seventy-four to a frigate, or, to use a more appropriate figure, I must reduce my full length into a kit-cat. How to effect the amputation, and at the same time to conceal it, will be a problem not to be solved without some additional delay—additional I mean to what I had recently contemplated, not additional to what I originally announced. A fortnight hence the paper [Hildebrand] will, I hope, be in Castle Street. My life on it, Macaulay is not responsible for the statement in the *Athenæum*. On that subject I have never uttered a word to any mortal but

yourself, and I cannot believe that Macaulay has been more indiscreet with so many more motives for discretion. One must say with Lord Melbourne, "I stand in awe of the power of falsehood." I am sorry the statement has appeared, for, uncontradicted, it will do harm. And so poor Sydney Smith[1] is gathered to that great majority which we are all in turn to swell. There was a great lack of congruity between the solemnity of his calling and the drollery of his life. If he had not been a clergyman, there would have been little to detract from the delight with which his wit and vivacity animated all who read his writings, or listened to his talk. No other jester of our times employed that power with so much serious meaning, or enveloped so much just and weighty thought in ludicrous forms of speech. He talked, indeed, merely for exhilaration; but, in his writings, there is scarcely a joke to be found which does not illustrate and advance his argument. He was a kind-hearted and a benevolent man, so far at least as respected his poor parishioners. It was his great misfortune to court the world, and to be courted by it. It is but a hollow courtier. I find that Lord Jeffrey is coming this way. I heartily wish that you would come with him, or, if not, that you would at least come when your next Number is out. There are many hereabouts who would cordially welcome and who might help to cheer you. Your great predecessor[2] in Castle Street, and in the Court of Session, wisely sought and found exhilaration and solace by frequently changing the scene and the circle, though he, poor fellow, was seldom in a state of mental sobriety in either capital.—Ever most truly yours, JAMES STEPHEN.

LORD JEFFREY.

January 1, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—Perhaps you will like to cast your eye over this for the sake of our very old and very amiable

[1] Sydney Smith died on the 22nd February, 1845.
[2] Sir Walter Scott.

friend, the author.[1] He directed that, if I did not object, it should be printed; and I not only did not object, but scumbled up the little Preface which stands before it (which secret piece of authorship I reveal to you, that you may not abuse it too much to my face!). Of the work itself, the Prologues and Epilogues are better, I think, than the body of the Drama, and have frequently a certain Attic elegance about them which I find very pleasing. I suppose it will scarcely be practicable to take any notice of it in the Review? But if some gentle spirit could give a compendious account of it, it would soothe the pale shade of the author, and be very grateful to those he has left behind him. Do you know you rather humiliate me by the warmth of your thanks for a very small effort of good nature, and which gave me as much pleasure as it could possibly do you. The feeling it produced brought to my mind one of the few passages in Wordsworth which have struck me as true to nature, or, at least, the nature of men capable of kindness:

> "Alas! the *gratitude* of men
> Has often left me mourning."

There is so little we can do to help each other, and we do so little of what we can, that we ought to be ashamed to be thanked for our scant courtesies. God bless you.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

A happy New year to you, and as many of them as you make a good use of!

Edinburgh, March 13, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—I am very much obliged to you for the proofs, though I cannot but regret that you should have taken the trouble to write so much in your present state of infirmity. I dare say you are quite right in keeping the Review neutral in this ecclesiastical war; but some notice of its existence, and of the views of the belligerents, may be unavoidable. I am not myself very well, so that

[1] The Reverend Robert Morehead, whose "Philosophical Dialogues" were published under Jeffrey's own editorial care.

I do not start on this *wintry* journey without some misgivings. But God will temper the blast for us I hope; and, feeling that we must all bide our doom, I move calmly onwards, and bate as few jots as I can of hope or confidence. You see poor Bobus has not stayed long behind poor Sydney. What havoc death has been making of late among the seniors! I hope he may now hold his hand a little, and at all events allow you and me to shake hands once more on this side of the Tweed—and the Styx. —Ever affectionately yours, F. JEFFREY.

East India College, March 23, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—We are all very sorry at the bad accounts of your health, and especially disturbed at your ceasing to render any accounts at all. You must give us an authentic *bulletin* at all events, and, since the thaw has at last come, and the winter seems over and gone, we reckon on its being favourable. Here we are all in love and peace, a primitive, patriarchal circle, such as met in the tents of Isaac and Laban of old, before luxury and ambition had come to make life feverish. Virtually and substantially I do nothing all day; with an easy conscience, and much inward complacency, and yet I read a great deal in any book that comes to my hand, and fancy that I learn a great many things which I am very sure soon to forget. One good turn I did you, however, which was hounding on Empson to finish his proofs and revises, and send them off to you for good and all. I even helped as well as urged him, and flatter myself that you may discover the traces of my fine hand in the improved *punctuation* especially. I think it an important, and even a great article[1]—so full of thought and *aperçu*, and so admirable for temper and perfect fairness, which, as you must know by this time, is about the rarest of all virtues in writers on subjects of controversy, and a virtue, when it does exist, but too apt to cohabit with tameness and tediousness.

[1] "The Churches of the Three Kingdoms," April, 1845.

Brougham inundates me with proofs of his new volume,[1] which seems to me more carelessly written than any of the others, though generally candid, and sometimes very vigorous. The most remarkable things in it are, its studiously and even ostentatiously *religious* tone; and several *metrical* translations, by no means ill executed, of striking passages from the poetry of Voltaire. With all good wishes and prayers.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

East India College, April 22, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—Your new Number [April, 1845] is now so old, that I am afraid even you will think any estimate of it a matter of dull recollection, and as I certainly read it all within three days after I got it, it is nobody's fault but mine, that you had not my opinion of it long ago. But, though I believe that you are nearly as old as I am, I fear you have had no such experience of the indolent indulgence and delightful *fainéantise* into which most good old people are seduced, as to make a proper allowance for the amiable way (of do-nothingness) in which I have been passing my vacation. *Hildebrand* is inferior to most, I would say, to *any* of Stephen's former articles, though less from any inferiority in graphic description and scenes of effect, than from the intractable nature of the subject, or rather the impossibility of now giving any intelligible or consistent account either of the characters or the transactions of that distant age. The whole proceedings, of which so bright and richly-coloured a summary is here attempted, are after all to me as entirely *unaccountable*, and indeed as utterly inconsistent and inconceivable as the legends of the Mahabarat or the worst of the Eddas: and in spite of many most audacious and unwarranted suppositions and implied theories, leave no impression on my mind but that of a brilliant confusion, and no more sense of truth or coherent reality than I should receive from an old painted window, with its strange groupings of

[1] "Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the Time of George III."

kneeling bishops and helmeted kings, blazoned shields, and streaming labarums, angels, demons, virgins, and constellations. There is much striking writing however in it, and it will make many good people wonder and admire, though I suspect it will tire out the majority. The *Shakespeare*[1] is much too long, though my idolatry for the subject made me read it not only with patience, but with pleasure and interest. The author, I think, is generally right, and often writes very well. But he is too much occupied with the mere *material* of his subject, and might have said all he had to say in a far less compass. *Ward and Oxford*,[2] I think, excellent, clear, concise, vigorous, and right, full of instruction, in short, and wisdom, and that enforced both gracefully and temperately; and yet it will do no good—at least till after many days. The *Jesuits and French University*[3] is too much loaded with details, and on the whole rather heavy and cumbrous, though sound and instructive. *Prescott*[4] is too much of an abstract, and perhaps of an eulogy, though generally very well and pleasingly written, which after all is the great point in such matters. But I must protest against the author's extravagant and, in my mind, *absurd and offensive* defence of the cruelties and tyranny of Cortes. There are passages which are the mere wantonness of rhetorical immorality, and remind one of the encomium on Nero and fever! The *Claims of Labour*,[5] I think, excellently written, the tone admirable, and the writing at once winning and weighty. I entirely agree with the doctrine, except that I am less sanguine as to the efficiency of the remedies which are suggested, or at all events more painfully impressed with the conviction that the best of them will come, if they come at all, far too late to prevent the tremendous evils which I have long seen gathering around us, and for which I see no remedy.—Ever yours. F. JEFFREY.

[1] "Recent Editions of Shakespeare," Art. 2, by Professor Spalding.
[2] Art. 3, by Senior.
[3] "The University and the Church in France," by Herman Merivale.
[4] "Prescott's Conquest of Mexico," by S. M. Phillipps.
[5] By J. S. Mill.

Cambridge, April 10, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot help inquiring when your article on the "Vestiges of Creation" is to appear. When I wrote to you from Norwich, I had in reversion my annual course of lectures, and my fit of Spring gout, which, for the last eight years, has been the destruction of all my active powers. This Spring the fiend has treated me so tenderly that I have been, so far, capable of writing; and I assure you I have more than once lamented my want of moral courage, and my refusal of your offer of a place in the pages of your Review. I now know the Vestiges well, and I detest the book for its shallowness, for the intense vulgarity of its philosophy, for its gross, unblushing materialism, for its silly credulity in catering out of every fool's dish, for its utter ignorance of what is meant by induction, for its gross (and I dare to say, filthy) views of physiology,—most ignorant and most false,—and for its shameful shuffling of the facts of geology so as to make them play a rogue's game. I believe some woman is the author; partly from the fair dress and agreeable exterior of the Vestiges; and partly from the utter ignorance the book displays of all sound physical logic. A *man* who knew so much of the surface of Physics must, at least on some one point or other, have taken a deeper plunge; but *all* parts of the book are shallow. No *man* would, I should think, have given the *old proportion* of the Equatorial and Polar diameters, and not the more recent and improved numbers. And no *man living*, I should think, would have dared to say that the *same materials* and the same *organic elements must* be found on the condensed surfaces of *all* the *planetary nebulæ*. Again, do you think that any *man* would have built a system of animated nature on the back of Crosse's mote (Acarus Crossii), or hatched a rat out of a goose's egg? Assuredly not. Or, would any *man*, who had the germ of physical knowledge, have given a wolf's brain to a seven months' child? All this we must swallow, and all Gall's stupid organs, at one gulp, if we go with this most

superficial, mischievous, and agreeable writer. The book tells astonishingly in England. I trust that the matrons and maids of the North have more knowledge, more ballast, and better sense than to accept so utterly degrading a system. I dare say the author hardly knows the mischief of her own views. They are the favourites of the ultra-infidel school of France. I need not tell you, for you know far better than I can tell you, how shallow are her metaphysics. With her, the bellowing of an ox and the bleating of a sheep, are phenomena of the *same order* with the abstractions of language—the creations of pure intellect from definitions—the glorious truths thus embodied in words, tested by application to the conditions of actual nature, and thus giving us a foreknowledge of things not known to human sense, yet assuredly to be brought forth hereafter in the womb of time. Our author counts nothing of our moral nature and of conscience as distinguishing us from beasts, as giving rise to human law and human responsibility, and as true, *on experience*, because such law and such responsibility are for the good of man (while on earth) and suitable to his whole nature. Neither does the author account for our future capacities and hopes—the foundation of a religious nature, and again proved by moral experience to be suited to our moral condition. In all knowledge (so far as it is natural, and I speak not now of revealed), surely we argue safely only so far as we are guided by experience. And we *have* a right to talk of moral nature and moral fitness, as well as of physical nature and physical adaptations. From the bottom of my soul, I loathe and detest the Vestiges. 'Tis a rank pill of asafœtida and arsenic, covered with gold leaf. I do, therefore, trust that your contributor has stamped with an iron heel upon the head of the filthy abortion, and put an end to its crawlings. There is not one subject the author handles bearing on life, of which he does not take a degrading view. But I beg your pardon for thus taking up your valuable time; and indeed after my cowardly refusal of your offer, I have not a

moment's claim upon it. At any rate, believe me, very faithfully yours, A. SEDGWICK.

Cambridge, April 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have treated me with great courtesy and kindness, and I will do my best. But I accept the task not without fear and trembling; for should that horrid visitation of rheumatic gout come upon me (as it has done during every Spring since 1838), whatever be my inclination, and however good the theme, there is an end of my power of doing anything. I trust that God will so far spare me. The principles of the Edinburgh Review are the principles on which I have acted and thought, since I was capable of thinking for myself. Of course there have been many reviews in your great work of which I could not entirely approve; but that is a necessary consequence of a succession of many writers, writing boldly on topics admitting of every shade of opinion, and often during times of strong excitement. I hate the Vestiges, because it is shallow, false, and contrary to the great principles of all sound knowledge and all rational inductive truth. There is a modified materialism of which I have no fear. But here we have a rank unqualified materialism backed by false assumptions, and enforced by nothing better than philosophic jargon. The work finds much favour in London, and is now in a fourth edition![1] Why? Because of the shallowness of the fashionable reading world, and because of the intense dogmatic form of the work itself. He who asserts boldly and without doubt, will be sure of a school of followers. This is true of religious sects from Mahometans to Newmanites, and it is equally true of philosophic schools. I believe the author is a woman, but my belief is only founded on internal evidence. You ask me about the length of my review. I cannot tell you, but it must be long, as far as I can see my way. I will compress as much as I can, and you must use your editorial shears without mercy. I

[1] The tenth edition, which is the last, was published in 1853.

shall thank you for so doing. But what a multitude of topics! I must first speak of the origin of our worlds—the nebular hypothesis. It stands now exactly as Sir William Herschel and La Place left it. Comte's investigations have done nothing. They are *shallow* and they are *false.* One part consists of a set of *identical propositions.* It pretends to prove the hypothesis by proving what Newton had *proved before*, and what every astronomer admits. But the *illustrations* of the hypothesis, as far as they are new, are absolutely and *physically false.* I must try to make a point of this, and I am fortified here by the opinions both of Herschel and the Astronomer Royal. The chapter on the Nebular Hypothesis in the Vestiges is the best in the book: but it is full of gross blunders in physics. It would make an admirable subject for a pretty long article. I can only give a few paragraphs, but I must imitate our author, and be as dogmatical as I can, but I hope to be so only where I am right. Then must fellow the world as it is—the geological and palæontological succession. Here I will only take arrows from my own quiver. I could write a volume, but I must condense the nebulosity, and try to make it give out its latent heat. But it is hard for me to tell, in three or four pages, a story which has cost me a quarter of a century and more in reading.

Having gone through these matters, we are again on firm land. We have done with laws of nature and with theories, and we come to the application of our author's doctrine. It deserves unmitigated contempt. I never read a more odious mass of nonsense. Yet it is written, one might think, in simple earnest belief. There is a sort of infantine credulity about it, and a charm in the writing, which makes me think it is from a woman's pen. Unmitigated contempt, scorn, and ridicule are the weapons to be used. I do not know that they fit my hands. But I do feel contempt, and, I hope, I shall express it. Rats hatched by the incubations of a goose—dogs playing dominos—monkeys breeding men and women—all distinc-

tion between natural and moral done away—the Bible proved all a lie, and mental philosophy one mass of folly, all of it to be pounded down, and done over again in the cooking vessels of Gall and Spurzheim! Oh that I could bring back again to my elbow, and obtain the help of our friend Sydney Smith. With all his faults, he was a very kind man, and a better companion, and a better exposer of folly and nonsense never lived. I shall long remember his broad, good-humoured face, as he showed himself in our London club houses, where I often met him. You may now judge of the length of the article. I shall begin it directly, if I continue well. But I never wrote an article for a Review before, and I crave your advice. Just now it will be most valuable.—Very truly yours,

A. SEDGWICK.

June 11, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have looked very carefully over the papers, and I adopt most joyfully all or nearly all your suggestions. The fœtal argument is, I think, quite satisfactory, and I know that it has the sanction of Professors Clark and Owen, two admirable and philosophical anatomists, who have read and worked the subject up to last Saturday night, as Mackintosh used to say. Were all your correspondents as troublesome as I have been, your life would be a torment. If I ever write again for your Review, I will try to begin in good time, and when I am not tormented with gout. The article[1] will, I trust, be effective. I am certain that it contains a great mass of good facts directly bearing on the questions in debate. Whether they will tell with the public, is another question. The geology is up to Saturday night, and for its facts I am more personally responsible than for those in the other parts of the article. With best wishes, and congratulations on being so nearly rid of a most troublesome correspondent, believe me, ever truly yours,

A. SEDGWICK.

[1] Art. 1, July, 1845, "Natural History of Creation."

Kent House, Knightsbridge,
May 19, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you were so kind as to wish me to write on some other subject than that which I took the liberty of mentioning to you, I will now venture to propose an article of a totally different nature. Perhaps you may have heard that a Greek manuscript, containing above a hundred fables of an author named Babrius, was discovered last year in a monastery at Mount Athos, and that the fables were published last winter by Boissonade, at Paris. His edition was a very imperfect one in point of criticism, and two editions have since been published in Germany. Several critiques on the publication have likewise appeared in different continental reviews, and altogether the mass of materials already accumulated is considerable. I had intended to superintend an edition of these fables myself, and had indeed made an arrangement with a bookseller to publish it. I had likewise made considerable progress in preparing it for the press. But my time is so much occupied by other subjects that the German reprints have preoccupied the field, and I should prefer now to write a short article on the subject for your Review. I am not aware that any English periodical has attempted the subject, and I think it is of sufficient importance to justify a separate notice. What I have to say could, I think, be confined within a sheet, and I could prepare it immediately, if it was wanted.[1] I should likewise be glad, if you approve, to begin an article on the legislative measures, passed or proposed, for the benefit of the working classes. My views would agree with those in Mr. Mill's article in the last Number; but I should not go over the same ground as that which he has so well covered. My wish is to write an article showing by copious illustration what ought to be the spirit and tendency of legislation for the improvement of the labouring classes. My official duties have naturally led me to consider this subject with

[1] The Article on Babrius was afterwards given up, by agreement.

much attention; but I do not propose to write the article with any special reference to the English poor laws.[1]—Ever yours faithfully, G. C. LEWIS.

JAMES STEPHEN.

Downing Street, May 14, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Nothing can be more just than your award in the cause of Grotius *v.* Defoe and Leibnitz. As you sit at the feet of so many Gamaliels in the Inner House, you can hardly fail to have cultivated the judicial instinct. If I live long enough, and thrive sufficiently, a whole set of stories, with a covey of criticisms about the life and writings of the Dutchman, shall be in Castle Street towards the end of the Autumn. My more immediate object in writing is to remind you of John Mill's book [System of Logic], of which I have lately been reading a considerable part, and I have done so with the conviction that it is one of the most remarkable productions of this nineteenth century. Exceedingly debatable indeed, but most worthy of debate, are many of his favourite tenets, especially those of the last two or three chapters. No man is fit to encounter him who is not thoroughly conversant with the moral sciences which he handles; and remembering what you told me of your own studies under Dugald Stewart, I cannot but recommend the affair to your own personal attention. You will find very few men fit to be trusted with it. You ought to be aware that, although with great circumspection, not to say timidity, Mill is an opponent of Religion in the abstract, not of any particular form of it. That is, he evidently maintains that superhuman influences on the mind of man are but a dream, whence the inevitable conclusion that all acts of devotion and prayer are but a superstition. That such is his real meaning, however darkly conveyed, is indisputable. You are well aware that it is in direct conflict with my own deepest and most

[1] The Article was published in the Number for January, 1846, "Legislation for the Working Classes."

cherished convictions. Yet to condemn him for holding, and for calmly publishing such views, is but to add to the difficulties of fair and full discussion, and to render truth (or supposed truth), less certain and valuable than if it had invited, and encountered, and triumphed over every assault of every honest antagonist. I, therefore, wish Mill to be treated respectfully and handsomely. I wish it the more because I have a great personal liking for him, and a high esteem for his knowledge and powers. A good stiff job in the thinking way would do you good, and would animate your long vacation. Add to all this, that it is many a day since you have had any speculation on subjects of this kind in the Edinburgh Review.—Ever yours, J. STEPHEN.

N. W. SENIOR.

May 17, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—You shall have Oregon[1] as soon as possible, but it is very stiff work. Nothing but my earnest desire that we should not rush into war in perfect ignorance of both the facts and the law, would induce me to finish it. Now as to Whewell. I have looked through his book[2]—not of course read it—but examined the contents. It appears to me scarcely susceptible of a review, for it is itself a very concise abridgment of the subjects of many hundred treatises. An enumeration of its contents would be a catalogue. A discussion of one or two of his thousand subjects would fill an article. Nor do I feel much peculiar fitness. I am no metaphysician, and a very ill-read moralist. I never read Locke or Stewart, or Brown or Reid, or indeed anything on these subjects, except Aristotle, Paley, and Adam Smith. I never, for instance, read a page of any of Whewell's other works. Again, with Oregon for July, Dependencies for October, Federal Union for January, and Lord King for April, 1846, my hands are rather full. So you see I throw cold water on

[1] "The Oregon Question," Art. 8, July, 1845.
[2] "Elements of Morality, including Polity."

your proposal. Still I recollect that you judged better for me than I did about Brougham. So you may do now, and there are inviting points about the book. I leave the matter, therefore, with you, but shall not be sorry if you find a better hand.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

HENRY ROGERS.

Birmingham, July 26, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Heartily condemning with you any want of charity which may have been manifested towards the Catholics in the late opposition to the Maynooth Grant, and the projected endowment of the Romish Clergy, you are, I am persuaded, too just to confound under one head all who oppose those measures. Those, for example, who adopt the Voluntary System, who think, whether right or wrong, that Establishments have worked rather for evil than for good, may well stand excused for not wishing to see them indefinitely multiplied, and applied indiscriminately to the support of any and all sorts of religious opinions; nor can *he* surely be justly chargeable with want of charity who, sincerely desirous that Catholics should possess every advantage which he himself possesses, or would ask, or could accept, is merely anxious that they should not *compel* him to support what he conscientiously believes error, and error of a very pernicious character. Such is precisely the condition of the Voluntaries of this country, against whom Mr. Shiel brought his charges of extreme bigotry than which, with all due respect for Mr. Shiel's talents, I do not think more exquisite nonsense was ever talked in the House of Commons; for how it can be a breach of charity not to wish to be *compelled* to pay for another man's religion, while we neither ask nor would accept his assistance for our own, passes my comprehension. Sir Robert Peel wishes no doubt to protect the Establishment in Ireland. To provide for the Catholic priesthood out of *its* enormous funds would be just enough, and while Establishments *are* in existence, the Voluntaries can have no objection to such

an arrangement. Heartily do I wish it could be effected. But if Sir R. thinks to quiet Irish agitation by fixing a *new* yoke on the already burdened necks of the people of England, he may chance to find that there may be English agitation at least as difficult to quell as Irish, and in fact that he has but transferred the seat of the evil and not removed it. You have doubtless seen the curious article in the *Quarterly*. I sincerely hope that the *Edinburgh*, should it make any declaration on the subject, may confine itself to proposals to apply the requisite remedies out of the funds of the Protestant Establishment. I am convinced that the attempt to burden the nation with a new establishment will be met by a feeling on one ground and another far deeper, wider, and more invincible than the Premier has any idea of. I have ventured to make these remarks simply because you adverted to the subject, and because I feel very anxious that the feelings of a large body of men amongst us, for whom I have sincere respect, and who are also amongst the most regular readers and hearty supporters of your powerful Journal, should not be misunderstood by you.

With every sentiment of regard and esteem, believe me, yours very truly, HENRY ROGERS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, August 11, 1845.

DEAR NAPIER,—I am truly glad to see your handwriting again. Though we do not at present interchange letters of business, there is no reason for our not sending letters of friendship. As to the Review, you must really go on, as you well can, without me. I have made my arrangements for working with vigour and with scarcely any interruption during the next six months. I shall probably go down to Cambridge in the course of the Autumn to rummage the Pepysian Library. But I shall at no time intermit my work for more than a day or two now and then. The truth is that I begin to fear the fate of poor

Mackintosh. Unless I make some strenuous exertion I shall, like him, be pointed at as a man who began to build and was not able to finish. In any case, I should not think it expedient to go to Edinburgh at present. I have very little expectation that I shall ever represent the Good Town again. The best chance is to let the fanaticism which was boiling last May, and which is still at blood heat, cool quietly. You have had some very good articles in the Review lately. If I were to offer any suggestion, it would be that you would be on your guard against Senior's views of our relations with America, particularly when his views are directly opposed to those of all the Tory and all the Whig statesmen in the Kingdom. The truth is that he is too deeply interested in the credit of the American States to be impartial. At all events, nobody gives him credit for impartiality; and it a little derogates from the character of the Review to have it universally known, as it is, that the office of pronouncing judgment on a grave international question is confided to a person who cannot be unbiassed. If this were the feeling of Palmerston only, I should not mention it. For he is thought, justly or unjustly, by many of our own friends, to be too pugnacious on all points of controversy with Foreign Powers. But Clarendon, who has always been on the pacific and conceding side, Charles Greville, who is an excellent representative of good Conservative society, and others, have made the remark which I mention to you.

Many thanks for your kind expressions about the last Session. I have certainly been heard with great favour by the House whenever I have spoken. As to the course which I have taken, I feel no misgivings. Many honest men think that there ought to be no retrospect in politics. I am firmly convinced they are in error, and that much better measures than any which we owe to Peel would be very dearly purchased by that utter ruin of all public virtue which must be the consequence of such immoral lenity.—Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

Minto, October 9, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to find you accept my proposal,[1] and that I have so much time allowed me. You must not expect biography; the time is not come for that. I think the appearance of the Oregon article was unfortunate. Not because, in a party view, it was at all necessary that the Edinburgh Review should write in accordance with my sentiments on such a subject, but the premature exhibition of a difference in treating the question, when all parties in Parliament had been unanimous, was likely to prejudice our negotiations at Washington. I am glad to be assured that Mr. Senior has no pecuniary interest in the abandonment of British rights.—Yours truly, J. RUSSELL.

N. W. SENIOR.

October 30, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I have not seen Thiers this time; my accident confined me when he was at Bowood. From Lady Duff Gordon, who was there, I am told that he devoted himself to Lady Holland, took little interest in anything that he saw, looked at the pictures, which are very fine, with indifference, and talked continuously, but on trifling subjects. Altogether she was disappointed. Many years ago I met him, and thought him very agreeable. I delight in his History, and have not read, nor shall I read, the Croker article on it. The balance of political misconduct for the last fifteen years is certainly in favour of the Tories. But I think that is because they were the longest in opposition; for it is opposition, not place, which *now* tries a party. The party in power is almost always right as to what it *does*. Its faults consist of faults of omission, not commission. The sliding scale, the sugar duties, and the exemption from income tax of the 150*l.* incomes, are the principal exceptions in Peel's conduct. An Opposition, therefore, which opposes indiscriminately is generally wrong. The Tories did this

[1] To write a character of Earls Grey and Spencer.

most wickedly. But we are not without similar defects. Witness the opposition to the Factory Bill. The foreign relations of a country are, however, the points on which an Opposition is generally most unscrupulous and most mischievous. Such is the case with France now, and probably with America. Such was the case with us in the opposition to the Ashburton treaty.[1] I hope we shall behave better in future; but I own that my principal fears for the peace of the world arise from my fears of the misconduct of the French, American, and English Oppositions. The three Governments will behave well, if they are allowed.—Ever yours, N. W. S.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1, *Devonshire Terrace, July* 28, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—As my note is to bear reference to business, I will make it as short and plain as I can. I think I could write a pretty good and a well-timed article on the *Punishment of Death*, and sympathy with great criminals: instancing the gross and depraved curiosity that exists in reference to them, by some of the outrageous things that were written, done, and said in recent cases. But as I am not sure that my views would be yours, and as their statement would be quite inseparable from such a paper, I will briefly set down their purport, that you may decide for yourself.

Society, having arrived at that state in which it spares bodily torture to the worst criminals, and having agreed, if criminals be put to death at all, to kill them in the speediest way; I consider the question with reference to society, and not at all with reference to the criminal, holding that, in a case of cruel and deliberate murder, he is already mercifully and sparingly treated. But, as a question for the deliberate consideration of all reflective persons, I put this view of the case. With such very repulsive and odious details before us, may it not be well to inquire whether the punishment of death be beneficial

[1] The treaty concluded by Lord Ashburton at Washington, August 9, 1842.

to society. I believe it to have a horrible fascination for many of those persons who render themselves liable to it, impelling them onward to the acquisition of a frightful notoriety; and (setting aside the strong confirmation of this idea afforded in individual instances), I presume this to be the case in very badly regulated minds, when I observe the strange fascination which everything connected with this punishment, or the object of it, possesses for tens of thousands of decent, virtuous, well-conducted people, who are quite unable to resist the published portraits, letters, anecdotes, smilings, snuff-takings, of the bloodiest and most unnatural scoundrel with the gallows before him. I observe that this strange interest does not prevail to anything like the same degree where death is not the penalty. Therefore I connect it with the dread and mystery surrounding death in any shape, but especially in this avenging form; and am disposed to come to the conclusion that it produces crime in the criminally disposed, and engenders a diseased sympathy —morbid and bad, but natural and often irresistible— among the well-conducted and gentle. Regarding it as doing harm to both these classes, it may even then be right to inquire, whether it has any salutary influence on those small knots and specks of people, mere bubbles in the living ocean, who actually behold its infliction with their proper eyes. On this head it is scarcely possible to entertain a doubt; for we know that robbery, and obscenity, and callous indifference, are of no commoner occurrence anywhere than at the foot of the scaffold. Furthermore, we know that all exhibitions of agony and death have a tendency to brutalize and harden the feelings of men; and have always been the most rife among the fiercest people. Again, it is a great question whether ignorant and dissolute persons (ever the great body of spectators, as few others will attend), seeing *that* murder done, and not having seen the other, will not, almost of necessity, sympathise with the man who dies before them, especially as he is shown, a martyr to their fancy, tied

and bound, alone among scores, with every kind of odds against him.

I should take all these threads up at the end by a vivid little sketch of the origin and progress of such a crime as Hocker's, stating a somewhat parallel case, but an imaginary one, pursuing its hero to his death, and showing what enormous harm he does *after* the crime for which he suffers. I should state none of these positions in a positive sledge-hammer way, but tempt and lure the reader into the discussion of them in his own mind; and so we come to this at last—whether it be for the benefit of society to elevate even this crime to the awful dignity and notoriety of death; and whether it would not be much more to its advantage to substitute a mean and shameful punishment, degrading the deed and the committer of the deed, and leaving the general compassion to expend itself upon the only theme at present quite forgotten in the history, that is to say, the murdered person.

I do not give you this as an outline of the paper, which I think I could make attractive. It is merely an exposition of the inferences to which its whole philosophy must tend.— Always faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, July 31, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—As to Dickens and his Capital Punishments, Empson agrees fully with me that you should not hesitate about accepting his paper. You see from his letter that you are perfectly safe from any risk of cant, either sentimental or religious, and may rely on having the question argued on grounds which those who are most in favour of the present system, must admit to be relevant. And as he promises not to be in any degree dogmatical or presumptuous, but suggestive only, I do not see that anything but good can come from the discussion. Indeed, I have for a good while had a considerable tendency to the same views, and I cannot agree with you that the proofs of this punishment being the most

startling to the innocent and pious, and the most attractive to the lovers of spectacles and theatrical effect, show also that it is the most terrible to those who are likely to come within its danger; there being, as I think, redundant and precise proof to the contrary. Ask Dickens to look in Mandeville (the *Fable of the Bees* man) for a description of the accompaniments and effects of executions in his day. He will there find a picture from which even his glancing eye and graphic hand may not disdain to borrow something. It is the subject, I rather think, of more than one of his essays.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

November 10, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write to you in great haste. I most bitterly regret the being obliged to disappoint and inconvenience you (as I fear I shall do), but I find it will be *impossible* for me to write the paper on Capital Punishment for your next Number. The fault is really not mine. I have been involved for the last fortnight in one maze of distractions, which nothing could have enabled me to anticipate or prevent. Everything I have had to do has been interfered with and cast aside. I have never in my life had so many insuperable obstacles crowded into the way of my pursuits. It is as little my fault, believe me, as though I were ill and wrote to you from my bed. And pray bear as gently as you can with the vexation I occasion you, when I tell you how very heavily it falls upon myself.—Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

LORD JEFFREY.

Lanfine House, Kilmarnock, September 20, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—The immediate cause of my writing is the communication I have this morning received from Lord Brougham. It relates to an article on *Privilege of Parliament*, which no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice Denman has drawn up, and which Brougham reports to be

"admirably written, full of sound learning, constitutional principle, and manly eloquence." Brougham says he wanted it for his next *Law Review*, but that Denman would prefer the *Edinburgh*. You certainly cannot have a more respectable contributor than Denman, or one whom, I suppose, you would be more willing to oblige, and, therefore, I conceive that the only ground of hesitation must be as to committing the Review on the merits of the great question it involves. My own leaning, I confess, is rather with Parliament, and against the Courts of Law. But the subject is full of difficulty, and very high names, as well as much public opinion, is the other way. How far the leaders and the great body of the Whig party are committed, or in their hearts convinced, as to the doctrines which, in Parliament itself, they can scarcely help maintaining, I really have no information, any more than as to the extent to which they might be offended by seeing the Review take a decided part against what the Parliamentary leaders on both sides have so warmly asserted. And it is upon *this* ground that I see and feel that your decision must be a matter of some difficulty. A truly neutral and principled examination of the question, even if it leaned against Privilege, would be quite unobjectionable. But Denman's will not be of that description, but a distinct *Plaidoyer* for the Courts.

I think I am rather better since I came here, and am sure it was a great relief from the feeling of loneliness and desertion that had fallen on my shades of Craigcrook. —Very truly yours, F. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, October 8, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—You are too modest about your Number [October, 1845]. It is a very good one, and better than the average. Mr. Nathaniel (or Jonathan) Willis[1] might have been as well let alone, indeed, and his reviewer is not much better than himself. All the other articles are reasonably well written, some remarkably so, and none

[1] "Willis's Dashes at Life."

that are not decidedly superior in that respect to that monster paper of Sedgwick's, from which so much was expected. Your *Northern Chronicle*[1] is too long, but not merely respectable, but interesting and evidently of good authority. I have read it with great pleasure, and with almost uniform assent. It is rare to meet with one who understands so much German and Scandinavian, and yet retains so much sound sense, moderation, and independence of judgment, and you should cherish him accordingly. He may do much good work for you. Yet he is not the same, I take it, with the reviewer of the *Bavarian Code*[2] and its Newgate Calendar, though he also is a valuable man: a little too minute and elaborate, but singularly clear in his details, and telling many curious things, and dropping many profound and valuable suggestions, in a very lively, lucid, and correct way of writing. If these are both new hands, your recent recruiting has been more than usually fortunate. I am not so well pleased with M'Culloch's *Taxation*.[3] It is timidly, and, I suspect, indolently done, by a man who, I rather guess, could do better, if put on his mettle. *Guizot*,[4] on the whole, I think excellent, and, indeed, a very remarkable paper. There are passages worthy of Macaulay, and throughout the traces of a vigorous and discursive intellect. He idolizes his author a little too much (though I am among his warmest admirers) and I think under-estimates the knowledge and the relish of him which is now in this country. I cordially agree with most of the doctrine, and the value that is put on it, though I am far from being satisfied with the account of the Feudal system, and the differences between it and clanship, and the patriarchal, or Indian or North American tribes and associations, with which the affinities are curious. *Chesterfield*,[5] I think very pleasant, sensible, and intelligent. I had just been reading the *Quarterly* on

[1] "The Heimskringla," by the late Lord Neaves.
[2] "Penal Jurisprudence of Germany," by Senior.
[3] "M'Culloch on Taxation," by Herman Merivale.
[4] "Guizot's Essays and Lectures in History," by J. S. Mill.
[5] By Hayward.

the same book, and on the whole I prefer yours. The other has the advantage in the details of his Lordship's marriage into the Royal family, the King's quarrels with him, and generally the *personalities* of his political career. *Lessing*[1] is over-praised, and yet it is soberly and cleverly written. I rather think I wrote a review of Nathan the Wise some half century ago, and have retained, I suppose, a vile prejudice against the author ever since. If you or anybody else will direct me to a good English or French translation, I shall read what is most praised here, with a candid and judicial spirit, and the spirit even of an indulgent and merciful judge, but I scarcely expect to concur in your reviewer's deliverance. The introductory remarks, however, are excellent, and the whole paper shows a thorough knowledge of the subject, with much modesty and soundness of judgment. *Defoe*[2] is a strange paper, clever, crude, courageous, full of Carlyleish sayings, and an excellent spirit of democracy. The great fault is, the resolution not merely to excuse or to justify, but to extol his hero throughout every part of his varying and polemical career, and to find the same merit and high principle in his devotion to King William, and to the profligate and utterly unprincipled Harley. He does bare justice, however, to his indomitable courage and the inexhaustible energy of his intellect, but on the whole it is a stirring and powerful article, all in the right direction, and abounding in high sentiments and just criticism. The diction is often very strange and rude.—Ever very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, night.

I wrote this while incubating on my Bills in Edinburgh, and have but little to add now. I have no doubt that Empson will gladly give up to Denman, and wrote to him accordingly, suggesting that, if such was his determination, he should write immediately to Denman, and urge

[1] By George Henry Lewes. Jeffrey's Article on "Nathan the Wise" appeared in April, 1806.

[2] By the late John Forster.

him to send his paper to you, and not to such a *Quarterly* as is *disgraced* by the concluding paper of the last Number, full of the worst *antigallican* slang that ever appeared in the dirty pages of my Lord Lyndhurst's worthy father-in-law! I did this to prevent (if possible) his being hurried by Brougham into some inextricable engagement with Lockhart. I still think that Empson would have made a better paper than I expect from Denman. Fine Autumn weather, though drawing upon Winter, as we all are. I expect Mr. Sergeant Talfourd for two days, but I fear you will not come to see him. Take care of yourself at all events, for we cannot spare you yet awhile. I am tolerably well, when I sleep tolerably, but that is not very often. And so begging the aid of your prayers.—Ever very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 13, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Your praise of my skimble-skamble rating of your last articles made me *blush* internally! The only explanation that occurs to me is, that my random estimates happened to coincide in substance with your own previous impressions, and that the pleasure which such coincidences always give, made you ascribe much more merit to them than they possessed, and I will not deny that the discovery of it has not only given me pleasure also, but has raised them not a little in my estimation. It is not, however, to tell you this that I now write to you, but to notify that, having had a line from Empson, informing me that he gladly gave up to the Chief Justice, I instantly intimated this to Brougham, and I have this morning a gracious answer, saying that he had luckily come to no positive conclusion with Lockhart, and would accordingly recommend Denman to send the paper forthwith to you, or rather, as he expresses himself, to me, as your representative. Brougham, himself, was just starting for London, *en route* for France, so that we shall have none of his spiteful interferences in the progress

of the affair. I ought to add that, though he does not think the Chief Justice would care at all about avowing the authorship of the paper, *you* should do all that in you lies to preserve his *incognito*, and leave the truth to be found out, or established by the reports of his own admissions—a caution which I have no doubt you (as well as I) think superfluous.

Your key to the articles has, in some instances, surprised me, as to Neaves especially, and as to Mill also: for though I have long thought very highly of his powers as a reasoner, I scarcely gave him credit for such large and sound views of *realities* and practical results, as are displayed in that article. There is more patience and minuteness of detail, too, in the Bavarian Code paper than I should have expected from Senior, and perhaps more prolixity.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, November 1, 1845.

MY DEAR N.,—I ought to have thanked you before now for the proof [of Lord Denman's article] you were kind enough to send me, and I suppose, too, that I would have done so had it afforded me more satisfaction. As it is, though it contains many admirable passages, and much eloquent writing, I cannot say that, on the whole, I think more highly of it than I did when I had read but a little part in manuscript, and told you of my impressions. These are such as to make it quite impossible for me to say anything on the subject *to the author*. I do not think there are four pages out of the forty that have any bearing on the argument or views, which have always led me to the opposite conclusion, and as to which, I think, the whole detail of actual or possible abuses of privilege, have no more relevancy than similar abuses of legislative, or judicial, or jury powers would have, as grounds for denying the legal existence of such powers in the three estates of Parliament—in Courts of law—or in juries. But *jacta est alea*, and we must "dree our weird."—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

Bonaly, October 22, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Can you spare me twenty-five or thirty pages of your next Number, for an article written by myself? The subject, like all mine in the Review, is Scotch, and practical. It is upon our Criminal practice, including an estimate of David Hume's work.[1] My chief object is to assail the *Native Vigour*. And my bile has been raised against this extravagant pretension by the whole of my brethren having, some time ago, deliberately and solemnly re-asserted it. I have been in communication with Plain John[2] upon this, to him incredible point, and he swears that another session shall not pass without his introducing a Bill to declare it not law. There are several other matters besides this in my contemplation—I mean for this article. The only thing that grieves me is, that Davie Bole[3] will certainly go mad. For though, to avoid this, I shall pay many undeserved compliments to his dearly beloved justiciary, still I must expose and disdain much that he has all his life been idolising. I heard of your late illness with great concern. I trust that all is right now, and that you are not ill prepared for the approaching campaign.—Ever, H. COCKBURN.

Bonaly, October 25, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I fancy that I perceive a lurking aversion in you to have any concern with an article that may redden Davie's face when he looks at you![4] If it be so, act on that feeling, which is a very natural one, and decline it. I do not suppose that I should have any difficulty in finding another vent; for the discussion must take place. If Boyle be a man of sense, his sentiment

[1] "Commentaries on the Law of Scotland respecting Crimes."

[2] The origin of this *sobriquet* was as follows:—In addressing the electors of Edinburgh, in May, 1834, as a candidate for the membership of the City, Sir John Campbell said that he presented himself as "plain John Campbell," one of their own countrymen who had done his best to earn their good opinion.

[3] David Boyle, President of the Court of Session.

[4] My father, as Clerk of Session, sat in the Division of the Court over which Boyle presided.

ought to be one of gratitude for being, he and his Court, so handsomely treated as they will be. If (as I suspect) nothing will please him, except that an abominable principle, and a dangerous evil shall not be discussed or explained, because his Court is the scene of it, then he must just be displeased. I made his visage scarlet for two years by the articles on the picking of the juries. But it never occurred to me, or to your editorial predecessor, that this was any reason why a public question should not be treated of, and even agitated. As to myself, my feeling is, that an abuse being in danger of being legalised in a judge's own Court, only increases the duty he is under to sound the tocsin. If you be really not disinclined to receive the article, then I may say that I don't expect it to exceed thirty of your pages.

So you don't know what the *Native Vigour* is? May you never feel it! The Review knows something of it, however. See volume 39, pp. 340, 368, 383. It is the power claimed, and *actually exercised*, by the Justiciary, of declaring any act that it pleases to be a crime: *i.e.*, of indicting and transporting you for editing the Edinburgh Review, or me for having large nails in my shoes. But the explanation of this outrageous extravagance, the existence of which the public is not aware of, is only about a third of the article. Let me hear from you, if you think it necessary, once more. And again, have no delicacy whatever with *me*.—Ever, H. COCKBURN.

November 12, 1845.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I send you the article.[1] The real object of the whole is to discuss the Native Vigour. But this could scarcely be done *alone*, without appearing to be chiefly an assault upon the Court. All the other matter is, in truth, put in to avoid this appearance, and to make the vigour seem to come in naturally as a part of a discussion on our criminal law. That other matter, though

[1] "I have at last satisfied my long upbraiding conscience by discharging a public shot at the Native Vigour of the Court of Justiciary." Cockburn's Journal, 2, 146.

shoppish, is important, and, I anticipate, may lead to some practical changes. The estimate of David Hume I think just, though I mean it to be rather on the flattering side; for, in truth, he is a very paltry fellow. I have put in sentences which *ought* to disarm the Court of all offence utterly; and also an *eloge* of Davie Bole, which *must* satisfy so good natured a man that nothing personal is meant. You can dress this up so as to make it safer if you think proper. *Only* pray steadily avoid the error of making it all absurd, by praising him for merits which he *undoubtedly and conspicuously* wants, such as *learning, manner,* and *talent.* I have avoided this in what I have said, and have only praised qualities which he as undoubtedly and conspicuously possesses.—Ever, H. C.

LORD DENMAN.

Middleton, October 17, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I am much gratified by the wish expressed in your letter. Having been convinced by Lord Brougham's arguments that I might properly write an article on *Privilege,* I proceeded to do so, and sent it to him. Both he and I were doubtful whether you would approve what I should write, but my design was that it should appear in the Edinburgh Review. My M.S., was placed in his hands with this hope, but at the same time with full power to him to dispose of it as he thought best. He wished for some little alteration, and I sent it back to him yesterday, completed *expressly* for the Edinburgh Review, and I think unfitted to any other publication. I hope, therefore, that you will have received it from him before this reaches you. He is to leave England to-morrow. It will be matter of great pride and satisfaction to me, if I can contribute to the support of good principles by a successful appeal to public opinion in the Edinburgh Review. Yet, I cannot but feel extreme regret that Empson has been prevented from accomplishing his purpose, firmly believing that he would have done it better, and having felt some little doubt whether it is expedient for a Judge to take this

course. I am anxious to discharge my mind of the subject before the commencement of Term, and shall be much obliged by your informing me whether you received the article[1] from Lord B.—Very faithfully yours,

DENMAN.

London, January 14, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your most obliging letter, and the over-estimated enclosure. Whatever interest my name may add to the article will be equally produced by the *suspicion*, and I am rather unwilling that distinct evidence should be furnished. But I do not mean to affect secrecy, and I am not very anxious on the subject, my only regret being that Empson was prevented by our great friend's too active interference from performing the task better. I feel any squeamishness on the matter of remuneration to be unreasonable, yet I cannot quite discard it. My intention is to send the money to a medical charity in which my father felt a strong interest. I read Lord Cockburn's essay with delight, and shall gladly add my efforts to improve, from its suggestions, the jurisprudence and procedure of both parts of the island. My opinion on our Grand Juries (now recorded in the Report of our Criminal Law Commissioners) is, that Grand Juries are of *no* use, except in bringing together the Magistrates and gentry at the Assizes, and that they are in several respects injurious.—Yours very truly, DENMAN.

LORD CAMPBELL.

Stratheden House, January 5, 1846.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I was much obliged to you for sending me Lord Cockburn's very interesting article in your forthcoming Number. I think he has very dexterously demolished the legislative power usurped by the Court of Justiciary. I am rather sorry that the Edinburgh is committed on the question of *Privilege*, as I meant to have offered you a lucubration on that subject. Denman is mad about it. He is such an enthusiast that he really

[1] Art. 1, January, 1846.

does not see it in its just bearings. In his late article in the *Quarterly*, he entirely mistakes the arguments of his opponents, and I suppose your "powerful and eloquent article" is in the same strain. He wishes to centre in himself the authority which he denies to the two Houses of Parliament, and in truth he is actuated very much by the same feelings as your Justiciary Judges.

I am much gratified by your approbation of my Life of Bacon. As you are pleased to take an interest in the history of the work ["*Lives of the Chancellors*"], I will tell it you exactly. I formed the plan soon after being turned out of Office, but, except some general reading, did nothing towards it till the Spring of 1843. I then wrote some of the early Lives, but found such difficulties in my progress that I threw the work aside, and I entirely abandoned it for some months. However, in the first week of November I returned from Paris and resumed it, re-writing all that I had before done; and on the 30th of August last the whole was printed. It might have been published forthwith, but the bookseller thought the publication should be deferred till Christmas. Being noticed so soon in the *Quarterly*, I should be mortified if I were to appear to be slighted by the Edinburgh. Empson will freely exercise his undoubted right to censure, and if he finds anything to praise, he will not be deterred from expressing his opinion by the apprehension of being thought partial to a friend.—Yours very faithfully, CAMPBELL.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Bowood, January 4, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Your letter followed me hither. In a day or two I shall be in town again. I am, as ever, grateful for your kindness. Of course, you were perfectly right in supposing that I was altogether taken by surprise when I saw my letter[1] to Macfarlan in print. I do not

[1] In December, 1845, the Peel Ministry resigned in consequence of dissensions on the Corn Law Question. Lord John Russell was summoned from

think that I was ever more astonished or vexed. However, it is very little my way to brood over what is done and cannot be helped.

I am not surprised that many should blame me, and yet I cannot admit that I was much to blame. I was writing to an active friendly constituent, who had during some years been in almost constant communication with me. We had corresponded about Duncan Maclaren's intrigues, about the Free Church, about Maynooth, and I had always written with openness, and had never found any reason to complain of indiscretion. After all, I wrote only what everybody at Brooks's and at the Reform Club was saying from morning to night. I will venture to affirm that, if the post-bags of the last fortnight were rummaged, it would appear that Lord John, Lord Morpeth, Lord Grey himself—in fact, everybody concerned in the late negotiation—has written letters quite as unfit for the public eye as mine. However, I well know that the world always judges by the event; and I must be content to be well abused till some new occurrence puts Macfarlan's prank out of people's heads.

As to the suppressed passage, I am perfectly easy. The

Edinburgh to form a Government. The attempt failed, and Macaulay announced its failure and its cause in a letter to Macfarlan, who published it in the *Scotsman*:—

"*London, December* 22, 1845.

"You will have heard the termination of our attempt to form a Government. All our plans were frustrated by Lord Grey. I hope that the public interests will not suffer. Sir Robert Peel must now undertake the settlement of the question. It is certain that he can settle it. It is by no means certain that we could have done so. For we shall to a man support him; and a large proportion of those who are now in office would have refused to support us. On my own share in these transactions I reflect with unmixed satisfaction. From the first, I told Lord John that I stipulated for one thing only—total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws; that my objections to gradual abolition were insurmountable; but that, if he declared for total and immediate repeal, I would be as to all other matters, absolutely in his hands; that I would take any office or no office, just as suited him best: and that he should never be disturbed by any personal pretensions or jealousies on my part. If everybody else had acted thus, there would now have been a Liberal Ministry. However, as I said, perhaps it is best as it is.

"I do not think that, if we had formed a Government, we should have entertained the question of paying the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland. I cannot answer for others; but I should have thought it positive insanity to stir the matter.—Ever yours truly, "T. B. MACAULAY."

words which I used are not in my recollection. But I am quite sure that I threw no imputation on Lord Grey's honour or uprightness. As to his temper and judgment, I have said nothing about them which the public opinion would not confirm, if all that has lately passed were known. I would much rather not come forward as his accuser; but I shall have no difficulty in vindicating all that I have ever said or written about him in the most intimate confidence.

I should be much obliged to you, whenever an opportunity offers, to say from me that I am surprised and indignant at the unauthorised publication of a private letter unguardedly written, but that whatever I have written, guardedly or unguardedly, is the truth, by which I am prepared to stand.

We are impatient for the Edinburgh Review. It is understood that the article on Lord Grey and Lord Spencer is Lord John's. You may as well tell him this, lest he should fancy that you have let me into the secret, if he means it to be one.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, January 10, 1846.

DEAR NAPIER,—Thanks for all your kindness. I am sorry to be the cause of so much trouble to my friends. The business is very disagreeable, but might have been worse. To say of a man that he has talents and virtue, but wants judgment and temper, is no very deadly outrage. That I should have expressed myself strongly, is not strange when it is considered that I was writing in a moment of extreme vexation. That I should have expressed myself unguardedly, is not strange when it is considered that I was writing a private letter. I declare that I should not have scrupled to put this unlucky sentence, with a little softening, into the Edinburgh Review. For example: "We cannot but regret that a nobleman whose talents and virtue we fully acknowledge, should have formed so high an estimate of his own pretensions,

and should be so unwilling to make any concession to the opinions of others, that it is not easy to act in concert with him." There is nothing here that I would not say in the House of Commons.

I do not know whether it is worth while to mention the following circumstance. Macfarlan, soon after he got this unlucky letter, wrote to tell me that he thought that the publication of it would be of use to me. I instantly wrote to beg that he would not think of such a thing, and gave as my reason the great esteem and admiration which, in spite of the recent events, I felt for Lord Grey. The first letter was published before the second arrived. You can get this second letter, I doubt not, and you will see that the two taken together, show a feeling anything but hostile to Lord Grey. Whether any good use can be made of this suggestion, I do not know. I am very unwilling to be on bad terms with a man whom, in spite of some faults, I greatly respect and value. I rely implicitly on your discretion.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, January 19, 1846.

DEAR NAPIER,—I do not doubt that you judged wisely. The letter is now forgotten here. If Lord Grey chooses to revive the recollection of it, I must vindicate my own veracity, but I hope that a public altercation will be averted.

I think that the last Number[1] of the Edinburgh is generally pronounced to be solid and valuable, but defi-

[1] January, 1846, No. 167:—

Articles.	*Writers.*
1. Parliament and the Courts	Lord Denman.
2. Shakespeare in Paris	Mrs. Austin.
3. Legislation for the Working Classes ..	Sir G. C. Lewis.
4. Religious Movement in Germany	Henry Rogers.
5. Lyell's Travels in North America	Herman Merivale.
6. European and American State Confederacies	N. W. Senior.
7. Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence	Lord Cockburn.
8. Political State of Prussia	R. M. Milnes (now Lord Houghton).
9. Earls Grey and Spencer	Lord John Russell.

cient in entertainment, and this is my own opinion. Lord John's article is hardly quite striking enough to be Lord John's. It is not worth the while of an eminent statesman to write reviews unless they stand conspicuously out from the surrounding matter. I think, too, that the party spirit which pervades the whole paper is not quite graceful in a party leader. I should have liked to see some frank admissions of the great errors which the Whigs, like all other men, have committed.

I hope that we shall see you in town during the Spring. I am working a little at my book, and hope to find some time for it, even during the session.

As to any remarks which I may make on Peel's gross inconsistency, they must wait till his [Corn Law] Bill is out of all danger. On the Maynooth question, he ran no risk of a defeat, and therefore I had no scruple about attacking him. But to hit him hard while he is fighting the landowners would be a very different thing. It will be all that he can do to win the battle with the best help that we can give him. A time will come for looking back. At present our business is to get the country safe through a very serious and doubtful emergency.—Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD MONTEAGLE.

Brook Street, January 19, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—You will naturally expect some news from the centre of all things. Here the Liberal party in all its ramifications, from an old Foxite Whig like myself, down to Roebuck and the Radicals, condemn Grey's conduct most loudly. Those who do not know the entire honesty of his character, condemn very harshly, but to men who, like myself, served for years with him in the same Cabinet, the present event is only a new proof of the perfect compatibility of integrity of mind and a wrong-headedness that is a ruin to any cause. But it was a great mistake that this obstinate wilfulness was submitted to. You must not, however, imagine from this

that I was sorry that no Whig Government has been formed. I was against the experiment from first to last. The acceptance of office with dead majorities against us in both Houses, and without hope that this balance would be turned the other way by Dissolution, was scarcely consistent with the principles of the Constitution, and was surely wholly indefensible if the Corn question was retarded rather than advanced by our intermeddling. But though it would have been better the experiment had never been tried, it ought not to have failed as it has done. We have the comfort, if it be one, that Peel's position is, at the least, as unenviable as our own. At the present moment I am convinced he is as much in doubt how his people will vote as Lord John is himself. All that he knows is, that if he carries 100 or 120 of his own friends with him, it is the very most he can effect, and that he must receive the votes of more than double that number of our friends to give him a chance of success. But let us grant that success to be attained, and even to be repeated in the Lords, what then? That success is practically a defeat, and it is a defeat final and irretrievable. A vital measure on which a Minister is opposed by two to one of his own friends, leaves him powerless; and this result is rendered more certain by the insults and indignities to which the official martyr renders himself subject during this unexampled contest. Peel, therefore, foresees this result, and he rather seeks than would avert it. He wishes to go out on some popular question, and he could not have chosen better than he has done. This separates him from the more troublesome zealots of his party, and from all inconvenient pledges for ever. He retires, and does so very possibly without calculation or desire of being recalled, but at the same time with every certainty, so far as I can foresee events, that his services will be required at no very distant day. You see that I have ventured for you into what Voltaire calls the "*région des hypothèses*," and I dare not go further. I do not, however, anticipate that these events will render a purely

Liberal Government more probable. On the contrary, I fear that some of the events of last Session, especially the conduct of a distinguished friend[1] on the Maynooth vote, and the extraordinary errors and mistakes of the last six weeks, have diminished our strength and weight relatively to any party to which we may be compared.

This day week Peel's project will be divulged. It cannot fail to be large and comprehensive, for he would be mad indeed were he to lose one party without gaining the other, and he may by boldness gain our side, whilst he cannot, by any extent of caution, secure the allegiance of his own revolted slaves. Still, large as his measure may be, he will most probably accompany it by some equalization of local burthens, such as gaols, prosecutions, bridges, and taxation for similar purposes. To this, if fairly proposed, there could not be any solid objection, even though no Corn Law were pending. But the proposition may excite the bile of the League, who now consider they can carry all before them, and who will view such an equalization of burthens as a new and urgent mode of obtaining compensation. If they or their partizans were to break off on objections like that, the mischief would be irreparable.

You must read Charles Greville's pamphlet, "Sir R. Peel and the Corn Laws." It is making a great noise, and has received more applause than it deserves. It consists of a laboured attempt to prove Peel's conduct on this subject of Corn perfectly consistent (God bless the mark!) and wholly deserving of Tory support. Now this is palpably too absurd. He might easily have shown that, on this subject, scarcely any writer or statesman exists who is consistent. Most men have advanced with their time. But Peel's conduct, from 1835 to 1841, had the effect of raising the agricultural standard as the fiery cross of his party. It was thus that he was victorious, for, had he proclaimed then the principles on which he has since governed, and on which he so lately resigned, Lord

[1] Macaulay.

Melbourne might still have been supreme at Windsor and Buckingham Palace.

I hope we may still escape the calamity of an American war.[1] The Washington Cabinet, I am told, are thinking of proposing an arbitration, not by a crowned head, but by four judicial persons, two chosen by the United States from the English Bench, and two from the judges of America selected by us. This would be a mode of adjusting national disputes new in the annals of diplomacy.

Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" has met with very general success. As yet I have read but little of it, but that little I like very much; and yesterday a particularly learned and accurate man assured me that, in the critical parts in which he had compared and verified the original authorities, he had found our new historian singularly accurate. This work, with its two vacant niches to be filled by statues which as yet sleep in the marble quarries, will enable Campbell to exercise an enormous power over both Lyndhurst and Brougham, but especially over the latter, who will be at once brought into respectful moderation by his fear of the pen of his learned brother. As to the Review, I am inclined to think you could get a more lively and agreeable subject from *The New Timon*, an attempt to revive Satire, half Churchill, half Byron, with all the folly and exaggeration of the young England school. This, as it touches on the habits and manners and social position of the high and powerful, and has a plausible air of philosophy, and of knowledge of the world thrown over it, might give rise to an article really useful in contributing to break some of the soap bubbles by which we are surrounded. Believe me alway, very truly yours, MONTEAGLE.

N. W. SENIOR.

February 17, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—There would not be time in less

[1] The Oregon Question was settled by Treaty with the United States dated June 15, 1846.

than five weeks to plan and write so important a paper as the one I suggested [Irish Poor Laws], *and also to have it considered by others.* Think if you would like such a paper for July. The horizon will then be clearer. I agree with you that this is one of the cases (I think them few) in which secrecy is desirable, and perhaps attainable. It ought to be prepared as the Irish one was, by heads. In short, the Review should first pass a resolution that an article of a given purport be written, and then direct it to be written. The Committee to consist of the Editor, Lord John, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Monteagle, and the writer, whoever he be. Peel is to me an enigma. His veracity is a minus quantity, but his present motives must be good. I own that I think the Whigs were better under Lord Grey than under Lord Melbourne, and better under Lord Melbourne than they have been in Opposition. Lord John on the Factory Question, Lord Palmerston on the Ashburton Treaty, behaved as ill as the most ill-conditioned Tory could have done. I told Macaulay that I thought the distribution of parts in Lord John's late scheme of a Government a very bad one,—aristocratic, exclusive, and factious. He said,—"we were then only patching up an administration to carry a question, and then be turned out. Next time, the Cabinet must be constructed on a scheme better calculated for permanency."—
Ever yours, N. W. SENIOR.

LORD JEFFREY.

London, March 31, 1846.

MY DEAR N.,—I have not the least idea that plain John will be hurt at anything Empson has said, or anything but pleased and thankful.[1] The general impression among the learned and competent is, I am sorry to say, far less favourable than our estimate, or that of the *Quarterly;* and if the author had seen but half of the contemptuous and contumelious judgments on it which have come to my

[1] Lord Jeffrey refers to Empson's Article on the Lord Chancellors in the Number for April, 1846.

knowledge since I left you, he would go down on his knees, and bless his stars (and his reviewers) for the mercy which has been vouchsafed him. My own poor opinion of the book, however, is still very favourable, and I have no doubt it will continue to be popular with ordinary readers like myself. But it is impossible to listen to the bitter and scornful censures in which all those who have really studied the subject actually seem to join, without being satisfied that it must have great faults.

It is still uncertain whether the Lords will let the Bill[1] pass. Even if it pass, there are four or five results about equally likely; that Peel will stick on; that after a temporary retreat, he will be courted back; that a Conservative (not Protectionist) Government will be patched up, chiefly with the members of the present Cabinet, with none of whom but Peel and Graham, there is any personal quarrel, or much serious difference; that the Whigs may come in, and either go out or stay, which last I for my part think the most unlikely of all; and, lastly, a *coalition*, for which, though more feasible perhaps at this moment than it has ever been before, I think the chances are still less than for a settled Whig rule—and nobody knows more than this!

Empson has just heard that Knight is about to publish a fierce and formidable attack on Campbell's Chancellors —long lists of gross blunders, and still more, of shameless plagiarisms—five and six pages transcribed from accessible books, without a word of reference or acknowledgment.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

J. S. MILL.

India House, May 1, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot complain of your having left out the passage[2] controverting the warlike propensity of the French, though I should have been glad if it had been consistent with your judgment to have retained it. The

[1] The Corn Law Bill: it passed the Lords, June 26, 1846.

[2] In his Article on "Duveyrier's Political Views of French Affairs," April, 1846.

opinion is a very old and firm one with me, founded on a good deal of personal observation; and I do not think you will find that Englishmen, or other foreigners, who have lived long in France, and mixed in French society, are so generally as you seem to think of a different opinion. I have certainly heard from such persons the same opinion which I have expressed, and quite as strongly. And I am sure you will admit that national importance, and consideration among other nations may be very strongly desired and sought by people who would rather have it in any other way than by war. I venture to say thus much because I think the Edinburgh has lately been sometimes very unjust to the French. I allude to Senior's otherwise excellent articles, which he and I have sometimes had disputes about. Touching Whately's Rhetoric, I have read it twice, first when it came out, and again within the last few years, and I think of it, as of his other works, that it is full of ideas, and would make a good article in itself, but still more so if the occasion were taken for a general estimate of the man and his writings. Senior is, as you know, a personal intimate, and his admiration of Whately is probably much less qualified than mine; but Whately is certainly a very remarkable and even eminent man, and one whose merits and faults are both very important to be pointed out.—Ever yours truly, J. S. MILL.

LORD JEFFREY.

Derby, May 17, 1846.

MY DEAR N.,—You must not be alarmed at my not appearing over your head at 11 o'clock on Wednesday, nor even at hearing that I have been stopped here for three days by illness. I am still far from being as well as when we parted, and I am afraid I shall look paler and feebler than ever by the side of my rosy and robustious Chief.[1] But there is no help for it, and we must hobble on, I fancy, till we come to a dead stop. I was sincerely grieved to hear that you, too, had one of those remem-

[1] Boyle, President of the Court of Session.

brancers of mortality, and, I fear, with a good deal of suffering. All that, however, I was glad to learn, was over, and you had only now to struggle with that slow and humiliating convalescence which disappoints the youthful hopes, and lingers out the days of young gentlemen of three score and ten, or thereabouts. But we must bear it patiently, as one of the ills which flesh is heir to; and truly for personages with so little flesh, you and I have had rather a tedious apprenticeship to this art of bearing.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

MRS. AUSTIN.

Paris, July 1, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—As you encouraged us to submit some other proposal for an article, we have been discussing what would be most agreeable to you, most consonant with the tenor of the Edinburgh Review, and most useful to the good cause. And, first, Mr. Austin thinks, and our friends here (political and historical) think, that there is great room, not to say need, for a true and just appreciation of the various views of the French Revolution. The appearance of a new History of that event by M. Louis Blanc, containing, as it is said, new matter, would furnish the *occasion*. But it is by no means my husband's wish or design to go over the beaten ground of the events of that period. What he thinks of doing, is rather an application of all the reflections suggested by those events and their causes to the actual state of society, and more especially to England. His own views are profoundly and sincerely those in harmony with the Edinburgh Review, *i.e.*, with an enlightened and progressive aristocracy. He thinks that the work of M. Drost furnishes, among others, ample matter for proving that such an aristocracy might have averted all the horrors of the Revolution, and proposes to point out by what means. We are constantly struck with the evils resulting here from the want of a respected aristocracy. Without living here you can hardly imagine in how many points and details of life—social, literary, all in short—the want is felt of a steady counterpoise to indi-

vidual ambitions and pretensions. I have often made the remark to M. Guizot, "This or that would not occur if you had an aristocracy." I need not say that he always assents, of course in the sense in which I speak; namely, of an aristocracy powerfully controlled by public opinion, yet reacting on it. I was congratulating him the other day on the character of the new Pope and his relations with the French Government. He replied, "I consider it my great task to prove to mankind that ancient and revered institutions are not inconsistent with new ideas, and not unsusceptible of progress, and that therefore there is no excuse for violence." This I repeat, because it is *le fond de la pensée* of Mr. Austin's project. He believes there would not be an idea which would not be agreeable to the more eminent men of the party your Review represents. I must add that a very distinguished friend of ours has put at his disposal some rare and precious documents, which are virtually in our hands. Of these very few people, even here, know the existence. Neither Thiers, Mignet, nor any of the historians, have had access to them, and indeed they are generally believed to have been destroyed. I must also claim your secrecy as to them. They are the manuscript journals of the forty-eight sections of Paris, whence emanated day by day, and hour by hour, the whole revolutionary movement. I have read a good deal, and I felt as if I saw the beating of the terrific heart of that body of which I had before seen only the outward movements.

A word about Dunoyer. Perfectly acceding to the justice of all you say as to your other contributors, Mr. Austin wishes me to make this remark: that it was not the politico-economical part of the book[1] which he intended to dwell upon, thinking that of subordinate importance, but what I may more properly call the Social Questions. He wished to show the grounds of the numerous delusions which are now more or less current throughout the world, and the more coarse and violent of which are embodied

[1] "De la Liberté du Travail."

under the names of Fourrierism and Communism, but which, under more moderate and refined forms, and especially under the guise of humanity, find their way into all classes. He wished also to discuss the matter of *Centralization*, its good and evil, and its limits, or the limits, if you will, of the opposite principle, the "laisser aller or laisser faire;" what the State ought and ought not to control, and so forth (including the question of an established church). Mr. Dunoyer, justly disgusted at the intrusion of the State into everything, has, Mr. Austin thinks, run into the opposite extreme. Mr. Austin is anxious for the reputation of an excellent book and an excellent man, and says he should take it as a great favour if you would tell him if any one else proposes to review it.

I should be extremely glad to hear you were better. If it were not so hot, and I were not on the wing, I should venture to recommend a fortnight of Paris air, which I often see do wonders. If you will come in the Winter or Spring, I will promise you a cordial "accueil" from many men as agreeable as they are eminent. The Edinburgh Review is one of those grand monuments they cannot rear, and look at with envy. No Review has ever answered well; none *could live* without stories, and no newspaper without a *feuilleton*.—With great regard, yours,

S. AUSTIN.

Val Richer, près Lisieux, July 27, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I see with great regret that a fortnight has passed since the date of your letter. It followed me to a retreat on the banks of the Seine, whither I had fled somewhat precipitately from the burning heat of Paris, and whither my husband followed me. Thence we came together to pay a long-promised visit to M. Guizot at this his quiet and charming country house, an old Priory, well suited to its master by a sort of simple greatness. My husband undertakes with great satisfaction to write the article on *Centralization* for the January Number. He says it would be impossible for him to do justice to so

extensive a subject for the earlier Number. I can only once more add my thanks. The state of discouragement and dejection in which I have so often seen my husband, arising partly from physical causes, partly from very positive and severe external calamities, has been by so very far the greatest evil and suffering of my life, that no obligation that can be conferred on me excites my gratitude so warmly as any stimulus or encouragement given to him to employ his great powers. Poor as we are, the profit arising from such employment is with me a consideration incomparably inferior to the other. All who converse with him are struck with his extensive knowledge, and his great original power of intellect, and all wonder and regret to see them unproductive, none more than our excellent and eminent host. I shall, therefore, regard you without the least exaggeration as my greatest benefactor, if you can incite him to work, and I see that he has now the strongest desire to contribute what may be agreeable and useful to you, as well as to the public. Nobody is more sensible to what the French call *bons procédés* than he, and I may add nobody more capable of showing them than yourself. My husband says he proposes to endeavour to lay down the general principles which distinguish the useful application from the abuse of *Centralization*, and to show by various illustrations, how the absurd and inopportune interference of some governments with private interests, has led to a prejudice against central control in cases where it is desirable. —Sincerely and cordially yours, S. AUSTIN.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

London, July 3, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your obliging letter, and am very glad you can make way for an article on the subject of Irish Poor Laws in the Autumn Number of the Edinburgh Review. The difficulties of the case are so little understood, and any mistake committed with respect to it so irretrievable, that I am sure there can be

none on which it is so important to enlighten the public mind, through a channel so popular. Nobody understands all the bearings of the question, both theoretically, and from actual observation in Ireland, so well as Senior does. I am glad that Macaulay[1] has, for the sake of his History, accepted an office which will leave him so much of his time at liberty out of the House of Commons, as the Pay Office.—Your faithful and sincere servant,

LANSDOWNE.

N. W. SENIOR.

August 5, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—The Irish article has been considered by Lords Lansdowne and Monteagle. Lord Lansdowne approves every word, but Lord Monteagle suggests considerable alterations and additions. The Edinburgh Review could not have had a more important duty thrown on it than the discussion of the Irish Poor Law. An anarchical current is setting against the Irish landlords, and, in confidence, I may state my suspicion that the Cabinet is not unanimous. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Monteagle are in the utmost anxiety. This is an apology for the trouble which the article must have given in its repeated corrections, and may still give.—Ever yours,

N. W. S.

August 14, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I return the revise. It is so correct that you may send it to Lord John as it is. I am in great alarm about the measure. I had a long talk with Macaulay yesterday, and found him almost as wild as Scrope[2] himself. Lords Lansdowne and Monteagle say the same of others. One thing is certain, namely, that if the attempt to *extend* the Irish Poor Law is made, it will

[1] Macaulay was appointed Paymaster-General of the Army, in the Administration formed by Lord John Russell on the resignation of the Peel Ministry, in June 1846.

[2] Author of the pamphlet on Irish Poor Laws, which formed the text for Senior's Article.

break up the Cabinet. I am certain that three at least of the present Cabinet will retire. Of course Lord John is not responsible for the general sentiments of the article. It is not to be supposed that he has seen it. All that you can wish is, that he should express no disapprobation of its *publication*, though he may differ from me, and probably does differ from me on many points. I trust that he will express no disapprobation without at least consulting Lord Lansdowne.

By-the-bye, we are to be congratulated on the mode in which Oregon is settled. You recollect the outcry against the article. Well, the settlement is precisely in the manner which the article suggests. The only stipulation added is, that the navigation of the Columbia shall be open to us, but this is merely nugatory. We have by treaty a right of navigation in all the American rivers. If Lord Aberdeen, as is probable, knew this, he added that stipulation merely to please the English public by the appearance of a concession obtained. And Lord John and Lord Palmerston, both of whom attacked the article, now join in declaring that the terms of the treaty (being precisely those which we recommended) are honourable to both parties. This is a full *amende honorable* to us.—Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

August 18, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I shall not show your separate letter to Lord Lansdowne; we have talked the matter over and closed it. He is too busy now for me to give him more of my conversation than is necessary. The Government, he said to me the other day, are living from hand to mouth—so pressed that they never think except of what is to come on next day.—Ever yours,

N. W. SENIOR.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, August 27, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Empson, I believe, has sufficiently

expressed our joint opinion on your case. But (chiefly to show you that I have not slurred or neglected it), I embody my own relative wisdom in these aphorisms:— 1st. *Living from hand to mouth*, does not signify (at least in this case) being in imminent danger of starvation, but only the necessity of gobbling down one's meals in a hurry, and has no reference to the general instability of the Government, but only to the pressure and daily worry which makes it, in some measure, unable to give great questions, like the Irish Poor Law, sufficient or immediate consideration. 2nd. If there be such a difference of opinion in the Cabinet on that question, as would lead to a break up of the Government, it must necessarily have that effect, whatever is printed, or refused to be printed, in the Edinburgh Review. 3rd. If, however, the differences can be got over, so as to admit of the whole Cabinet (it may be by mutual concessions) agreeing on the terms of such a poor law, it appears to me impossible, and, chiefly, because it would be *abominable*, in any leading Cabinet Minister to help to compose, and at any rate to abet and instigate the publication of an article tending to impugn the principles of such an act and to excite public hostility to it, especially when that Minister knew that the head of his Cabinet is to be informed that he thus recruits for opposition to one of the great measures of his Government. 4th. The only ultimate schism, therefore, on the supposition that Lord John dissuades the publication as adverse to the measure he means to introduce, and you accordingly decide to suppress it, will be with Senior individually. 5th. I cannot but fear that Lord John will be dissatisfied with the article, and averse to its appearance in the Review. If he intends to come on the land of Ireland more heavily than before, or even to enact any compulsory assessment for the relief of able-bodied paupers, to be levied by local rates, and distributed by public functionaries, I do not think he can possibly approve of the scope and doctrines of this very clever dissertation. But, in other respects, he will find it, as I

confess I do, not only rash and imprudent, but perilous and mischievous, in a high degree, to the interests of any Government which professes to pacify Ireland by *conciliation*, and is actually in concert with O'Connell to leave rubbing on sore places, and to co-operate for practical good, by at least a temporary oblivion (or dissimulation) of mutual distrusts, and causes of alienation. With such a view, what must a Minister think of the tone in which the passages which I have crossed on the margin of your proof are conceived?—the very cleverest and most important passages in the whole paper, nay, for the most part, embodying most weighty truths (though with much exaggeration), but palpably calculated to excite the bitterest resentment in all zealous Irishmen, and, above all, affording the most plausible grounds for imputing to all who maintain them, that very contempt and distrust and dislike of their race, which we have always abused the Tories for entertaining, or, at any rate, for manifesting, though in reality far less offensive than those in which it is now proposed that a reputed organ of a conciliatory Government is to indulge. 6th. There is so much talent and sense and vigour in the article, that if you have power to retrench and mitigate the objectionable passages, I should be extremely desirous of its being retained. But you will be better able to judge of this after it has been seen by Lord John, and you know the extent and grounds of his *dissentient*.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Woburn Abbey, September 8, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for allowing me to read the article in the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review. I have no hesitation in saying that the Review has never performed a more praiseworthy task than it will accomplish if it cures the blindness which would induce Parliament to introduce all the toads and vipers of the English Poor Law into Ireland. The article is well calculated to perform a part at least of this service.

On the other hand, I have as little doubt that the first five pages are likely to prevent the antidote from taking effect. To hold out that franchises and rights are mere obsolete phrases; that Ireland would be better under a despotism than with a free Government; that liberty is to be granted to that country only as a melancholy necessity —these are doctrines which I believe to be as false as preposterous, and which, I am sure, would be injurious as political doctrines. Indeed, these first five pages, standing as they do in contradiction to what all Whigs have maintained from 1796 to 1846, and what Sir R. Peel has adopted in 1846—would do infinite mischief in Ireland, while they can give no satisfaction in England. So I beg the article[1] may be confined to its proper subject, and it will be admired by all who understand Poor Laws and Pauperism.—Yours truly, J. RUSSELL.

LORD JEFFREY.

Craigcrook, October 12, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—Thank you for your prompt answer to my inquiries, which, on the whole, I think is favourable. It is much to be free from suffering, and to know the cause of distressing feelings. Neither you nor I can now look for robust or unbroken health, but we may still find, I hope, a reasonable share of comfort, and even of enjoyment under a low endowment of vitality. As to inability for work, or despair of amendment, all that can be said, I fancy, is to go on working as long as we can, and to dwell as little as possible on estimates and probabilities where we have reason to think that the odds are against us. There is naturally a great fund of elasticity both in our minds and bodies, which, if not exhausted by too much anxiety and reflection, will carry us through more than we could reckon on, and should be left very much undisturbed by our vain meddling. That *insouciance*, in short, about

[1] The Article, with the omission of the first five pages objected to by Lord Russell, stands first in the Number for October, 1846, "Proposals for extending the Irish Poor Law,"

inevitable evils with which nature has blessed the inferior animals, should be transferred as far as possible into the philosophy of a right thinking man. And here is a sermon for you, to which on a quiet Sunday you have no right to object.

I have got your new Number [October, 1846], and pretty nearly read it all through. It is not what can be called lively, or likely to be popular with readers for amusement, but it is a singularly instructive Number, and on subjects of singular importance. The first [1] article is, perhaps, the most important, and I rather think the best. *Lord King* [2] begins charmingly, both as to writing and reasoning, but gets too soon into long citations, and ends as it seems to me without being in any way completed. *Grote* [3] is not very good, and, in so far as I can judge without reading the book, too laudatory. Both the author and the reviewer seem to me to flounder very heavily in their elaborate theory of mythological origins, and to make out nothing between them against the simple and natural supposition of all old historical fables having in them a germ or substratum of truth. There is nothing, I believe, so rare and difficult as absolute invention or pure fiction, nor anything so nearly universal as engrafting fiction on truth by the method of exaggeration and solution of difficulties: and have seldom seen anything more strained and pedantic than this attempt to deny its application to the primæval history of Greece. I also think the revival of the doubt as to the personal identity (or unity rather) of Homer very washy and almost puerile, and am half inclined to disable the learned author's critical taste and judgment out and out, when I find him presuming, in his zeal for his paltry Wolffian heresy, to describe the ninth book of the Iliad, the most splendid and glorious perhaps of the whole, as an unworthy interpolation! I read it all through this morning, and am entitled, therefore, to resent this blasphemy

[1] "Proposals for extending the Irish Poor Law," by Senior.
[2] "Speeches and Writings of the late Lord King," by Senior.
[3] "Grote's History of Greece," by J. S. Mill.

on this old testament of our classical Scriptures. The *English Lawyers*[1] is pleasant reading on the whole, though the abstract given of some of the biographies is too dry and meagre. I do not know what ground the reviewer has for his very confident assertion, or assumption rather, that the profession—Judges as well as Counsel—is going down, and deservedly, in public estimation. The concluding part about Law Education, and the usurpations or embezzlements of the Benchers, seems valuable and may lead to practical good.

I am glad we are to see Macaulay, but he must take care what he says this time.—Ever yours, F. JEFFREY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Edinburgh, November 5, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I had hoped that I should find you here, but on my arrival I learned that you were still in the country. I must absolutely start to-morrow morning before day break; and in truth at this time I ought not to be where I am even now. I must, therefore, give up the expectation of seeing you. Besides the pleasure of your society, I had a particular motive for wishing to have some talk with you. I am charged with a sort of embassy from Palmerston. I had some talk with him a few hours before I left London, and I found that he was very desirous to lay before the world an explanation of the late transactions in Spain. The January Number of the Edinburgh Review would, he thinks, be the very thing. The article would be written by Bulwer at Madrid, and would be revised by Palmerston before it was transmitted to you. Of course, secrecy would be necessary. Now, have you any objection to keep the last place in the January Number for such an article? Be so kind as to let me have an answer immediately, for the distance between London and Madrid is such that there is no time to lose; and, if the paper does not appear in January, it may as well not

[1] "Lives of Eminent Lawyers," by Hayward.

appear at all. If you approve the scheme, let me know what is the latest day on which the manuscript ought to be in your hands. I need not tell you how much pain the bad accounts of your health have lately given to me and to your other friends in the South.—Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

LORD JEFFREY.

December 11, 1846.

MY DEAR NAPIER,—I send you the last of these weary proofs. Empson is unreasonable with his endless corrections. It will be a relief when we are fairly done with them; for not only does his dirty linen require a deal of washing, but he will be soiling it again after we have done our rinsings. But, patience, and shuffle the cards.—Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

This refers to Empson's article on "David Hume," which was published in the Number for January, 1847—the last that my father edited. He died on the 11th of February. The following tribute to his memory appeared in the *Scotsman* shortly after his death. It was written by one of the most intimate and valued of all his friends—Thomas Thomson,[1] and will form no inappropriate conclusion to this collection.

"Few literary men in this country have been more in the public eye for the last thirty years, and the high degree of general estimation in which he has been held as a scholar and a gentleman, will be readily admitted even by those who may have entertained no partiality for the opinions of which he had long been the acknowledged advocate. It was at a very early period of his life that he began to discover a decided bias to literary pursuits, preferably to the more active and lucrative occupations in the law, for which he had been carefully trained, and in

[1] See Note, page 159.

which his talents and great attainments might have conducted him to high professional success. How far a more than usual share of constitutional sensibility might have impeded his progress in the rough and contentious business of the law, it may be difficult to conjecture; but fortunately for the public as well as for himself, his pre-eminent acquirements found a more congenial field as an academical instructor in the principles and rules of those branches of the law in which the rights of parties become embodied in written documents, and in the illustration of which his literary tastes happily enabled him to render the study more graceful and attractive. In this important station he had been placed by the unanimous voice of his legal brethren; and to the laborious discharge of its duties, imposing on him the necessity of adapting his prelections to the progressive and fluctuating state of the law, he continued to devote his most anxious attention down (it may be said with literal truth) to the latest hour of his existence. It is almost superfluous to add, that the success of his instructions in legal science was of the most unequivocal kind; and to his numerous hearers during the last twenty years, it would be a cause of bitter regret if the deeply learned and elegant compositions they were accustomed to admire as flowing from his own lips, should be allowed to perish with his life.

"To his other pursuits more purely of a literary character, it would be difficult to do justice in a few sentences. Of his earlier contributions to some of the leading periodical works of the day, a few of which only are known, it may be enough to say that they afforded most promising specimens of rapid advance in his favourite departments of moral and political science. For the more full development of these he afterwards found ample opportunities as Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and of the *Edinburgh Review*. The former of these well-known works had already passed through several editions, under the guidance and with the aid of men of very distinguished talents, and of great eminence in the sciences,

when Mr. Napier was invited to superintend its publication in a greatly improved form. To this arduous undertaking he accordingly devoted himself for several years with the utmost zeal and perseverance, and with the utmost success. Independently of his own original compositions, he was eminently fortunate in securing the co-operation of some of the most eminent philosophers and scholars of the age, whose contributions have given to the work a character and value which have justly placed it beyond all competition. And above all, the admirable skill displayed in casting and arranging the parts of which this vast and comprehensive whole is composed, will continue to afford ample evidence of the sound judgment and taste with which it was conducted and accomplished. Unlike all other works of the same class, it seems destined to maintain its place among the standard works of our national literature.

"The association into which Mr. Napier was thus brought with many of the most eminent men of letters of the age, became an excellent prelude to his labours as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the conduct of that brilliant publication it is well known that he was preceded by men of the finest genius, as well as of the purest, firmest, and most consistent principles; and it is no light praise to say that this leading organ of constitutional and liberal doctrines, and of manly and enlightened criticism, suffered no decay under his steady and unflinching management. In these respects the absolute and unassailable purity of his character as a public man, had the natural consequence of bringing him into close and confidential intercourse with many of the highest and most influential men of the age; and nothing can reflect brighter honour on his character than the strict fidelity, and truthfulness, and independence with which that intercourse was invariably maintained. Within the circle of his private acquaintance—more remarkable, perhaps, for its intimacy than its extent—his memory will be always cherished as that of a most intelligent, kindly, and pleasing companion—a zealous, disinterested, and devoted friend."

INDEX.

A.

Abercromby (Lord Dunfermline), 142, 275.
Adair (Sir Robert), mission to St. Petersburg, 31, 32.
Addison (Joseph), 367, 370, 415, 416, 418, 419, 420.
Agassiz, 346.
Aikin (Lucy), Life of Addison, 415, 416.
Akenside (Mark), 132.
Alison (Sir Archibald, d. 1839), 227, 311.
Allen (John, d. 1843), memoir of Fox, 30–32; French Revolution of 1830, 77, 85; reception of the Reform Bill, 108; article on Bolingbroke, 153, 158; applies to Sydney Smith to contribute, 211; Lord Brougham, 225, 228; motion against Lord Glenelg, 229; Lord Melbourne's opinions on Reform, 236; Prescott's History of Ferdinand, 237; article on Plumer Ward, 237; Brougham on Talleyrand, 253; Chatham's second administration, 253; Brougham's Political Characters, 268; Lister's life of Clarendon, 268; Charles the First and the Scottish Commissioners, 268, *note;* Church Rates, 286; Brougham not malignant but unscrupulous, 305; his last series of Characters flashy and exaggerated, 306; Lord Holland, 331; Macaulay's article on Lord Holland, 332; Lord Holland's letter on Ney's execution, 394, 396–8; Fox Memorials and Correspondence, 397; Francis Horner, 413; his death, 413.
Anglesey (Lord), 195, 358.
Aquaviva, 362, 375.
Arago, 240, 283, 287, 365.
Arnold (Rev. F.), 72, *note.*
Arnold (Dr. Thomas, d. 1842), 310, 311, 380.
Ashburnham (Lord), 268.
Ashburton (Lord), 440, 487, 508.
Atherstone (Edwin), 104.
Austen (Jane), 139.
Austin (John, d. 1859), 377, 381, 387.
Austin (Sarah, d. 1867), 304, 312, 377, 412, 426, 443; Ranke's Reformation, 467; articles on Germany, 467; Guizot's *speeches,* 467; Cousin's anxiety about Sir W. Hamilton, 468; the French Revolution, 511; manuscript journals of the Sections of Paris, 512; article on Centralization, 513.

B.

Babrius, 480.
Bacon (Lord), his philosophical writings, 9, 19, 21, 36, 51–56, 175, 189, 500.
Ballot, 127, 280.
Baptist missionaries, 402, 404.
Barère (Bertrand), 439, 451.
Baring (Mrs. H.), 268.
Baronets (Order of), 297.
Barrow (Sir John, d. 1848), 23, 35, 364, 443, *note.*
Baxter (Richard), 286, 296.
Bell (Sir Charles), 189.
Bell (Robert), 9, *note.*
Bellarmine, 375.
Bentham (Jeremy), 21, 100, 427, 430–36.
Bentinck (Lord W.), 297.
Bentley (Richard), 188.
Berni, 266.
Black (Adam), 51, 284.
Blanc (Louis), 511.
Boiardo, 149, 266.
Bolingbroke (Lord), 158, 294, 305.

Boswell (James), 108, 110, 374.
Bowdler (John), 447.
Bowring (Sir John), 430–84.
Boyle (David), 342, 496, 498.
Brewster (Sir David, d. 1868), 12, 157, 181; article on Whewell, 188; Lord Bacon, 189; article on Telford, 286; discovery of the composition of water, 288; James Watt, 299; second article on Whewell, 355, 357, 361, 364; 412; 426; article on Thunderstorms, 460, 463.
Brougham (Henry, Lord, d. 1868), jealous of new contributors, 3; dinner to, at Edinburgh, 46; applies to Mr. Napier to write on Lord Bacon, 51; editorship of the Edinburgh Review, 62, 63; wishes his articles to be kept secret, 66, 67; articles by, 69; Lady Canning's pamphlet, 75; speech on Slavery, 77; his return for Yorkshire, 79; article on the State of Parties, 80; Revolution in France, 85; becomes Lord Chancellor, 95; enjoins secrecy as to his articles, 96; his speeches puffed in the Review, 107; the Reform Bill, 111; reported to aspire to the Premiership, 123; articles on Reform, 126, 131, 142; on Mirabeau, Aristocracy, and British Constitution, 150; dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, 151; contributes six articles to one Number, 152; excluded from the Melbourne Cabinet, 153; complains that his assistance to the Review is undervalued, 154; wishes well to it while it supports its old principles, 155; ease and rapidity with which he writes, 156; Macaulay's article on Mackintosh, 157; course of lectures on Political Economy and Government, 158; dissatisfaction with his former colleagues, 159; articles on Taxes on Knowledge and House of Lords, 161; the Review never avowed itself a party journal, 163; a personal attack on himself would be indecent, 164; the Melbourne Ministry and Municipal Corporations, 165; Lord Melbourne an anti-reformer, 166; Jeffrey's article on Mackintosh, 167; article on Waddington, 168; Lord Melbourne and the Great Seal, 170; his exclusion condemned by Lord Campbell, 170, *note;* O'Connell most injurious to the Government, 170; Empson's misrepresentations, 171; defends Lord Grey's administration, 172; his unpleasant position as regards the Review, 173; Sir Henry Taylor, 173; article on Advocacy, 174; has lived to find that time does not blunt the edge of sorrow, 181; article on his Natural Theology, 181; Malthus's preferment, 182; Empsons's unfairness, 183; critical position of the Melbourne Government, 184; merits and defects of Macaulay's article on Bacon, 191; Empson a bad imitator of Macaulay, 193; loss to the Liberal party by the General Election in 1837, 194; the Wellesley despatches, 195; Ireland saved by Lords Wellesley and Anglesey, 195; Duke of Wellington's despatches, 196, 207; the underlings described, 197, 204, 207; favourable to an extension of the franchise, 198; defects of the Reform Bill, 198; the East India Company and Lord Wellesley, 199; article on Jefferson, 202; conduct of the Edinburgh Review in regard to the Melbourne Government, 204; improvement of the working classes an imperative duty, 206; his praises of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, 209; continued hostility to his former colleagues, 211; article on Toleration, 211; treated with great kindness by the Queen, 212; condemns the Canada policy of the Melbourne Government, 213; letter to Lord John Russell, 213; wishes Lord Jeffrey to be consulted on his differences with Mr. Napier, 214, 221; laid down a rule against associating with the Government in private, 219; aware of the difficulties of Mr. Napier's position, 220; Lord Jeffrey's letter, 221, 223; Mr. Napier's friendliness about his Natural Theology, 223; his education test intended to exclude the rabble, 223; former attacks on the Whig party, 224; Lady Charlotte Bury, 225; Speeches, on Slavery, 226, 228; his ambition as an historian, 227; article on George the Fourth and Queen Caroline, 228; Louis Philippe, 233; his chateau at Cannes, 234; interview with King Leopold at Laken, 235; Duke and Duchess of Kent, 236; Lord Mel-

bourne's allusion to his courtier-like qualities, 236; collection of his Speeches, 239; complains of Macaulay not calling on him on his return from India, 247; Macaulay and Empson seek to break off his connection with the Review, 248; no believer in Chatham's madness, 248; obligations of the Review to Macaulay, 254; articles respecting Neutral Rights, 254; Lord Melbourne besotted by Court favour, 255; Lord Durham, 256; appeals to his speeches as proofs of his adherence to the Whig creed, 259; Political Characters, 258; Lord Melbourne's opinion of Burke and Robertson, 259; threatens to start a new Edinburgh Review, 260; dissertation on Party, 260; conduct of Pitt and Fox, 261; Canada and the Bill of Attainder against sixteen men, 262; Macaulay's article on Temple, 264; more Portraits, 264; Dialogues on Instinct, 265; correction of mistake respecting Lord Melbourne, 269; Letter to the Queen, 269; Dr. Channing, 270; his relations with Mr. Napier, 273; Letter to the Duke of Bedford on Education, 282; commentary on the *Principia*, 282; Bolingbroke's writings, 283; evils of scientific assemblages, 283; discovery of the composition of water, 283; his daughter, 284; hoax about his death, 285; his Public Characters, 287; Don Pedro Cevallos, 291: used the Review as a Ministerial journal while Lord Chancellor, 292; misconduct of the Liberals in deserting him, 293; denies the covert attack on O'Connell, 294; refusal of the Great Seal explained, 294; sensation caused by the report of his death, 295; death of his mother, 298; her remonstrance against his becoming Lord Chancellor, 298; profligacy of Macaulay's defence of Clive, 299; article on Walpole and his contemporaries, 304; his characters not true likenesses, 306; Sir S. Romilly, 307; Mill's article on Democracy, 315; Macaulay's mistake respecting Natural religion, 316; reasons for declining to write about Romilly, 316; Romilly and the Quarterly Review, 318; no mercy would have been shown to Canning had his journals been published, 319; absurd passage in Macaulay on the immortality of the soul, 320; analysis of Cuvier, 321; Romilly's portrait bequeathed to him by Lord Holland, 321; Macaulay's article on Lord Holland, 333; his affection and admiration for Jeffrey, 338; resignation of the Melbourne Ministry, 338; position of the Liberals, 340; Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, 342; judicial promotions in Edinburgh, 342; his disregard of party in his judicial appointments, 343; mischief to the Corn Laws by the Melbourne Government, 344; Lord Normanby's Irish administration, 358; his Political Philosophy, 371; Lord Campbell's speeches, 391; Macaulay and Lord Campbell renowned as bores, 392; Roebuck on French Criminal Jurisprudence, 393; article on Loyola, 391-393; Lord Holland's letter respecting Marshal Ney, 394: Talfourd's article on Campbell's speeches, 406; Duke of Wellington and Lord Ellenborough, 411; Letter to Sir J. Graham on Law Reform, 425; quarrel with Mr. Napier, 428; compared with Jeffrey, 441; fallen into universal contempt, 449; his lives of Men of Letters, 473.

Brown (Dr. Thomas, d. 1820), 19, 28, 37, 54, 104, 168.

Browne (Dr. James, d. 1841), 62, 91.

Brydges (Sir Egerton), 141, 178.

Buchanan (George), 25.

Buller (Charles, d. 1848), 274, 309, 353, 354, 356, 358.

Buller (Sir John Yarde), 302.

Bulwer (E. L., Lord Lytton, d. 1873), complains of the Review being unfriendly, 81, 83, 84; proposes various articles, 101; his Siamese Twins, 102–3; article on Sir Egerton Brydges, 141, 143; Sir Thomas Browne, 177; Paul de Kock and Chateaubriand, 178; Rise and Fall of Athens, 178; article on Vane, 179; Lady M. W. Montagu, 184; speech on Irish Municipal Corporations, 185; not ambitious of office, 186; Sir D. Sandford's article on his Athens, 189; Macaulay's article on Bacon, 189, 190; defence of the Whigs, 280–2, 286, 295–6.

Bulwer (Henry, Lord Dalling, d. 1872), 324, 326, 521.

Bunyan (John), 116.

Burke (Edmund), 31, 258, 259, 268, 304, 325, 451, 452.
Bury (Lady Charlotte), 225, 229.
Bute (Lord), 283, 452.
Byron (Lord), 85, 133, 291.

C.

Campbell (John, Lord, d. 1861), Member for Edinburgh, 142; condemns the conduct of the Melbourne Ministry to Brougham, 170, *note;* his speeches, 391; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 392, *note;* Denman mad about Privilege, 499; Lives of the Lord Chancellors, 500, 507–9.
Campbell (Thomas, d. 1844), declines to contribute to the Encyclopædia, 22; Mrs. Carlton's essay on the Nervous System, 179–81; Letters from the South, 185; life of Frederic, 352.
Canning (George), 26, 42, 43, 45, 106, 164, 227, 259, 262.
Canning (Lady), 75.
Capefigue (M.), 313.
Carlisle (Lord), 298.
Carlton (Mrs.), 179–81.
Carlyle (Thomas), devotes himself to German literature, 74; meditates an essay on Byron, 93; on Napoleon, 94; Taylor's Survey of German poetry, 99; fashionable novels, 99; Jeremy Bentham, 100; prefers the Review as a vehicle for his contributions, 110; Luther, 112; article on Characteristics, 113-15; history of the French Revolution, 114, 120; death of his father, 119; Corn Law Rhymes, 119, 124; his want of books, 124, 413.
Castlereagh (Lord), 164, 208, 209.
Catholic priests, endowment of, 353, 356, 436–41, 445–6, 483, 501.
Cavendish (Henry), 283, 284, 288, 315.
Cevallos (Don Pedro), 291.
Chalmers (Dr. Thomas, d. 1847), 64.
Channing (Dr.), 68, 74.
Chateaubriand, 178, 239.
Chatham (Lord), 132, 239, 248, 253, 254, 453, 460.
Clanricarde (Lady), 227.
Clerk (John), 35, *note.*
Clinton (Fynes), 185.
Clive (Lord), 266, 296, 299, 301, 325.
Cochrane (Lord), 13.
Cockburn (Henry, Lord Cockburn, d. 1854), 7, 291, 424, 425, 459, 496–9.
Coleridge (S. T.), 104, 113, 133.
Collier (Jeremy), 313, 314.
Congreve, 313.
Constable (Archibald), 6, 10, 19.
Conveyancing, 9, 10, 21.
Copleston (Dr. E., d. 1849), 3, 7, 14, 70, *note.*
Cornwallis (Lord), 381.
Cousin (M.), 68, 468.
Craig (Sir J. G.), 399.
Craig (Sir W.), 439.
Croker (John Wilson), 95, 108, 117, 118, 399, 401, 418.
Crombie (Dr.), 91, 92, 223.
Cunninghame (Lord), 184.
Cuvier, 316, 320.

D.

D'Aguilar (Colonel), 211.
D'Arblay (Madame, 127, 374, 377, 380, 399, 400.
D'Aubigne (Merle), 425.
Davidson (John), 25.
Defoe, 117, 493.
Degerando, 1, 9.
De Kock (Paul), 178.
Denman (Lord, d. 1854), 167, 298, 321, 429, 490, 493–5–8–9.
Dickens (Charles, d. 1870), friendship with Jeffrey, 331; his American Notes, 383, 397, 400; complains of the misrepresentations of the Review, 405; proposed article on Education and ragged schools, 421; article on Capital Punishment not written, 487, 490.
Dickson (Sir Alexander), 211.
Dryden, 117.
Dudley (Lord), 45, 262.
Dundee (Viscount), 351.
Dunoyer (M.), 512, 513.
Durham (Lord), 144, 173, 220, 256, 267.

E.

Eastern Question, 321–4.
El Dorado, 303, 306.
Eldon (Lord), 259, 262, 458.
Ellenborough (Earl), 411, 420.
Empson (William, d. 1852), 62, 98, 99, 117, 119, 124, 138, 149, 171–3, 182, 193, 220, 221, 244, 260, 273, 286, 295, 331, 392, 427, 433, 434, 436, 449, 472, 508, 522.

Encyclopædia Britannica, Supplement to, 6, 10, 36, 39, 55; Seventh edition of, 56–59; Quarterly Review on, 383.
——— Edinburgh, 12, 58, 288.
——— Metropolitana, 57.
——— Rees', 57.
Erskine (Lord), 258, 264.

F.

Fahmer (William), 447.
Fanshawe (Colonel), 211.
Farquhar, 313, 326, 350, 351.
Ferguson (Dr. Adam), 24, 25.
Ferrier (Miss), 356.
Fitzwilliam (Lord), 32, 451.
Fletcher (George), 309.
Fonblanque (Albany) 195, 323, 397.
Forbes (Professor J. D., d. 1868), 346, 347, 373, 410.
Forster (John, d. 1876), 493.
Fox (Charles James), 30, 31, 259, 268, 333, 397.
Fox (Colonel), 211.
Francis (Sir P.), 248, 321, 325.
Frederic the Great, 352, 353, 362.
Frere (John Hookham), 259, 262.

G.

Gayangos (Don Pascual), 237.
Gentz (F. von), 2.
George the Fourth, 78, 262.
Gesenius, 112.
Gibbs (Sir Vicary), 264, 270.
Gifford (William, Editor of the Quarterly Review, d. 1826), 3, 133.
Glaciers, 346, 347, 373.
Gladstone (W. E.), 271, 313, 314, 389, 408.
Gleig (Rev. G. R.), 324, 325, 326, 364.
Glencoe, 38, 351.
Glenelg (Lord), 229, 230, 237, 244, 359, 446.
Godwin (William, d. 1836), 105, 107, 113.
Goldsmith (Oliver), 350.
Gordon (Lady D.), 486.
Graham (Sir James), 151, 172, 304, 503.
Grant (Sir W.), 270.
Greg (W. R.), 443.
Grenville (George), 452.
Grenville (Lord), 32, 163, 248, 268.
Greville (Charles C. F.) 75, 485, 506.
Grey (Charles, Earl), 46, 121, 123, 142, 144, 163, 171, 182, 197, 208, 220, 239, 291, 358.
Grey (Henry, Earl), 501–4.
Grey (Sir George), 366, 374.
Grote (George), 29, 520.
Grotius (Hugo), 289, 335, 481.
Guizot, 303, 310, 313, 523, 467–8, 512–13.
Gurwood (Colonel), 238.

H.

Hahn-Hahn (Countess), 443.
Hall (Captain Basil, d. 1844), 41, 237.
Hallam (Henry, d. 1859), 71, 303, 304, 331, 449.
Hamilton (Sir William, d. 1856), article on Cousin, 68; on German Education, 74; on Perception, 91, 104; on Oxford, 111; attacked by paralysis, 453, 468.
Hamilton (Duke of) 381, 384.
Hampden (John), 117, 179.
Harcourt (W. V.), 283, 284.
Hastings (Warren), 314, 324, 326.
Hayward (A.), 412, 413, 420, 443, 492, 521.
Hazlitt (William, d. 1830), 22, 68, *note*, 194, 245.
Helps (Sir Arthur), 463.
Helvetius quoted, 82.
Herbert (Algernon), 140.
Herschel (Sir W.), 478.
Hildebrand, 448, 461, 469, 474.
Hobbes, 102, 435.
Hodgson (Dr. W. B.), 50.
Holland (Lord), 182, 219, 255, 262, 280, 314, 321, 330, 331, 394, 396, 398, 454.
Home (John), 25, 26.
Hope (John), 342, 345.
Hope (Thomas), 113, 114.
Hoppus (Professor), 53.
Horner (Francis), 6, 413, 426.
Humboldt, 13.
Hunt (Leigh, d. 1859), 313, 322, 330, 333, 348, 350, 400.
Huskisson (William), 39, 45–49, 85, 221, 286, 290, 394.

I.

Innes (Cosmo), 159.
Inquisition, reports from, to the Pope, 336.
Ireland, mis-government of, 2; elective franchise, 46; Church Commission, 147; Coercion Bill, 172, 358; payment of the Catholic clergy, 353, 356, 436–41, 445–8, 489, 501.
Italy, romantic poetry of, 76, 90, 149.
Iturbide (ex-emperor of Mexico), 42, 44.

J.

Jacob (William, d. 1851), 41–44.
Jacquemont (Victor), 298.
Jeffrey (Francis, Lord Jeffrey, d. 1850), article on Beauty in the Encyclopædia, 15, 16; resigns the editorship of the Review, 60, 63; articles on Lady Fanshawe and Felicia Hemans, 66; appointed Lord Advocate, 95; speech on the Reform Bill, 103; his opinion of Macaulay's Hampden, 121; of Carlyle, 121; of Bryant's poems, 124; Macaulay's departure for India, 135; appointed a Judge, 159; article on Mackintosh, 159, 160, 167; Macaulay's article on Bacon, 186; his view of the differences between Lord Brougham and Mr. Napier, 214; opposes any attack on the Melbourne Ministry, 216; deprecates the return of a Tory administration, 217; against an extension of the franchise, 218; Brougham's remarkable article on George the Fourth, 229; disbelieved the story of Brougham's death, 285; Stephen's article on Baxter, 286; Brougham's ferocious attack on the Government, and parallel between himself and Lord Chatham, 287; Watt and the composition of Water, 288; general opinion of Macaulay as a debater, 302; Wilberforce Correspondence, 317; the Melbourne Ministry and the dissolution of Parliament, 331; Lord Holland, 332; judicial promotions in Edinburgh, 342; Brougham's kindness to those who do not cross his path, 345; his own health, 353, 356; intends to take shelter at Torquay, 371; Brougham's Political Philosophy, 371; Macaulay's article on Frederic, 372; articles by Senior, Forbes, Spedding, Merivale, and Sir George Grey, 373–4; delights in Fanny Burney, 374; Francis Horner, 413; republication of his reviews, 417; dedication to Sydney Smith, 422; answer to Sir Walter Scott, 423–25; Brougham's letter to Sir James Graham, 425; articles by Lord Monteagle, Brewster, Mrs. Austin, Lewes, Baden Powell, Empson, 426–7; suggests Macaulay, Empson, or Mill to review Brougham's Political Philosophy, 428; his Contributions to the Review, 429; Macaulay's opinion of that work, 430; compared with Brougham, 441; Senior's article on Ireland, 442; articles by Mill, Barrow, Rogers, Greg, Hayward, 443; Macaulay on Chatham, 460; Brewster's fine writing, 460; invites Mr. Napier to Craigcrook, 461; edits Moreheads's Philosophical Dialogues, 471; death of Sydney and Bobus Smith, 472; helps Empson to finish his proofs, 472; Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters, 473; Hildebrand inferior to any of Stephen's articles, 473; Denman's article on Privilege of Parliament, 490, 495; articles by Lord Neaves, Senior, Merivale, Mill, Hayward, Lewes, Forster, 491–3; his opinion of Campbell's lives of the Lord Chancellors, 508; detained by illness at Derby, 510; Irish Poor Law, 516; articles by Senior, Mill, Hayward, 520; Empson on David Hume, 522.
Jesuits, 336, 362, 375.
Jews, 9, 95, 98.

K.

King (Lord), 69, 466, 482, 520.
Kinnaird (Lord), 394, 396–7.
Knight (Payne), 70.
Knighton (Sir W.), 263, *note*, 275.
Knox (John), 25.

L.

Lansdowne (Lord, d. 1863), 182, 193, 197, 206, 239, 261, 438, 445, 508, 514–15.
Lardner (Dr. Dionysius) 90, 98, 479.
La Remigaliere, 28.
Lauderdale (Lord), 51.
Laynez, 363, 375.
Leach (Sir John), 259, 262.
Lee (Dr. John, d. 1859), 24, 189.
Leibnitz, 37, 481.
Le Marchant (Sir D.), 454, *note*.
Lessing, 245, 493.
Lewes (George Henry), 427, 493.
Lewis (Sir G. C., d. 1863), articles on English Public Schools, 69, 70; editor of the Edinburgh Review, 448; Babrius, 480; legislation for the Working Classes, 480.

Lister (Thomas Henry, d. 1842), 81, 143, 147, 148, 268.
Liverpool (Lord), 47, 262.
Lockhart (J. G.) 345, 494.
Loughborough (Lord), 264, 270.
Loyola (Ignatius), 362, 375, 391–393.
Luther, 74, 112.
Lyndhurst (Lord), 332, 345, 407.

M.

Macaulay (Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, d. 1859), Utilitarian Theory, 64, 65, 68; article on Southey, 72; complains of omissions, 73; opinion of Niebuhr, 78; Brougham's speech on Slavery, 79; proposed article on French politics, 79; indignant at Brougham's conduct, 85, 87–89; article on the Jews, 91, 95, 98; in good humour with Brougham 96; article on Sadler, 96, 97; speech on the Reform Bill, 107; requests that his name be never mentioned in the Review, 108; Jeffrey's speech, 108; article on Lord Byron, 109; on Croker, 116; on Bunyan, 116; Dryden, Pope, Defoe, 117; Croker's reply, 117, 118; Hampden, 117, 118; Lord Burleigh, 118, 121; Carlyle, 119; Mirabeau, 122, 124; electioneering at Leeds, 125; Lord Mahon's war of the Spanish Succession, 125, 127; Secretary to the Board of Control, 125; article on Walpole, 131; appointed a member of the Council of India, 133; importance of his support to the Review, 134; his departure for India, 135–8; article on Chatham, 135, 138; proposes articles on Mackintosh, Voltaire, Miss Austen, 138, 139; Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, 148, 149, 157–8, 169, 187; health and occupations at Calcutta, 150; his classical studies, 168; article on Lord Bacon, 169, 174–6, 187, 191, 241; Trevelyan's article on the *Thugs*, 174; his mode of learning a language, 176; Penal Code, 176; Hannah More, 187; Sir William Temple and Lord Clive, 187; returns from India, 243; Lord Brougham's misconception of his argument about Bacon, 244; Mr. Napier's correspondence with Wallace, 244; is not successful in criticising works of genius, 245; his objections to writing about Sir Walter Scott, 245; article on Temple, 249; position, aims, and character of Lord Brougham, 249, 250; explains his reasons for not calling on Lord Brougham, 251; proposed article by Empson on the Penal Code, 252; gives Mr. Napier an outline of his History, 252; the Mackintosh papers, 252; challenge from Wallace, 256; article on Sir W. Temple, 258; Lord Brougham, 258; objects to write on the politics of the day, 265; Italian romantic poetry, 266; arrives at Florence, 266; article on Lord Clive, 267, 271, 274–7, 296–7, 325, 362; Lords Brougham and Durham, 267; article on Gladstone, 271, 272; meets Gladstone at Rome, 271; meets Lord Brougham, 272; Education question, 274; Charles Buller as a contributor, 274; returned as Member for Edinburgh, 275, *note*; office never so unattractive, 276; appointed Secretary at War, 276; address to the Edinburgh electors, 290; returned for Edinburgh, 297; has not succeeded as a debater, 302; speech on the China question, 302–4–6; article on Ranke, 312, 313, 316; tottering state of the Melbourne Ministry, 312; Gladstone's Church Principles, 313, 314; Comic Dramatists, 313, 314, 322, 324; proposed article on Napoleon, 313; Jeremy Collier, 314; death of Lord Holland, 314; the Eastern question, 321–2–3–4–6; character of Hastings, 325; Gleig's life of Hastings, 326; article on Hastings, 330, 348, 350, 352, 354, 362; political prospects, 330; article on Lord Holland, 332–4; not disappointed by the elections, 334; considers his lot one of the most enviable in human life, 335; Stephen's article on the Port Royalists, 335; his student's cell in the Albany, 348; Leigh Hunt's complaints of Mr. Napier's criticisms, 348, 351; blunder about the Vicar of Wakefield, 350; delight with which he has begun his History, 351; his want of information about Scotch affairs, 351; article on Frederic, 352 362, 365–6, 372; condemns Brewster's article on Whewell, 361, 365; speech on the Corn Laws, 365; replies to Mr. Napier's remarks on his diction, 366; phrases unsuitable to a History suitable

in a review, 367; mistaken notion about the dignity of History, 368; use of colloquial expressions by Addison, 370; urged to republish his reviews in England, 370; Rio's history of the Chouans, 378, 380; decides against republishing his reviews, 378; danger of republication illustrated in Fonblanque's case, 379; his Roman Lays, 380–3, 399; Austin's article on List, 381, 383; Rich's blunders about Duelling, 381–4; objections to writing about Romilly, 382; Sewell's lectures on Moral Philosophy, 382; bespeaks Dickens's book on America, 383; Lord Palmerston an excellent writer, 384; declines to review Dickens, 397; success of his Roman Lays, 399; Madame D'Arblay, 399, 400, 401, 414; Hunt's opinion of his Lays, 400; consents to the republication of his reviews, 400; Professor Wilson's handsome conduct, 400, 401; would have given up writing for the Review but for Mr. Napier, 414; bespeaks Miss Aikin's life of Addison, 415; Lord Mahon's memoirs of Condé, 415, 435; Miss Aikin's blunders, 416, 418; success of his collected reviews, 417; Jeffrey at work on his collection, 417; partial to his article on Addison, 418, 419; Little Dicky, 420; state of the Peel Ministry, 420, 421; dedication of his reviews to Jeffrey, 423; reign of George the Third, 435, 451, 452, 454, 460; Empson's article on Bentham, 436; Brougham a formidable orator, but a middling writer, 436; payment of the Irish Catholic Clergy, 436–440; does not expect to be again returned for Edinburgh, 439; article on Barère, 439, 451; Senior's article on Ireland, 439; character of Jeffrey and his writings, 440; speech on Ireland, 451; proposes a review of Burke's literary and political character, 451, 452; Walpole's letters to Mann, 452, 453; the *Clapham Sect* Stephen's best article, 453; substitutes an article on Lord Chatham, 454; never bestowed so much labour on any article, 455; article on Chatham his last in the Review, 460; must concentrate his attention on his History, 462; cannot like Southey do more than one thing at a time, 462; bombastic style of the article on Thunderstorms, 463; report of his discontinuing to write for the Review, 468; convinced of the wisdom of that resolution, 469; progress of his History, 485; Senior's views of our American relations not impartial, 485; has no misgivings about his attacks on Peel, 485, 504; letter to Macfarlan on the failure of Lord John Russell to form a Ministry, 500; indignant at the unauthorised publication of a private letter, 502; Lord Russell's article on Lords Grey and Spencer, 502, 504; appointed Paymaster-General, 515; arrival at Edinburgh, 521; embassy from Palmerston, 521.

Macaulay (Zachary), 447.

M'Culloch (John Ramsay, d. 1864), an advocate for Poor Laws, 32–34; lectures on Political Economy, 39; his opinion on Income tax, 40; Professorship of Political Economy, 45, 47, 48, 49; his reputation from his contributions to the Review, 72; article on Property and Income tax, 128; change in public opinion on Poor Laws, 129; expects them to be introduced into Ireland, 129; contributes to the Useful Knowledge Society, 156, *note*.

Macfarlan (J. F.), 501–3.

Mackintosh (Sir James, d. 1832), his refusal of the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, 7, 27; articles on Dugald Stewart, 36; dissertation on Ethical Philosophy, 37, *note*; his historical labours, 36, 38; declines to write on Punishments for the Encyclopædia, 38, 93, 105–8; his History of the Revolution, 138, 157; Life of, 158, 159, 167; unfairly treated by Brougham, 239.

Maclaren (Charles), 212.

Mahon (Lord, Earl Stanhope) 125, 415, 435.

Malden (Henry, d. 1876), 122.

Malthus (Rev. T. R., d. 1835), article Population in the Encyclopædia, 32, 34, 36; his opinion of Ricardo, M'Culloch and Mill, 32, 34; offer of a living to, 182.

Mandeville (Bernard), 490.

Mangles (R. D.), 412, 415.

Mansfield (Lord), 264, 270, 452.

Marryat (Captain), 286, 290, 295.

Marvel (Andrew), 443.

Maynooth, 483, 504, 506.

Melbourne (Lord), appointed Prime Minister, 142; dismissal of his Ministry, 147; resumes Office, 153, 166, 172, 206; 210, 214, 229; misrepresented by Lord Brougham, 236; 255; his opinion of Burke, 259, *note*, 268; his conduct on Reform, 269; changes in his Ministry, 275; his feelings towards Lord Brougham, 293, 294, 296; defeats of his Ministry, 330, 332, 334; resigns, 338.
Melville (Lord), 45, 47, 48, 258.
Merivale (Herman, d. 1874), 356, 369, 370, 373, 374, 492.
Michelet (Jules), 310, 311, 443.
Mill (James, d. 1836), articles for the Encyclopædia, 15, 29, 30; History of India, 18; remarks on Playfair, 20; meditates a history of English Law, 22; appointed to the East India House, 26, 27; articles on Government, Jurisprudence, Education, 26, 27, 37; his opinion of the Whigs, 26, 29; Professorship of Moral Philosophy, 27; Dugald Stewart, 30; an incorrigible Radical, 40.
Mill (John Stuart, d. 1873), terminates his connection with the *Westminster Review*, 308; a contributor to the Edinburgh Review, 308, 309; article on Tocqueville, 310; effects of Democracy, 311; his adhesion to the Review political, 312; defence of his father, 430–33; Michelet, 443; article on Claims of Labour, 463–6; his Logic, 428, 481; Guizot, 492, 495; article on Duveyrier, 509; disputes the warlike propensities of the French, 510; opinion of Dr. Whately, 510; article on Grote, 520.
Millingen (Dr.), 381, 384.
Milner (Isaac), 446.
Minto (Lord), 13.
Mohun (Lord), 381, 384.
Moir (George), 157, 356, 409, 412, 413.
Monteagle (Lord, d. 1866), 72, 164, 257, 278, 286, 304, 394, *note*, 412; article on Francis Horner, 426; Tory Rule, 460; conduct of Lord Grey, 504; failure to form a Whig Government, 505; Peel's position, 505; Peel's conduct on the Corn Laws, 506; disputes about the Oregon boundary, 507; Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, 507.
Montgomery (Robert), 76.
Moore (Sir John), 141.
Moore (Thomas, d. 1852), life of Lord Byron, 93, 98; article on German Protestantism, 112; Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 112; Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion, 130; article on Overton, 130; Round Towers of Ireland, 140.
More (Hannah), 187, 447.
Morehead (Rev. Robert), 91, 92, 471.
Mure (Colonel), 412.
Murray (Sir George, d. 1846), 238.

N.

Napier (Macvey, d. 1847), his birth, 1; appointed Librarian to the Writers to the Signet, 1; contributes to the Edinburgh Review, 1–3; article on Stewart's Philosophical Essays, 3–6; edition of Raleigh's works, 6; editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia, 6; Professorship of Moral Philosophy, 7; Professor of Conveyancing, 10; paper on Lord Bacon, 19, 21; preface to the Supplement, 39; publication of Mr. Stewart's last works, 50, 51, *note;* Bacon's philosophical writings, 53–56; succeeds Jeffrey as editor of the Edinburgh Review, 60; his first Number, 67; Macaulay's departure for India, 133–35; reply to Lord Durham, 145; resists Lord Brougham, 160; adheres to the principles of the Review, 161, 162; appointed one of the Principal Clerks of Session, 184, *note;* answers Lord Brougham's imputations, 199; his embarrassing situation as editor, 199; the Wellington despatches, 200; risk to the Melbourne Ministry from further organic changes, 201; has means of ascertaining their sentiments, 202; blamed for deferring too much to Lord Brougham, 208; his differences with Lord Brougham referred to Lord Jeffrey, 214; proposes that Lord Brougham should limit his contributions to certain subjects, 221; authorship of the article on Cevallos, 291, *note;* Sir Walter Raleigh, 303–6; proposed Edinburgh Review dinner to, 328; rupture with Lord Brougham, 428; his infirm health, 471, 472, 510; his death, 522; tribute to his memory by Thomas Thomson, 522.

Napier (Sir William, d. 1860), 140, 141, 196, 210.
Neaves (Lord, d. 1877), 492, 495.
Newman (John Henry), 328, 389, 415, 436, 450, 456.
Ney (Marshal), 394, *note*, 396–7.
Niebuhr, 69, 78, 122, 380.
Normanby (Lord), 280, 358, 359, 441.
Norris (Henry), 420.
North (Lord), 270.
Nugent (Lord), 118.

O.

O'Connell (Daniel), 170, 171, 265, 287, 293–4, 354–6, 358.
Oregon boundary, 482, 507, 516.
Orme (Robert), 299, 301.

P.

Palmerston (Lord, d. 1865), 237, 244, 255, 262, 307, 321, 322, 324, 390, 485, 516.
Parnell (Sir Henry, Lord Congleton, d. 1842), 356, 359.
Peacock (Dr. George, d. 1858), 412.
Pearson (John), 447.
Peel (Sir Robert), 147, 153, 332, 333, 338, 343, 345, 369, 395, 421, 441, 485–6, 500, 508.
Pepys (Sir Charles, Lord Cottenham), 170, *note*.
Perizonius, 380.
Pitt (William), 31, 259, 317–18.
Playfair (Professor, d. 1819), 13, 20, 21, 33, 55, 70.
Political Economy, 34; Professorship of, 45–50.
Pope, 117.
Powell (Professor Baden, d. 1860), 427, 450.
Prescott (W. H.), 237, 474.
Priestley (Dr.), 284, 288.
Procter (Bryan Waller, d. 1876), 458.
Pulci, 256.

Q.

Quarterly Review, 165, 291.

R.

Raleigh (Sir Walter), 6, 10, 11, 303–6.
Ranke, 312, 316.
Raumer (Professor), 173.
Reade (J. E.), 83.
Reform Bill, 114, 116, 144, 145, 173, 202.
Reid (Dr. Thomas), 104.
Ricardo (David, d. 1823), 22, 25, 30, 32.
Rice (Thomas Spring), see Monteagle.
Rich (Sir Henry), 119, 121, 384–7.
Richardson (Sir John), 23.
Rio, 378, 380.
Robertson (Dr.), 260, 419, *note*.
Robinson (Frederick John, Lord Ripon), 39, 45, 47, 48, 221.
Roebuck (J. A.), 393.
Rogers (Henry), 286, 290, 355; article on Right of Private Judgment, 388, 407; on Puseyism, 407, 417; on Andrew Marvel, 443; second article on Puseyism, 455–7, 460–1–3; visit from Stephen, 461; payment of the Catholic Priests, 483.
Rogers (Samuel), 133, 303, 330, 331.
Romilly (Sir S.), 305, 307, 316, 380, 382, 407.
Roscoe (William), 239.
Russell (Lord John), 109; reasons for Brougham's exclusion from the Melbourne Ministry, 153, 164, 166, 193, 206, 262; his character as a statesman, 286, 290, 315; real leader of the Whigs, 332, 353, 383; edits the Fox Memorials, 397; ought to write the history of England since the Reform Bill, 404; Senior's article on Ireland, 441; provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, 441; article on Lords Grey and Spencer, 486, 502, 504; the Oregon question, 486; fails in his attempt to form a Ministry, 500, 508; forms one on the resignation of Sir R. Peel, 515; Irish Poor Law, 518.
Rutherfurd (Andrew), 344–5.

S.

Sadler (Michael Thomas), 95–8, 126.
Sandford (Sir Daniel, d. 1838), list of his contributions, 65, 66, *note*; 185, 189.
Schlegel (Friedrich), 113, 114.
Scott (Sir Walter, d. 1832), 18, 36, 245, 312, 313, 419, *note*; 423, 470.
Seaford (Lord), 227.
Sedgwick (Professor Adam, d. 1873), article on the "Vestiges of Creation," 475–9, 492.
Selden (John), 124.

Senior (Nassau W., d. 1864), 334, 363, 369, 372, 387; article on Berryer, 394, 396, 412; on Free Trade, 429; on Ireland, 439, 441, 442, 444–5; his opinion of Stephen, 445; interference with Labour reducible to expediency, 448; reviews Brougham's Political Philosophy, 448; article on Lewis, 465; Mill ingenious, but bitten by Carlyle, 466; objects to write on Scotch Poor Laws, 466; article on Ward and Oxford, 474; the Oregon question, 482–5–6, 516; his views of our American relations not impartial, 485–6; Tory and Whig Oppositions, 487; Penal Jurisprudence of Germany, 492, 495; Irish Poor Law, 508, 515; conduct of the Whigs, 508; settlement of the Oregon question, 516; article on Lord King, 520.
Sewell (Professor), 382, 409.
Shiel (R. L., d. 1851), 112, 483.
Sidmouth (Lord), 208, 209, 210.
Smith (Adam), 300, 463.
Smith (Alexander), 355.
Smith (Sydney, d. 1845), 70, 117, 163, 211, 302, 304, 231, 363, 389, 422, 430, 441, 446, 470, 472, 479.
Smith (Vernon, Lord Lyveden), 274.
Smith (William), 447.
Southey (William), 72, 116, 120, 340, 367.
Spalding (Professor, d. 1859), 474.
Spedding (James), 373.
Spencer (Lord), 195, 449, 486.
Stanley (Earl Derby), 147, 151, 171–3, 354.
Steele (Sir Richard), 420.
Stephen (Sir James, d. 1859), article on Wilberforce, 230, 231; acquits the Edinburgh Review of hostility to religion, 232; Whitfield's sermons, 241; Macaulay's article on Bacon, 241; has known Macaulay from his infancy, 241; Macaulay improved by his residence in India, 243; advises Macaulay to devote himself to literature, 243; pressure of his official duties, 277; article on Baxter, 278, 279, 280, 286, 296; changes in the Melbourne Administration, 278; proposes articles on Grotius, Taylor, and Council of Nice, 289; Lord John Russell as a statesman, 290; Macaulay's address to the electors of Edinburgh, 290; Isaac Taylor, 301, 304; Lord Clive, 301; Macaulay's speech on the China question, 306; his estimate of Romilly, 307; offence given by Macaulay's articles on Ranke and the Comic Dramatists, 327; Robert Isaac Wilberforce, 327; character of Newman, 328; article on the Port Royalists, 329, 335; character of the Jesuits, 336; his opinion of Senior, 337, 363; Ignatius Loyola, 362, 375, 383, 387, 392; meets the Melbourne Cabinet, 364; Macaulay unfit for homely writing, 375; John Austin, 377, 387; article on Henry Taylor, 394; Sydney Smith and the Missionaries, 402, 404; St. Bernard, 403; Macaulay's Roman Lays, 403; last ten years a remarkable chapter in English History, 404; proposes to visit Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Napier at Edinburgh, 404, 453, 461; the Clapham Sect, 446, 453; Hildebrand, 461, 469, 473; articles by Rogers on the Puseyites, 461–2; Macaulay not answerable for the statement in the *Athenæum*, 469; death of Sydney Smith, 470; Mill's Logic a remarkable production, 481.
Stewart (Dugald, d. 1828), his Philosophical Essays, 3, 4, 5; suggests an Historical Essay to Mr. Napier, 6; recommends Mr. Napier as Professor of Moral Philosophy, 7; his Dissertation, 28, 35, 37; his lectures on Political Economy, 47; his last works, 50, 51, *note*; 413, 419.
Strafford (Lord), 256, 257.
Suffrage, extension of, 198, 201, 202, 205, 212, 223.

T

Talfourd (Sir T. N., d. 1854), 80, 406, 494.
Talmeotius, 419.
Talleyrand, 240, 253.
Taylor (Sir Henry), 173, 387.
Taylor (Isaac), 280, 301, 304.
Taylor (William), 99.
Thackeray, life of Chatham, 132, 454.
Thiers, 323, 486, 512.
Thomson (Thomas, d. 1852), 50, 459, 522.
Thornton (Henry), 446.
Thurlow (Lord), 264, 270.
Tiberius, 209.
Tierney (George), 267
Tocqueville, 310.

T
Tate (Thomas), 34, 311.
Taylor (Sir Herbert), d. 1864, 17, 53, 91, 408.
Tenterden (Charles), 132, 452.
Thurlow (Sir Charles), 37, 150, 151, 187, 277, 425.
Trevelyan (G. O.), 84, 104.
Trollope (Mrs.), 124, 308.
Tyler (Charles), 352.
Tyler (P. F.), 406.

V
Vansittart, 326, 350, 357.
Vaux (Sir Henry J.), 179, 180.
Vere (Aubrey), 147.
Villiers (Hyde), 125.
Voltaire, 198, 358.

W
Waddington, Church History, 148.
Wallace (Thomas, Lord Wallace), 45, 301.
Wallace W. (editor of Mackintosh), 111, 241, 256, 257.
Walpole (Horace), 131-3, 248, 333, 368, 435, 437, 454.
Walpole (Sir Robert), 305.
Ward (Sir Adolphus), 171.
Ward (Thomas), 185, 207.
Warner (Rowland), 174.
Washington, Hiram, 502.
Watt (James), claims to the discovery of the composition of Water, 283; Arago's account of, 287; Brewster's account of his discoveries, 297-315.
Wellesley (Lord), 307, 308, 338.
Wellington (Duke of), 72, 147, 196, 200, 207, 210, 211, 223, 247, 399, 411, 420.
Welsh (Dr. Daniel), d. 1845, 168.
Whately (Archbishop of Dublin), 72, 301, 430, 519.
Wheatley (Dr.), 188, 353, 357, 361, 364, 462.
Whishaw, 516.
Wilberforce (William), 230, 342, 317, 318, 446.
Wilberforce (Robert Isaac), 327.
Wilkes (John), 283, 287, 294.
William the Third, 312, 353.
Wilson (Professor John), d. 1854, 27, 28, 47-9, 98, 118, 400, 401, 406-11, 413.
Windham (William), 32, 278, 297, *note*, 305.
Wollaston (William Hyde), 15.
Wordsworth (William), 134, 137, 471.
Wright (Thomas), 457.
Wycherley, 313, 319.

X
Xavier (Francis), 362.

00025465

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018